

The Young Woman's Magazine

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November

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*In this
Issue*

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WANT TO BE**

**AN AMAZING FEATURE
FOR EVERY GIRL**



A New Form of Temptation

Always, there's the eye-catching beauty of them . . . and the social position they've gained from long intimacy with many beautiful women . . . the gay Parisian finesse of them, inspired by the personal sketches of Paul Poiret . . . and that precious quality of jeweler-craftsmanship, which has always made each Whiting & Davis Costume Bag a flattering and enviable possession.

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NOVEMBER, 1929—VOLUME 85, No. 3

MARGARET E. SANGSTER, *Editor*

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Associate Editor

LILLIE GAILEY
Assistant Editor



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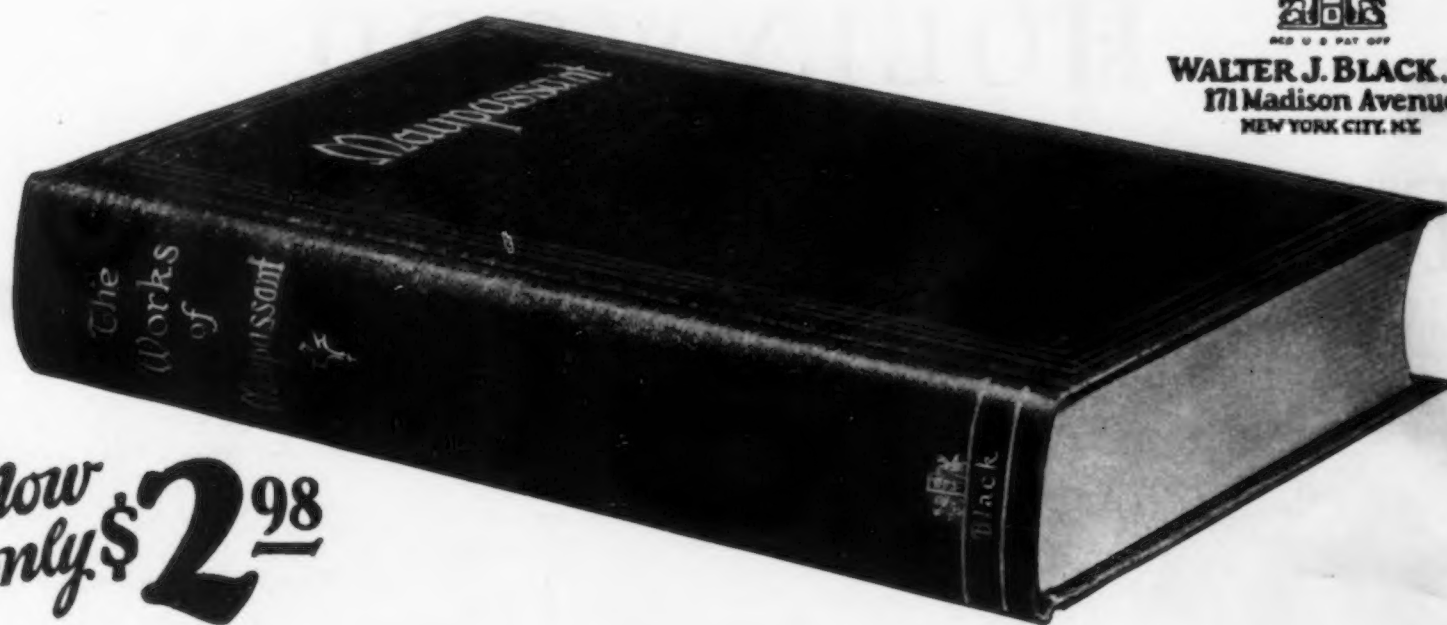
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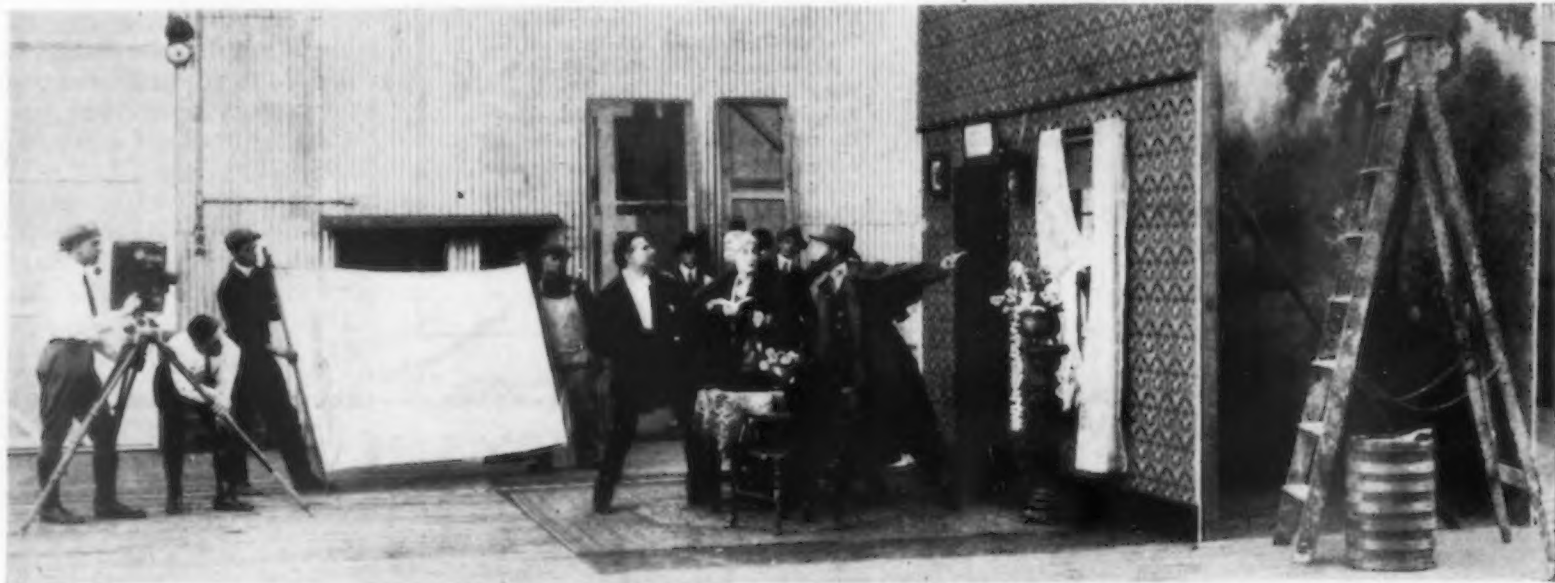
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Culver

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DOROTHY GATTON of Marshaltown, Iowa, started teaching Home Economics. But the only real thing that interested her about the course was the class in style errors. This routine criticism showed her the growing interest of small town women in authentic fashions. Organizing a touring fashion show, Dorothy acted as style consultant. Her greatest difficulty proved to be meeting the demand for her own services. Now she is director of the famous Rayon Institute



Culter

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Chisnoff

THE COLOR EXPERT

MARGARET HAYDEN RORKE'S success proves how an eye for color can be capitalized into a flourishing career. Born in Washington, she studied art abroad and then returned to America as lecturer and writer. Noting her organizing ability and artistic training, the infant Textile Color Card Association chose her to guide its destinies. Now, as Secretary-Manager of the Association, Mrs. Rorke tells the style world each season what colors to wear and when to wear them



THE PHYSICIAN

OFFICIALLY her title is Head of the Division of Applied Therapy of the New York City Health Department. But back of this formidable title is a vivid woman, Dr. Josephine Neal. The world of medicine has long been a nearly exclusive male realm but because of her important findings concerning infantile paralysis and sleeping sickness, Dr. Neal was selected to conduct the recent Matheson survey of the latter disease, a signal honor for a young woman physician.



Cover

THE LEATHER WORKER

SOMETIMES the bitterest disappointment turns out to be the greatest aid. Jeanne Norris wanted to be a dancer. Ill health put an end to that hope. Fighting off a nervous breakdown, Jeanne learned to make handtooled leather. She got interested in design. Soon she was so busy she forgot her original unhappiness. Orders for her work began flooding in upon her. Now this plucky Seattle girl has her own business and great fame for the originality of her products



Kosser

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TEN years ago Aileen Stanley flipped the coin that decided her career. She had just finished the Broadway run of "Silks and Satins" and didn't know whether to go on the road with the show or sign up for phonograph recordings. The coin fell for the latter. Aileen's records were an instantaneous success. She soon learned she could both do recording and keep on with her stage work. This summer, while Aileen was starring on tour with "Pleasure Bound," her twenty-fifth million record was sold in New York. A successful young woman? Well, rather!



They Shall Not Pass

THIS is the fearless age for young women. It is an age that dares defy worn out convention and intolerance and hypocrisy and false modesty. The girl of today has thrown up a barrier against the armies of old-fogyism and has said, "They shall not pass!"

She has told the fashion dictators that she will dress as she chooses—that she will not be governed by a given skirt length or a specified waist line. She has said that she will continue to wear her hair short—if she finds it convenient and comfortable—no matter what the smartest house in Paris has to say of her rebellion. She will be honest—calling a spade a spade. She will be just, and will follow her own gospel of behavior, according to her own lights.

Of course, she will make mistakes. Some reckless ones must fall for every frontier that is defended. But the modern girl will not retreat. She will stand to her guns. She will live up to those things that she has dared to sponsor.

There are those, among the elders, who will throw up their hands. Who will explain that the modern girl is too unconventional, too reckless; that she has gone too far. These elders—one wonders what their senior generation said of them some thirty years ago? One wonders if they can remember that bicycling, in bloomers, was once considered as extreme and unfeminine as the pursuits of the moment.

AND, after all, are they unfeminine—the fearless gestures that the girl of today has dared to make? It wasn't considered unfeminine—when our land was new and we were preparing for a first Thanksgiving—to show an unflinching and militant spirit! Women then defended their homes and families and ideals as they looked along the barrel of an old musket. And those women were the ancestors of the same girls who proclaim the right to defend a 1929 model hearth and a set of just-born ideals.

The girl of today is not lacking in womanliness and charm. She has merely added something to her charm—perhaps a bit of spice, to season it! She adds that seasoning because she is not afraid to experiment—even with herself.

They shall not pass! It is youth's answer. It is assurance that the girl of today—when she has become one of an older generation—will not protest at the fearlessness to come. For of today's fearlessness will be born complete understanding.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THIS is the fearless age for young women. There's nothing, nowadays, that a girl hesitates to do! It may be an altitude record to be broken, or a mountain to be climbed, or an air derby to be won. It may be a round the world trip in a Zeppelin, or a Pulitzer literary prize, or a swimming marathon or a voyage across the ocean in an open boat. It may be anything—the task that the girl of today is willing to attempt!

Chancing things—even matters dealing with the loss of life, itself—are the worth while things in the mind of the modern girl. She doesn't flinch—not even in the face of danger. She dares the heights and depths—with a lifted chin and a sincere show of gallantry.

And, oftentimes, her daring ends in solid achievement. Oftentimes the altitude record is broken—and the long distance swim is won. But—there was a headline, only a few days ago, about a girl who was found in the wilderness of the southwest—lying broken beside her crushed 'plane. And there was another headline about a young woman who was carried from the water, in which she was making an endurance test, to the hospital. And so it goes!

Oftentimes feats of daring end in achievement. In success and the sounds of high publicity. But sometimes there is another ending to the story. A grim ending. An ending so sad that the whole world is touched with sympathy and grief.

And yet—the example of the unsuccessful ones—the tragedy of the unhappy ending—does not make the modern girl pause. She gives her aid, if possible. She speaks her complete regret. And then she goes out to do the thing, herself.

A Story of Pioneers, of Blue Blood, and Red, and of a Girl Who Dared



D. BOONE Went *This Way*

By
HELEN TOPPING MILLER

Illustrations by LESLIE L. BENSON

AT LEAST, thought Dedrich Boone, she was doing something she had never done before. She was walking home from a buggy ride!

Up a mountain road, over rutted asphalt, toward the gap which she dimly remembered passing that morning, Dedrich Boone was walking home. It was funny and it was crazy when you remembered that home was a thousand miles away and that she had exactly forty-six cents. She was wearing alligator pumps too, with wobbly heels.

The road climbed in long sweeping loops, over the ridge that marked the corners of three states. She was in Kentucky now. And ahead, where the chill afterglow was fading out of the sky lay Tennessee. Off somewhere to the left stretched Virginia.

Three states and not a single person in any of them that she knew. And night was coming, quick and cold as it comes in the mountains. Yet somehow she was not the least little bit afraid.

She ought of course to be running along sobbing wildly. She might have to sleep in a cave with a cold rock under her head. But instead of feeling properly terrified what she was experiencing was a high, dangerous exhilaration.

As though she had leaped wing-footed off a precipice! As though she had heard a defiant bugle blow! As though she had taken a sword in her hand and cut her way blithely through a wall!

Somewhere to the north in a warm, lighted, comfortable Kentucky hotel was Kerry Lewis—and Dedrich's baggage

Elope with a Married Man. Though It Took Courage to Defy Convention

~It Took Even More Courage to Come Back



Dedrich gave a little cry as Rick Collier leaped to strike. She had known that this thing would happen as soon as Kerry came into the room. She tried not to scream

irrevocably one of the idle gang who hung around her mother's house. Young. Too wise. Very smart and very weary. Too much money and nothing to do except follow summer from Maine to Ormond Beach. A crowd for whom only one prohibition existed, only one thing was definitely forbidden—and hence desperately desired—the husband or wife of somebody else.

She had been one of them and now suddenly she was different. Like her father. She had heard always of his silly ideals and how he had thrown himself away chasing them.

Courage? She had courage! It took courage to keep on up this mountain with night coming down and Kerry Lewis far behind.

Her coat was too light and her gloves too thin. Autumn was cold in Kentucky, or was this Tennessee? Somewhere at the foot of the mountain, down the divide, she remembered a little town. She would have to

She had walked out and left Kerry, with dusk coming down and hostile mountains looming. With forty-six cents. She had been strong enough to do that. She marveled a bit at her own courage as she thought about it.

She looked up to the sky where the light was draining away like water from an overturned bowl.

"You must have left me something, Roger Boone," she said gravely. "I'm not altogether hopeless, or I couldn't have done this!"

A warm, choking sort of thankfulness made her forget her present plight. For years she had been thinking of herself as

send a message, of course. But could a message be managed on forty-six cents? A special delivery would take days—and her mother, the present Mrs. Brander Thomas Peel, often did not open her mail for a week if it looked tiresome.

DEDRICH tried to rouse her fears but the excitement in her blood would not down. Suppose she did sit up all night in a cold little railway station? She drew deep breaths of the mountain air and grew a little drunk on daring and her career might have terminated quite differently had not a long green car slid quietly up behind her—and stopped.

A young man leaned out. A rather handsome young man with something repulsive in his voice as he spoke to her.

What he said Dedrich did not know. She did not wait to understand. She turned blindly and ran. Down a little rutty side road that wobbled along the crest of the ridge. A road so infamous with ruts and boulders that there was little danger of the horrible green car following.

Hearts pounding, heels turning cruelly under her, she flew, not daring to look back. Ahead, through the trees, winked a light. A smell of wood smoke was on the air. There would be people perhaps—maybe a woman. She slowed a little, gasping, when she was certain that the green car was not following. Then suddenly a great police dog plunged out of the cedars, lifting his voice in challenge. Dedrich stopped still. Dogs never molested her.

"All right, boy," said Dedrich calmly.

A man's voice spoke out of the shadow. "Don't be afraid. Come back. Tell."

"I'm not afraid," she answered. "Dogs always like me."

The man emerged from the cedars, into the thinner dark of the open road.

"In trouble?" he asked, cheerfully. "What have you got—a rat?"

"No trouble." Dedrich tried desperately to feel as sure of herself as she had fifteen minutes earlier. "No trouble except that I'm lost."

"The highway's finished." He was a young man, straight and broad and coatless, with a voice that indicated that he had lived in cities. "You can go through on it all the way south."

"What I want to know is—where does this road go?"

"This road?" He laughed a little. "You *are* lost. This road goes into my garage and nowhere else any more. A hundred years ago it was the only road between the coast and Kentucky."

"Then if it goes nowhere, I suppose I'm on the right road." Dedrich could not keep a tinge of cynicism out of her voice. "I've been going nowhere all my life."

THE man came nearer; the dog pressed close to his knee. "What are you doing—walking alone?"

"Walking alone!" The words startled her a little by their oracular finality. Walking alone? Hadn't she always been walking alone? But where?

"Don't you know that isn't safe?"

"No one has molested me except one gallant young gentleman who invited me to ride."

"Exactly. That's the danger."

"No danger. I declined his invitation."

"I heard you running down my lane."

Dedrich laughed. "You have marvelous reception, haven't you? Did you hear the villain's thwarted hiss also?"

"I'm not trying to be funny. Where were you going—to the Gap?"

"What is it? A village?"

"Don't you know it? Where do you live?"

"In Ormond in winter. In Maine summers. Paris and New York and Honolulu at odd moments."

"Then what the deuce," he demanded, "are you doing here?"

Dedrich took off her hat and pushed her bright hair back.

"I'm running away from a man," she announced coolly.

He considered this gravely. "Is he running after you?"

"I haven't looked back," Dedrich said evenly.

"Then what are you going to do? Walk back to Ormond or Maine or Honolulu?"

"What would you suggest?" she countered, with insolent ease. This was an old game. She had been expert at it for years. But it may be that he detected the faint overtone of panic in her voice.

"Who's the man? County police?"

"Nothing so interesting. He's rather tiresome, now that I get a perspective on him. He thinks too much about food and he raises the devil if you finesse through his short suit. I was eloping with him, you see—and I revoked!"

"And he let you walk out? At night? Alone?" All the old proud trumpets of chivalry blew their disdain of Kerry Lewis in this man's voice.

"Oh, no, he didn't let me. I went down the fire escape while he was arguing with the porter about my hat trunk."



"You're married to him?" his voice rasped a little.

"Oh, no!" Dedrich had a little moment of Satan-sweetened triumph when she thought what a jolt she was giving this man. He was so darned perfect! "I couldn't have married him. You see, he was married to somebody else."

The man did not speak for a long minute. "Heavens, how primitive they still are!" Dedrich thought. Then he assumed a cold, elder-brotherly accent of virtue outraged.

"How long have you been travelling around with him?"

"I don't know why I'm telling you," Dedrich said. "It's obviously none of your business. But I met him in Asheville this morning. It is now night. You can use your own mathematics!"

He considered her deliberately. "Too bad there isn't any snow," thought Dedrich, "so he could thrust me out into it!"

"Have you had anything to eat?" was what he said, after a painful silence.

"At noon," Dedrich was blithe again. "I had a chicken's backbone floating in a pasty composition of uncertain origin. Also canned peas and some of that kind of coffee that gives away gold mantel clocks for a thousand signatures!"

"Come along with me," ordered the stranger, abruptly. "I



The dust choked Dedrich. She coughed and her breath came in a rasping jerk. And then Richard spoke. "I'll help you," he said

sent my car to Middlesboro today to have the valves ground—but I'll find you something to eat and then I'll get you down to the Gap some way."

DEDRICH followed him meekly. He was the sort of young man one followed meekly. He had that conquering way of setting down his feet that indicated that taking obdurate ladies along by the nape of the neck was common practice with him.

The dog trotted along, not entirely satisfied with the arrangement. He kept sidling back to inquire politely how it happened that this slim, sweet smelling person in the interestingly woolly coat was allowed to enter unchallenged the portal which was his particular watch and ward. He sniffed at Dedrich's fingers, whined a bit anxiously, hesitated, not quite sure of his ground.

"You can't make up your mind whether I should be devoured or not, can you Tell?" she asked him.

"He's been trained not to allow any one in after dark," the man explained. "I have to leave the place alone often and

ropolitan accent, he was as much a part of the scene now as the pungency of burning apple wood or the old clock dividing life into rhythms.

Sitting in the old chair Dedrich had a queer feeling of herself somehow belonging. As though she had come back to something she had known long ago. Was it the elemental in people—the thing that went back to the soil, back to the wilderness, that lay behind this appeal of simple things? Or was it because life had been going on so long under this old ceiling? Because so many hands had tended the fires burning on those crooked andirons, swept the hearth, tied the curtains back?

She was getting a thrill out of thinking it out. None of her crowd ever thought things out. They kept up a feverish and labored excitement for fear some thought might creep in edgewise, much as frightened savages beat drums and build flaring fires to exorcise devils.

Nobody wanted to think. The idea was to let the wind blow wildly in your face and a long [Continued on page 120]

Tell's responsibilities bother him a lot."

They went through a gate toward a shadowy house in which a light was glowing, and Dedrich caught her breath a little as they entered the door. The place was so incredibly old. Of logs, smoked a rich brown within, with a fireplace of rough rocks which was a vast glowing cavern of hospitality. The floor of the room they entered was uneven, the windows crooked, the ceiling low. Yet there was an atmosphere of vast pride and dignity about it—the dignity of integrity standing stalwart through years that saw strong works decay.

An old clock with a steeple ticked sombrely on a mantel made of a twenty-four-inch log riven in half. Old hand made chairs, rubbed to a glow, were made comfortable with patchwork cushions. A sheepskin covered the hearth and in a corner a dark oak press rose to the rafters, filled with queer old plates and funny little snub nosed pitchers.

"Sit down here," directed her host, pulling out a wing chair covered with chintz. "I'll see if I can find any thing in the kitchen. Probably you'll be more comfortable if you take off your coat."

DEDRICH slid out of her coat, and sat down, feeling a little as though she had stepped into a movie set. But for the shaded electric lamp on the table she might have been plunged back into the eighteenth century. Even the great gray cat dozing in an armchair had a traditional aspect. As though he might have lain curled on a wall, watching as Sevier marched to King's Mountain.

The clock ticked hollowly. Tell lay down but kept a wary eye upon her. Dedrich's eyes wandered, taking in the quaint old prints on the walls, the powder horn hung above the clock, the pewter pitcher and mug on the little tilt table. Who was this grave brown young man who lived, alone apparently, in an atmosphere of primitive husbandry?

He wore rough knickers, his shoes were scrubby and his blue shirt had been faded and open at the neck, yet even in his crudeness he had more presence than Kerry Lewis in a dinner coat and pearl studs. Somehow she knew that he had not always belonged to this old house with wide cracks in the floors and absurd walnut-framed pictures on the walls. Yet now he belonged. For all his crisp, met-

You Can Be What

*IF You Use Some Common Sense
In Choosing Your Vocation*

THE vocational counselor in a bustling New Jersey city recently asked each of the 483 girls in a certain school to name the vocation she expected to enter. The count of their choices showed that 176 had selected the occupation of secretary and 167, the occupation of teacher. Seventy-six per cent—three-fourths—had named these two occupations.

Think what a world we should have if three-fourths of the women should try to crowd into the two occupations of secretary and teacher. Who would make dresses, plan and cook meals, decorate houses, serve as dentists' assistants, nurse the sick, operate telephones and perform the thousands of services that modern women render in our complex civilization?

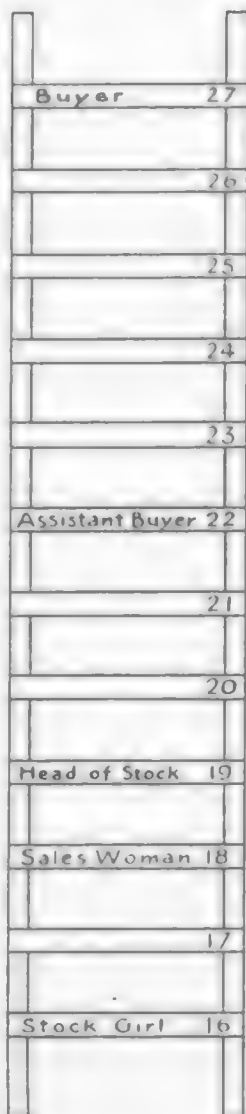
Imagine also the condition that would exist among the secretaries and teachers. There would be ten applicants for every job; and those who obtained a job would be underpaid, for in an occupation where there is a surplus of workers, wages are bound to be low.

But the worst outcome would be that the girls themselves would be dissatisfied and unhappy. Besides suffering from the oversupply of workers many of them would find, after they got into the occupation, that they did not like the work. Others would see other fields of work which they would like better but, having prepared themselves only for teaching or secretarial work, they could not easily change. As a result they would fall into that most pitiable class—the maladjusted worker.

These girls in New Jersey are representative of girls all over the United States. They want to get into occupational life but they can think of nothing suitable except to pound a typewriter or to teach school. They do not have any strong inner urge toward these particular occupations but they do not know what else there is to do. They do not use their imagination.

Now there are thousands of occupations which women can enter, calling for a diversity of talents and offering rich rewards. Glimpse the vistas opened up by this list of occupations in which women are engaged: Accountant, advertising copy writer, advertising manager, aviatrix, chauffeur, buyer in a department store, court reporter, dress designer, editorial assistant, foreign representative, household engineer, illustrator, interior decorator, marine statistician, personnel director, photographer, postmistress, religious educator, roentological technician, social secretary, steno-typist, stylist, taxidermist, theater manager, vocational counselor.

A GOOD many people think that if they are to follow any but the stereotyped occupations such as secretary or teacher, they must have some special talent; that they must be endowed at birth with some mysterious vocational aptitude that will fit them for but a single vocation. They come to me in great numbers asking, "Please tell me what vocation I was cut out for." They hope that some "fortune-teller" can detect some sign or portent which will indicate a sure path of success for them. They want a "shot" of vocational guid-



The ladder of success as applied to work in a department store

ance like that used in vaccination. Or to change the figure, they want something in the nature of a nickel-in-the-slot machine which will work automatically and save them the trouble of making the decision themselves.

This hope is kept alive by certain persons who advertise, "Come to me and I will tell you the vocation for which you were cut out," and who claim that by reading the bumps on the head or the lines on the face they can detect one's latent capacity.

Now while certain persons may have a decided talent for some vocation such as singing or dancing, the number is relatively small, probably only five per cent of the population. And in these persons the talent is so obvious that it does not need reading by a "characterologist."

But the majority of people have the capacity for fitting into hundreds of occupations. Take, for example, your great grandmother who was a pioneer settler in this country. She was successful in a score of occupations. As a spinner she spun wool and flax; as a weaver she wove cloth; as a dressmaker she made her own clothes; as a tailor she made the clothes of the male members of her family; as a canner she canned fruit; as a cook and cateress she prepared delicious meals. She was laundress, nurse, teacher and sometimes even physician.

In our present day society, organized on a basis of minute differentiation of labor, she could have succeeded equally well in any one of these occupations. And so you, her great granddaughter, can succeed in an equal variety.

Do not jump to the conclusion, however, that you need only put out your hand and touch the first occupation you come to, and that success will automatically come to you. The fact is you will have to exercise a considerable amount of thought; will have to study the occupation; examine yourself to find your strong points and your weak points; and then relate the one to the other. In other words, you will have to work out your own vocational salvation.

AS THE first step, make a list of all the occupations in which your women acquaintances are engaged. And every one you can hear of. Next check three or four which you think you might like and in which you might succeed. Then make an intensive study of each one.

First find out what a woman does in the occupation. Ascertain the conditions under which she works. Does she work alone as in a research laboratory, or with people as in a sales room? What kind of surroundings and associates does she have? Does she work outdoors as does a florist, or indoors as does an accountant? What are the hours? How long are the vacations? Get a sample day's work so that you can see what it is like.

Second, ascertain the requirements or qualifications one must possess or acquire. Must one be tall or short? Are good looks important? Is speed essential, or is accuracy more important? How much general education should one have? What kind of special training? How long a period of training is necessary? Where can one get the training? How much

You Want To Be~

By

HARRY DEXTER KITSON

Teachers' College, Columbia University

will it cost? Is that particular field already crowded?

The third point of inquiry should be the rewards of the occupation. How much pay may you expect at the start; at later stages in your development? What are the higher positions to which you might aspire? What are the steps leading to these positions? At what rate may you expect to progress?

Perhaps you can make a vocational ladder similar to one I made for the benefit of a group of young women who were studying the occupation of buyer in a department store. A study of the vocational histories of a number of women buyers showed that the majority of them had started as stock-girl; then they were promoted through the following steps: Salesperson, head of stock, assistant buyer and finally buyer. We next tried to find out how long a girl might be obliged to work at each of these positions. We inquired of each buyer how long she had served in each post and we computed the average age at which they had reached the successive steps.

According to the figures the typical buyer began at the age of sixteen as a stock girl. Within two years she was promoted to a saleswoman. Here she stood out so far above the others that at nineteen she became head of stock. Three more years and she was given a chance as assistant buyer.

The last step required the longest time, but within five years she had demonstrated her ability and had reached the coveted position of buyer, eleven years after her start as a humble stock-girl.

From the ladder we made, a girl can judge concerning the rate at which she may expect to progress if she has an even break. If you can make such a ladder referring to the occupation you are studying you will find it highly illuminating.

WHAT I have outlined really amounts to a course of study in which one studies not genus and species, stamens and pistils, as one would in a course in Botany, but Occupations.

Where will you find the needed information? Some of it is in books and magazines. In many cities the librarian at the public library maintains a division called the "vocational shelf" in which are placed books describing various occupations. Several books have been compiled, giving information about occupations open to women: *Careers for Women*, by Catherine Filene; *Women Professional Workers*, by Elizabeth Kemper Adams; *What Girls Can Do*, by Ruth Wagner.

In addition to reading about an occupation you should seize every opportunity to observe people at their work. For example, you can discover a good [Continued on page 80]



When the girl who enters a crowded field has gained her coveted job, she is not always happy. She sometimes discovers that she has chosen neither wisely nor well

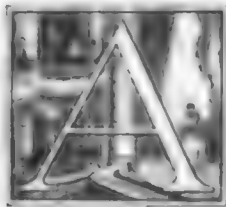
The Old Lady Reaches BROADWAY

*And Discovers That the "Street of Broken
Hearts" Can Also Be the End of a Rainbow*

By

VIOLET KIMBALL DUNN

Illustrations by WALTER JACK DUNCAN



TRICKLE of perspiration ran down the old lady's forehead, and woke her up. It was very annoying. Waking up was almost the worst part of the day. She usually dreamed, and the dreams were pleasant. Open fields and sunshine—warm, mellow and friendly, not pale and seared, like something cooked over, from the day before.

The old lady had been raised on a farm and early memories grow poignant, when one is seventy. She set seventy resolutely aside. What had she told the agent yesterday? Sixty? No, sixty-one. She was sure she didn't look more than sixty-one. She must try to remember. For after all, there is no use pricking the New England conscience with a lie if you can't remember it the next day! Perhaps it wasn't really time to get up. Maybe just one more cat nap—

She knew it was, though, for the slanting ray of reflected morning sun had reached the left hand corner of the black walnut bureau, and that meant seven o'clock. The tiny bedroom was on a court—quite a large court, she always explained, when any one inquired. She pulled her big gold watch unwillingly from under her pillow. There it was, plain as day—seven.

Now to sneak out without waking father. It continued to surprise her, how little it took to wake him. She slid quietly out of bed, for the old lady was really very agile, due, she was sure, to the number of stairs she clambered up and down in her daily search for work. For, she said, what with agents and offices, and the apartment when she wasn't working; and top floor dressing rooms when she was, she could hardly have chosen a more youth-preserving profession than acting.

She reached for her green and yellow crocheted slippers on the floor. Second cousin Addie had sent them. It was sweet of Addie to remember her. The screaming yellow and bilious green had implanted the unworthy suspicion of a cast-off gift, but the old lady put this firmly out of mind. They were good, nice, serviceable slippers, and green and yellow were cheerful.

She slipped noiselessly into the scrap of a bathroom, and turned on the light. The bathroom was on an air shaft, and without the lighted bulb you couldn't see at all, even with the most determined optimism. But when she was young, she thought, she had never seen a bathroom, and she only got a

bath Saturday nights, in a wash-tub in the kitchen. So the slightly discolored porcelain, with running water, though obscure was a distinct upward step. The old lady loved upward steps.

She splashed now with wary enjoyment. She was very neat, and the cool water was good in the torrid air. She dressed slowly, to prolong the freshness.

The scrap of a kitchen was another offspring of the airshaft, and was stifling. She turned on the light and started breakfast. "The heat doesn't matter," she said to herself. "for I shan't be long, and the parlor's always cool."

She and father had a large flat—three rooms—four, if you counted the bath, which they always did. The parlor was really the gem of the lot. All black walnut, and faded red damask from father's old home, for father's people had once had quite some money. From the parlor window you could see the street if you leaned over and looked as far sideways as you could. In summer, there was even a green branch that waved into view whenever it was the least bit breezy. Father always had his chair there while he waited for her. He called her now, his voice petulantly patient, as men's voices are apt to grow when they have been sidetracked for a long time.

"EMMA," he said, "where are you? You haven't gone and left me, have you?"

The old lady scurried back to the bed. Father had struggled up, his white hair on end, panic on his face.

"Why Father, how you talk!" said the old lady. She picked up his wooden-backed hair brush from the bureau, and began to brush his hair with efficient strokes. "As if I'd go off and leave you here without your breakfast, or anything! It beats all, the things you can think of!"

Father's face began to emerge from its chaos of sleep, and take on its everyday look.

"Well, I don't know as I should blame you," he said, mollified, "what with this part and all. It wouldn't be more than natural."

"I don't see as it would be natural to leave you here flat on your back all day without any breakfast," answered the old lady. "Besides, I don't rightly think I've got the part on my mind. If I don't think about it, I won't get set on it. And if I don't get set on it, I shan't be disappointed."



"I've only been in stock, dearie,"
said the old lady pathetically.
"I've never played on Broadway"

"I don't see why not," said father. "If they had any gumption, they'd be up here hunting you."

"Seems sometimes as if they didn't have much—gumption. I mean," she answered mildly. "Though I don't know as I should do any different. They don't know anything about me except what I tell 'em, and I don't seem to be a great hand at telling. Now if 'twas you—"

"Me!" interrupted father bitterly. "Great useless hulk—"

"Now there," she answered quickly, "don't you get yourself het up. Your legs have got a sight more go in 'em than they had two months ago. You'll be playing 'Uncle Tom' yet and getting more for it than you ever got."

"If they'd ever seen you—" he began belligerently.

"Now don't," she admonished him. "It's too hot. That was only stock dearie. Nobody knows me here. I've never played on Broadway."

"You could have gone back to stock if it wasn't for me loafing here."

"It's a sight better this way," insisted the old lady firmly. "It's what I've always wanted—a chance to play on Broadway. It's about time I got there, if I'm ever going to. I'd never have had the gumption to try if it wasn't for you having to stay here. Now I'll bring your wash things and get you up for breakfast. It's all ready. I've got you an omelette."

Getting father up for breakfast was something! He was a

tall old man, and she was a little old lady. But she could do it, with patience, and the tapping of that mysterious reserve strength which comes with love and need.

"Where's your omelette?" asked father from his place at the parlor table. His lips were set in a fine white line, and the old lady's heart thumped so it almost threatened a permanent vacation.

"Gracious me," she said. "I've had mine. And I had me a great bowl of crackers and milk while you were getting your things on. You want I should get fat, I suppose, and have to go back to stock." That was always good for a laugh from father, for the old lady was slim as a wand. He ate his omelette with relish. She was a good cook, and men don't know much about household economy. Anyway, he couldn't walk out and sec. It made deception rather easy.

"Come and sit then," he said. "while I eat, and tell me about the part over again."

The old lady patted his neat white hair, and sat down.

"I don't know much to tell," she said. "They act the funniest now-a-days—won't tell you what it's for, or who it is, or anything. All I know I found out from a lady I got talking to out in the hall yesterday while I was waiting. The office is awful little. Seems like the littler they are, the more people they crowd in, so I went in the hall. It was real lucky I did. That's how I got talking to her. If she was after the

one part. Father, they won't look at me, she was so stylish. After you was asleep last night, I got me out that good black hat I bought in Sioux City—you remember. I declare, it looks so much like hers you can hardly tell it. It's funny how things come right in style if you just keep 'em long enough. I'm going to wear it today.

"I bet they won't look at anybody else when they see you," he told her admiringly. "She tell you what part it was—the stylish one, I mean?"

"She said she'd heard—but Father, I know she was wrong—it was a part with Tillson—the great Tillson himself! I don't see as it could be, for why would they talk to me about it?"

"And why wouldn't they, I'd like to know?" asked Father fiercely.

"You don't understand how they do," she explained. "Sometimes I feel as if they didn't rightly understand themselves. But they get ones with names. Who knows me, Father? Nobody. That is, nobody that plays on Broadway."

"They wasn't born on Broadway," argued father sensibly enough. "They all had to get there, didn't they?"

"Now that's so," said the old lady, encouraged. "I never thought of that. It's wonderful the ideas you have sometimes. I'll keep that in mind when I go back today. I wouldn't wonder if it made a difference."

"You got to go again today?" he asked.

"Eleven o'clock. I keep thinking of the marketing to take my mind off of it. Half a dozen eggs, a loaf of bread, a bottle of milk. I say it over and over when I begin to feel trembly inside. Father—what if—They didn't ask us all to come back, you know—only some of us. Shows they thought I might be the—the type—that's what they call it, but I don't know's I understand just what they mean."

"Like enough it's something they heard, and think it sounds smart," he told her. He folded his napkin and put it neatly in his ring. The napkin ring was a great favorite. It was their first household god—bought on their wedding trip, forty years before. A good one, too, with the beautiful picture of Bunker Hill Monument as clear as the day they got it. The

old lady took it from him, and carried it with the dishes into the kitchen. He could hear her humming cheerfully above the clatter in the dish pan. She was always a great hand to hum while she worked.

ALREADY he was looking forward to her coming home again. It wouldn't seem long, with all he had to think about. He would sit in his big chair by the window, and when he got tired thinking he would read a little, and maybe nap a little. More than likely they would start the radio in the next apartment. It was nice the walls were so thin. Recipes often came through to him, with the flat, professional cheerfulness that marks the radio morning, and when they did, he wrote them down laboriously to surprise the old lady when she came home. He almost preferred them to music when he was alone. Music was apt to conjure memories—musicians tuning up in orchestra pits—gay overtures—incidental music. Father had loved the theater. The old lady came in smiling. She wore the hat from Sioux City a little rakishly on her smooth hair.

"What you got your hat set on one side like that for?" asked father looking her over critically.

"I didn't know's I had. I guess I'm a little mite excited," she told him. She put it straight before the black walnut mirror, with the handsome curly twists on top, and bent to kiss father.

"I guess I shan't be long," she fluttered. "I guess it will likely be settled one way or the other. You got everything you want?"

"Enough for any man," said father stoutly. "You got everything, yourself? Be sure you don't forget your purse."

"Good land! I almost did forget." The old lady ran back to their bedroom and softly shut the door. She sat down on the side of the bed, and shut her eyes. This was the only secret she had ever kept from father. Father had never held much with religion, which was funny, seeing he was so good. Hers had no particular name—it was just something to hold on to. She had held on a long time, and it worked—which is all one can reasonably ask of anything.

"I maybe ought to kneel, Lord," she said. "But I don't want to muss up my dress, and You always listen just the same. I don't want father to know, but I think I better tell You, I told that agent yesterday my salary was seventy-five dollars. It wasn't *exactly* a lie, because I never said I *got* that much. I made it be that when he asked me. If You'll get me the part, I'll take less—a sight less. I'd like real well to have it. I do want to play on Broadway before it's too late—but it isn't only that. I can't worry father with it but the money's getting kind of low. City prices are so awful high. Just think, thirty-five cents a half a dozen for eggs! I've got to get father the best, but I remember when a whole dozen wasn't but twenty-five! I've got to hurry now, but if You will fix it for me, it—it'll be just wonderful. Amen."

"That's all I've got time to tell Him now," she said to herself, "but He'll understand. He's understood me for many years." She hurried back to father.

"What'd you forget?" he asked.

"Oh—just something. Good-by. I hope I won't be awful late. Got everything? Don't try to get out of your chair, Father. Remember." She kissed him, and shut the door.

"This is station—" began a voice from the other side of the wall. Father reached for his pencil and paper.

THE agent, and the agent's offices sizzled in the heat. It was the first time Tillson had ever come to him for people and everything was going wrong. He had telephoned all the most important actors on his lists, and sent typed cards to the next important. The agent had to be a sort of theatrical barometer, for the most unimportant today were the important tomorrow, and vice versa. It was most annoying. He had even kept some who straggled in of their own accord, and looked as if they might do.

Then Tillson had stalked in haughtily, two hours late as if nobody's time mattered but his own. Which was true as far as he was concerned. Half the most important people had gotten tired and gone, and the other half wore the strained and dragged look that comes from sitting too long on the ragged edge. And nobody suited Tillson. This one was too tall; that one too short. This one's salary was too high. Yet Tillson was a top notcher; his company spelled success, and every



W. J. Duncan

As the old lady sat waiting, she prayed. "Fix it for me, Lord," she whispered. "Fix it just this once!"



Tillson, still in his make-up and last act togs—Tillson, like a god, stood on the threshold! But the old lady was so frightened that she hardly dared lift her eyes to his face

one was on tiptoe with eagerness to have a chance to play in it.

The afternoon closed with a tentative three engaged in a cast of twenty, and everything to do over again. The agent, his secretary, his stenographer and his office boy cursed inwardly with varying degrees of fluency. The outer office gradually filled again with hot, wilted men and women trying to look happy and in demand, and everybody settled down once more to wait for Tillson.

The few uncomfortable chairs had gone long ago when the old lady got there, for nobody ever seems expected to sit down in an agent's office. She stood first on one foot and then on the other, like a small and chirpy crane, until she succeeded in attracting the office boy's attention. This dignitary signifying at last that he saw her, she felt she had taken a step in the right direction, and went out into the hall, where a faint air stirred. This was a point of vantage, for she could watch both the door and the line of elevators, from one of which the great actor would presently step. Also, she could see the agent's inconspicuous private door, into which the mighty slipped, to avoid being mobbed in the outer office. Though she had never played on Broadway, the old lady had long hunted engagements and had developed technique.

AN ELEVATOR door clanged sharply. She turned. A man stood in the hall. A man tall, dark, divinely tailored and immaculate. He was armored in the impassive self-consciousness of the star, and followed by a minion, obsequiously. The old lady caught her breath. She had never been so close to greatness. For it was Tillson—adored from how many back row balcony seats?—Tillson himself!

She looked quickly into the seething office. Nobody knew

what she knew. There they waited, poor dears, patient or impatient, nervous or resigned, according to their temperaments. This had been given to her alone. And it had been given to use. If she only dared. Her knees quaked. She looked again. But even as she looked, he turned and took a step. It was now or never. She grasped her little black purse, took a firm hold on the sturdy umbrella she seldom left at home, and walked boldly up to him.

"How do you do?" she inquired cheerfully. Tillson turned and looked down at her. His great-man expression suddenly went off duty.

"I'm all right, thanks. How are you?" he answered.

"Just like folks—just like you or me," she told father wonderingly that night.

"Did you want to see me?" he asked at last. Did she? The old lady swallowed twice.

"I—yes—I do—" she said. "That is, I been seeing you a long time—in most everything you played—whenever father and I came to town—but not like this—"

"I see. Would you like me to autograph a photograph, or something?" Tillson asked kindly but he looked towards the agent's door.

"Mercy no. I came to get a part. I—I'm an artist too," said the old lady with pride. Tillson the human vanished at once; Tillson the actor-manager appeared. For a moment he looked down at her appraisingly. Then he turned.

"Great type," he muttered to the minion.

"Great," echoed the yes-man obediently.

"Would you mind waiting?" Tillson said to the old lady. "I'd like to see you again. I'm not sure—there might be—" His voice trailed off absently. [Continued on page 94]

So This Is THANKSGIVING!



Two Hearts That Beat as Cheaply as One—Or How Economy Almost Wrecked the Home Life of the Gay Young Bradleys

By
DONALD
OGDEN
STEWART

"Don't you think, dear," I asked my wife, "that we could manage to get along with just one goldfish?"

Drawings by
HELEN E.
HOKINSON

I SHOULD like to announce that the Bradley family is through with thrift. I'm not quite sure as to just what would be the most correct method to tell the world about this. Perhaps just a few hundred engraved cards to our friends would be sufficient—"Mr. and Mrs. J. Walter Bradley take great pleasure in announcing that they are through with thrift"—or, possibly, it might be better if I spend our remaining two thousand dollars in advertising.

I should want a full page, let us say, in several magazines, and then, of course, I should like some billboards and street car cards and perhaps an airplane or two to fly over New York and Chicago and spell out the announcement in the sky. Maybe I would have to borrow a few thousand more—but it would be worth it. It certainly would.

As a matter of fact, I may start a national campaign against thrift. I may run for mayor and when I am elected I will take all those insidious little thrift stories out of our school books—those stories where John is given fifty cents and puts it in a bank and Henry is given fifty cents and buys lemon drops and then, fifty years later, John is president of the Merchant's National and Henry is just a worthless old lemon drop addict with a mortgage on his home.

When I am mayor I shall have all those stories re-written and any little boy who puts his pennies in a bank will be made to buy lemon drops for the crowd. Thrift, indeed—

And as soon as I have abolished thrift in this country, I think I'll start a campaign to do away with Thanksgiving. We don't need Thanksgiving any more. It's too old-fashioned. There really isn't enough interest in it any more to bother about keeping the thing going. Down with thrift and Thanksgiving!

I don't want you to think that I am prejudiced against those two things just because of what happened to us. I'm much too broad minded to let anything so ridiculously unimportant as a turkey influence me one way or the other. I really was opposed to thrift from the start and if it hadn't been for my wife the whole business would probably never have happened. We would have had our Thanksgiving dinner at some good restaurant. I would have signed the check and that would have been the end—at least, for three or four months, and some restaurants don't really get nasty about bills for six.

Anyway, if we are still living on the twelfth floor of an apartment on Park Avenue next year we shall certainly know

much better than to try to have a thrift Thanksgiving.

I suppose that that apartment really was to blame for the whole thing. We didn't particularly have to live on Park Avenue, and the rent was quite a bit higher than we could actually afford, but somehow or other it seemed to be a much nicer apartment than the other ones we looked at and we were awfully tired of dragging ourselves all over town and then, too, all of our friends lived on Park Avenue for some reason or other.

ANYWAY, we took the apartment and then we found out that after we had paid the rent each month we had exactly \$148.32 left over for groceries, laundry, milk, amusements and miscellaneous. That was where thrift began to raise its ugly little head in the Bradley household. I had a feeling right from the start that it wasn't going to work out and one of my suggestions, while we were discussing ways and means, was that we take the \$148.32 and go visit Aunt Martha in California. But no—nothing would do except economy, so on September eleventh we had a few friends in for supper after the theater (just caviar and champagne) and announced a "Program of Rigid Economy."

It was quite an extensive program and included everything from cutting out hair cuts to joining the Public Library. It was a lot of fun at first, too. For instance, after a great deal of thought, I would suggest, "Don't you think that possibly we could do with only *one* goldfish, dear?" Then we would discuss the pros and cons of that, with special reference to the fact that second hand goldfish had very little re-sale value and even if we turned them in on a new goldfish we wouldn't begin to get enough for them to justify the agent's commissions, etc.

I believe that we solved that particular problem by cutting the goldfish meals down to two a day and then, by mixing bits of white blotters and old mandolin picks in with the fish food, we were able to save a considerable additional amount on that one item alone. And there were hundreds of items.

For example, we didn't use electric lights at night unless we had guests above the age of forty-five or to whom we owed money. (We later gave this economy up after I had spent thirty-eight dollars for repairs and ten dollars for doctor's fees the night I ran into the grandfather's clock.)

I learned to play my mandolin on one string only. (This also was abandoned after a while by the almost unanimous vote of our household.)

My wife learned to cook soft boiled eggs and sew on buttons (not at the same time). In fact, she got so good at sewing on buttons that I gradually began to resemble an old English coster on Derby Day, with fifteen or twenty buttons on each side of my coat and I even began to talk with a slight Cockney accent. So much for the power of suggestion.

Our amusement expense, also, became practically nothing. A typical evening at the Bradleys under the Economy Plan would be something as follows: After a dinner of some eight or ten soft boiled eggs I would get up from the table and after I had lighted the candle in the living room I would ask, "Well, what shall we do tonight?"

MY WIFE would then remark, "I wonder what's good at the theater."

"I don't know," would be my reply. "I'll have a look at the paper."

I would then tiptoe to the front door of the apartment and if nobody was in the hall waiting for the elevator I would sneak across to apartment 4D and borrow the evening paper which lay in front of their door. When I was once more back in my own apartment I would open the paper to the theatrical section and remark, "H'mm!"

"Anything good?" she would ask.

"Not a darned thing worth going to," I would reply. "The commercial theater is certainly in an awful way."

"Awful," would agree my wife. "How I long for the good old days of Shakespeare and Moliere."

"How about a movie?" I would suggest.

"Movies!" she would exclaim contemptuously. "What interest can movies have for us, the intelligent minority?"

"You're right," I would say. "Movies are for morons."

"The only movie I would think of going to," she would continue, "would be a dramatization of some worth while book such as 'The Mind in the Making' or 'Early Tudor Furniture'."

I would scan the paper, and then shake my head.

"I don't see it advertised," I would announce. "but here it says that the Victory Ball will be held at the Astor tonight."

"Oh dear," my wife would cry, collapsing on to the floor. "I've just sprained my ankle."

"What a pity," would be my exclamation. "We might have enjoyed the ball very much."

"You go on without me," she would urge. "Please."

"Dear," I would reply, "I couldn't think of doing that. A husband's place is at his wife's side."

And so we would spend a delightful evening at home with our goldfish and our furniture—and oh, how good we would feel in the morning for not having gone out. Sometimes, of course, we would take a brief inexpensive walk around the block and sometimes we would go over to Second Avenue and stand outside a Radio Shoppe listening to the Whirlwind Happiness Boys. But on the whole we stayed around the house—and to our great joy, when the first of next month came around, we found that we had almost enough money to pay the rent.

BUT then came November—and our thoughts turned to Thanksgiving. Always, in both our families, Thanksgiving has been a day on which we had turkey—turkey and cranberry sauce and sweet potatoes and awful relatives. And this year it looked as though the only thing we could be absolutely sure of was the relatives.

"Oh, dear," said my wife disconsolately. "We simply can't let them see how poor we are."

"Do we absolutely have to have them?" I asked.

Her eyes flashed.

"Of course we do," she replied. "What would Thanksgiving be without Cousin Egbert and Uncle Julius?"

"It would be heaven," was on the tip of my tongue to say, so I said it. "It would be heaven," I announced.

"Well, your Aunt Harriet isn't what I'd call a conversational ball of fire," was her retort courteous.

"Shh," I cautioned, looking hastily around. "Aunt Harriet is going to leave us a lot of money some day. She might be hiding under the sink and hear us."

We both looked hastily under the sink, but found nothing. Suddenly my wife's eyes lighted up.

"I have it," she announced, [Continued on page 88]



"The driver had a mean look. I could tell that he wasn't the sort of man who was fond of little animals"



It all began years ago when a little girl peered at Christopher from across the top of the fence that surrounded his garden. "I didn't know," Christopher told the little girl, "that any one could climb up from the street. It's such a long way! I wish," his voice was wistful, "that you'd come in and play with me." How was he to know that his invitation was unlocking an enchanted gate for Mary Quin?

UPHILL

HE WAS the richest baby in Brooklyn. Or that's the way the newspapers had it. You know the sort of stuff! "Richest Brooklyn Baby has Armed Guards." "A Day in the Life of Brooklyn's Richest Boy." And so on

Undeniably, John Christopher Blake was rich. Three million from his mother's father, who had been one of Carnegie's lieutenants. Seven million from his father, whose grandfather had considered New York real estate a good investment—and wasn't he right! Two million more to come from his Aunt Mabel with whom he lived after his father and mother went down in the Titanic disaster

Yes, the richest baby in Brooklyn—and from the start he hadn't a chance.

Aunt Mabel brought him up as if he were the sole surviving heir of a princely line and as if that monstrous brown stone house on Brooklyn Heights, which had been in the Blake family for three generations, were a feudal castle. But no matter what the Blake line was, it wasn't princely. Good honest crimson blood was in that line—the blood of pioneers, of adventurers, of toilers on the land and voyagers over the sea—but it wasn't blood that responded agreeably to pampering. And Aunt Mabel passionately pampered her young nephew when she wasn't just as passionately upbraiding him, storming at him, trying to impress upon him fanatically his precious heritage and his priceless destiny.

She placed armed guards outside the house, and shielded him within as if he were a flame so slight the first rude blast would extinguish it. Perhaps Aunt Mabel wasn't entirely to blame. There had been more than one grimy letter threatening kidnapping if such and such a sum were not paid

Brooklyn Heights where the Blake house stood, is, or was then, the most romantic place in all of greater New York. Its large gardens were on a cliff overlooking New York Harbor. Some of the gardens were actually spread over the roofs of the warehouses below. The Blake house was the largest of all, its garden the most extensive. In that garden were privet hedges, a trembling little patch of aspens and a summer house of lattice and weathered wood perched upon the edge of the cliff.

THE boy, Christopher, sometimes escaped to the garden away from his Aunt Mabel and his French governess and his German nurse. Away from them his emotions seemed to subside; he wrapped himself in solitude and for a little time was undisturbed and happy. Thrusting himself into a corner of the summer house, where he could not be seen from the many staring windows of the mansion, he would either read his books or gaze over the Harbor at the ships and wonder when he would be old enough to escape forever on one of them.

Well, in time he did escape. He escaped to spread a scarlet trail all over Europe and halfway over Africa and Asia. He escaped to give the newspapers another lurid opportunity. Again, you know the sort of stuff! "Young American Millionaire Gives Bizarre Dinner in Paris." "Young Blake's Houseboat on Thames Considered Gayest Spot in England." "Eccentric Young Millionaire Carries Entire Theatrical Troupe to Cairo."

Fortunately, Aunt Mabel saw none of these headlines. Two years before they burst forth, Aunt Mabel had taken herself and her turbulent moods to another world, leaving young John Christopher her two millions, which he welcomed, together with much good advice, to which he paid no attention whatever.

BUT here we are jumping far ahead of our story. We're forgetting Mary Quin who lived below the cliff. Mary's father was the captain of a tramp steamer that ploughed slowly to South America or Africa or wherever its humble cargoes demanded. And Mary's mother was a disgruntled woman, transplanted from her own New England town, for which she con-

and DOWN

By
OSCAR GRAEVE

Illustrations by
W. D. STEVENS

*Though This Story Begins
and Ends in Brooklyn, It
Demonstrates That Every
Hill Has a Silver Lining*

stantly longed, to this odious home port of her lord and master.

They lived in a small red brick house that had somehow got itself wedged in among warehouses, saloons and the stores where seamen bought their oilskins, rubber boots and plug tobacco. Despite its environment, Mrs. Quin managed to keep that house as spick-and-span as her New England traditions commanded. And in Mary Quin's veins let it be understood, ran blood fully as rich and crimson as the Blake blood and of much the same quality—the blood of pioneers, of adventurers, of toilers on the land and voyagers over the sea. But Mary's blood was not pampered. Quite the contrary.

ONE day Christopher was in the little summer house when he became aware of scrutiny. He was very conscious of scrutiny and resentful of it. But when he looked up, frowning, it wasn't the French governess or the German nurse or even Aunt Mabel, as he had feared, but a little girl clinging to the high iron railings that shut in the Blake garden. And she was staring at him with eyes that were solemn and enormous.

Christopher dropped his book with alacrity. "Why, hello!" he said. "How did you get there?"

"I climbed up."

"Where from?"

"From the street below."

Christopher ran over and gazed down the precipice. "I didn't know anybody could do that," he said, with frank admiration.

"It isn't so hard," she said modestly. "Look! There's almost a path and you can hang on to those vines."

"Do you want to come in?" Christopher asked hesitantly, with a glance over his shoulder at the many watching windows.

"I'd like to very much," said the little girl.

Midway in the railing on the street side was a gate with a rusty key and Christopher unlocked it. Mary Quin, hand over hand, managed to reach it and entered the enchanted garden, enchanted indeed for her. She wandered a little timidly down the path and touched the hedges, the flowering bushes, the suave tulips in their precise rows—touched them in a delicate, wondering way as if she couldn't quite believe they were real. Then she sighed and said, "It's very, very beautiful here, isn't it?"

"Don't get too near the house," Christopher warned. "If they see you the Snake will bite you and the Toad will spit at you and the Dragon will eat you up."

"What's all them?" Mary Quin asked.

"The Snake's Mademoiselle Dulac and the Toad's Fraulein and the Dragon's my Aunt Mabel."

Still she didn't understand. "Are they people?" she asked.

"Of course they're people."

"And don't you like them?"

"I hate them! They never let me do anything."



They keep me locked up here as if I were one of the Princes in London Tower. Did you ever read about them? But some day—" His eyes turned longingly to the Harbor and its ships.

Mary Quin picked a broken tulip from the path. "Can I have this?"

"You can have all you want. You can have all the flowers and all the money and all the—*all* the diamonds you want. Because I like you and I'm the richest boy in Brooklyn."

How do you know?"

"I read it in the newspaper. Wouldn't the Dragon be mad if she knew! She doesn't let me read newspapers but the cook lends me hers."

"I think you're the nicest boy in Brooklyn," said Mary Quin.

That embarrassed him. And it silenced him. It was several moments before he said hurriedly, "Well, maybe I can't give you the money and the diamonds just now. Only the flowers." And he picked tulip after tulip until her arms were filled, and she said, "If you give me any more I won't be able to climb down."

"Maybe some day I'll climb down with you," Christopher said, and then with an echo of his aunt's tone, "Must you go? Please come again some day. It was so nice to see you."

"I'll come again tomorrow," said Mary Quin with decision.

AND she came again the next day and the next. Together she and Christopher gazed at the Harbor and the ships. He told her how some day he was going to escape on one of those ships and he was going to see the whole wide world and maybe, he hinted darkly, he was going to be a pirate and do the most terrible things. "I'll make them walk the plank," he declared fiercely.

"Who?" asked Mary Quin in alarm.

"Everybody!"

"Not me!"

"No, not you, Mary. Do you think a girl could be a pirate?"

"Sure, I do," said Mary stoutly.

ALL might have gone smoothly if Christopher had not decided the time was ripe for him to climb down the cliff. Which he did. And what a day those children had! Freedom at last for Christopher! Ecstasy! Together they roamed all over the docks. From one dock they descended a ladder to the very edge of the water getting thoroughly wet. And they threw empty bottles in the water and stones at the bottles, and they forgot all about time and tide and the affairs which man, we are told, must heed.

Little did they know Christopher's disappearance had been noted, that the alarm had spread, that the entire Blake household was on their trail. Finally, the Blake gardener found the runaways, sent Mary Quin weeping on her way and carried Christopher, squealing with rage and mortification, back to his madly distracted aunt who, a few days later, removed him to their country place at Southampton.

And that was the end of the friendship between the boy and the girl. Well, almost the end—

LATER, the richest boy in Brooklyn went to the most fashionable school in New England and from there to Harvard from which he was expelled, and from there to Paris. And after a time, true to his predilection for superlatives, he married the best-dressed woman in Europe who was, at least, ten years older than he and already had been twice married and twice divorced. Not that John Christopher Blake cared about her age, her marriages or her divorces! In fact, he had arrived at that point where there was very little he did care about except squandering his money and his soul—what there was left of it—in a thoroughly reckless and highly superlative manner.

A year or so after his marriage the managers of his estate wrote that his expenditures had been—well, rather extraordinary—and he had better come home and see where he stood. So Christopher, who by this time was just a little bored with the best-dressed woman in Europe, decided he had better take their advice. He set sail for America alone. His wife was to follow him as soon as she was absolutely sure that

Lanvin and Lelong and Vionnet had put the final touches on her spring wardrobe.

On the ship Christopher ran across a young man he had long known. Like himself, Paul Remsen was a member of an old Brooklyn family—older than the Blakes, in fact, although far less wealthy. The two young men chummed around somewhat and on the dock, while going through the tiresome routine of the customs, Paul Remsen said, "Look here, Chris! You've been away so long you won't know anybody. Come



Mary herself was different. Her air of bravado seemed as blazing as her dress, when she offered her hand to Christopher. Somehow Christopher was disappointed

and have dinner with us—my sister and myself. Do you remember her? Elizabeth's a good sport although a terrific highbrow. Come tomorrow night."

"All right, I will," said Christopher.

He had been wondering what he was going to do with himself in Brooklyn. In Paris it was so easy to keep busy—a late breakfast, lunch somewhere, the races, the Ritz bar before dinner, dinner somewhere, a night club—there were all sorts of nice things to do in Paris. But Brooklyn!

And it's true that it wasn't much of a homecoming for Christopher. Not even Aunt Mabel was there to greet him and the caretakers moved like ghosts among the shrouded furnishings of his old home. Well, he had to put the house in order, engage more servants, prepare for the best-dressed woman in Europe who had been aghast at the very thought of Brooklyn. "But, my dear, how long can we stand it?" she had asked.

Next day, the men who managed his estate told Christo-



ness men who had looked askance at his charming, indolent, slim figure as, stick in hand, he had leaned against a desk listening to their accusations. Even Christopher's smile, which was supposed to be irresistible, got him nowhere with them. Nor did Christopher find himself able to cope with business details, involved statements, interminable columns of figures. He had felt rather a fool. He hoped the Remsens would be simple, friendly and amusing.

Paul Remsen and his sister lived in one of the brown stone houses in Pierrepont Street. A uniformed maid opened the door for Christopher, took his very correct stick and his very correct topper and showed him into a long living room. Christopher immediately saw that a girl

was in the room standing at the window and gazing indifferently into the street.

He bowed. "How do you do?"—and then with a second glance—"Why, you're—you're not Miss Remsen?"

The girl looked at him curiously with wide and solemn eyes. "No, I'm not Miss Remsen. She and Paul will be down in a minute. They're always late."

She turned back to her scrutiny of the street and thus enabled Christopher to appraise her. She was, he saw, slim and clad most simply in black. Her long hair was dark and worn in a little knot at the back. Her profile was exquisite.

PRESENTLY she swung back to meet his eyes. "I'm glad to see you again, John Christopher Blake," she said, "after these many years."

"Oh, yes?" he said.

"You don't remember me?"

"No, I'm afraid—"

"I'm Mary Quin."

The name meant nothing to him, but her eyes, wide and solemn, stirred memories deep within him.

"Long, long ago," she said, "a little girl climbed up from the street below to a garden and there she met the nicest little boy she had ever known or ever was to know. His name was Christopher Blake; hers, Mary Quin."

"Yes, I remember now," he said.

She looked at him for a moment and then she laughed. "You don't remember. Not anything! It's funny, isn't it, that something that meant so much to that little girl meant so very

very little to that small boy."

"But—what are you doing here? Are the Remsens friends of yours?"

"Very good friends! You see—I've climbed the hill again and quite successfully."

Paul Remsen came bustling in upon them. "Sorry, I'm late, Chris! It's my only vice. Do you know Mary Quin? Oh, I see you do. And here's Elizabeth!"

LATER, that evening, Christopher walked home with Mary Quin. She lived, she had explained, in another of the old Brooklyn houses—one from which the ancient owners had fled to Park Avenue. It had since [Continued on page 84]

pher they had to stand it for a time. At least, they had to economize. It might seem impossible to wreck a fortune as large as his but he had done his best. Even the New York real estate was mortgaged up to the hilt. Fortunately, Claudia, his wife, could still patronize Lanvin, Lelong and Vionnet. She was the daughter of a sugar king and even two husbands, one a French duke and the other an Italian count, had not been able to wrest all the sugar king's money away from the shrewd Claudia.

Christopher was glad to go to Paul Remsen's that night for dinner. The managers of his estate had been insistent and unsympathetic. They could see nothing humorous in his escapades and extravagances. They were hard-working busi-

TEN SUCCESSFUL WOMEN TELL How I Got

EVERY modern girl at the beginning of her obstacle-race to success in the business world, soon confronts her initial hazard. How can I get my first raise in pay?

Her ego yearns for it. Her confidence begs for want of it. Her budget demands it. Her whole happiness in life hinges on it.

Should she ask—or wait for recognition? Should she leave to hunt for a job at larger salary—or stay dissatisfied? If she asks for a raise, how and when should she do it?

The beginner finds no book of rules describing a guaranteed technique on getting raises. No courses teach the subject. Yet everywhere the stupendous psychological benefits of increased pay are recognized.

Successful women, who have won their obstacle-race, and now proudly wear the blue ribbon of professional or business achievement, have cleared this initial hazard. Surely their individual experience in achieving that first raise contains the elusive secret! Their varied solutions may solve the riddle for others starting in similar work. Perhaps you can adapt some of their methods to your personal needs.



Alfred Cheney Johnston

Sally Milgrim drew her first raise because she liked to dress dolls



Farrchild

Alice Foote MacDougall



Florence E. Keller



Marion C. Taylor



Hal Phylis

Neysa McMein

"STEP out of the rank and file of those you work with, if you want a raise," Fannie Hurst, eminent novelist, advises.

"Be personable, presentable, exceptionally courteous, give superior service, use your initiative, or in some other way call attention to your ability and your accomplishments. Be a noticeable exception."

No girl, in Miss Hurst's opinion, should ever pop the question of a raise. Nor should her mind be consumed with the thought of one. She speaks from experience.

"Once, working for atmosphere in a bargain department store, I was so busy figuring how to ask for a raise that I couldn't calculate how much seven and a half yards of ribbon would total at seven and a half cents a yard," she relates. "I got it wrong. And I got fired!"

"Perfecting a technique for getting a raise is bad psychology," she insists. "It is analogous to writing a novel just for a prize. The important thing is overlooked."

MUCH more of an opportunist is Neysa McMein, famous artist.

"I inherited my first raise, along with the job higher up," Miss McMein recounted, with a whimsical smile. "But I am notoriously bad at finance so perhaps I am no example to any girl."

"My first job was sketching hats for Gage Brothers, Chicago. I was getting twenty dollars a week when the head of the department left suddenly. The manager came to me. 'You are not very good,' he speculated out loud, shaking his head dubiously. 'But you are not so bad, either. Do you think you could hold down his job?'"

"I was scarcely more hopeful about it than he. I answered that I wasn't at all sure I could do the work. Then I seemed to get renewed spunk from somewhere and said if I did try the job I would want more money. The departed artist had received one hundred dollars weekly. They gave me fifty dollars, a princely sum! But luck was against me. The very next week an opportunity came for which I had yearned for years. I had a chance to go on the stage. I took it. And I lasted just one week behind the footlights. It was days before I could get another illustrating job that paid me thirty-five dollars. It was ages before I made fifty dollars again."

VERY different is the story of a Portland, Maine, girl. It really was a New England conscience that got the

MY FIRST RAISE

By

JULIA
BLANSHARD

first raise for Helen Havener, editor of the "Independent Woman," official organ for the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, also the first New England woman to be city editor of a daily newspaper.

"I was a very young reporter, slaving about eleven hours a day for ten dollars a week," Miss Havener gave this account of her start upwards. "Suddenly I realized, with utter horror, that I was getting into debt, slowly, week by week. I was living frugally, spending no money frivolously, yet my expenses exceeded my pay. Debt, to one of my training, was next to a cardinal sin.

"I seethed for days at the injustice of working, conscientiously and long hours, covering all the assignments given me and still not making enough pay to settle all my bills. I was terrified at the thought of asking for more. I went over every item of expenditure. Something had to be done.

"Finally, in righteous indignation, I literally stormed the managing editor's cubbyhole and laid the facts before him. He looked up over his glasses when I finished. 'How much do you need,' he asked, in sympathetic seriousness. 'Another dollar a week,' I said firmly. 'All right,' he said. I have often smiled since, thinking how he must have chuckled after the door was shut, thinking how easily I had let him off."

THE story of how Sally Milgrim got her first raise is a real Horatio Alger story. Sally Milgrim now is owner and manager of the enormous couturier establishment bearing her name in New York's smartest shopping district. But she was then little Sally Noble, office and errand girl for the elder Mr. Milgrim, who owned a downtown woman's apparel shop.

Sally filed letters, answered the telephone, ran errands and made herself useful generally to the girls handling the stock, just to get a glimpse of the pretty clothes. For little Sally loved to sew.

She had been there only a short time when Milgrim's planned a regal "opening." Every one was absorbed in decorating the store. Two pedestals, built into the store, stood bare of even a rubber plant. What to put on them? Everybody went home to sleep over the problem.

Next morning, bright and early, little Sally Noble astonished her boss, who hardly knew there was such an office girl, by proffering him a newspaper-wrapped parcel and asking in a timid voice if these would do for the pedestals.

He unwrapped two dolls that Sally had just finished dressing for her sister's children. They were wearing copies of

Milgrim frocks that Sally had admired!

On to the pedestals they went, post haste. Sally was dispatched to buy four more dolls and given all the material and help she wanted to dress them quickly. Her seven dollars weekly was raised to twelve dollars. She was put on the floor to learn stock. Soon her talent was rewarded. She was sketching original models. In two years' time she was promoted to modeling. She spent part of her time creating styles and the rest displaying them to customers. The boss's son came home from college, saw the charming and gifted model, fell in love with her and little Sally Noble became Sally Milgrim.

NEWSPAPER articles seem a curious incentive to a raise in shorthand. Yet that is how Alice Davis, of St. Louis, Missouri, crack bank-advertising copy writer of the Middle West, got her first raise.

"I was a stenographer in the trust [Continued on page 135]



Charles E. Bullock

Fannie Hurst says that you must
step out of the rank and file



Alice Davis



Underwood & Underwood
Ethel Traphagen



Roger Paul Jordan
Helen Havener



Bertha Brainard



Sir Julius put his arms about Ann. "She means me to kiss her," he thought, "the little devil! And of course I shall. Why shouldn't I take what's offered so freely?"

YOU Can

Ann Thought That Marriage Meant the Freedom to Live As—And Love Whom—She Chose. Faithfulness Was So Old-Fashioned

ANN COSWAY'S wedding was the social event of the London season—which was natural enough since Ann was the only child of Lady Adela and Sir Arthur Cosway of the Foreign Office.

The bridegroom, Greville Chard, vice-chairman of Greyhound Cars, Ltd., one of London's most eligible bachelors—young, handsome, fairly wealthy—fitted quite perfectly into the picture.

In fact it was for just those qualities that Ann had chosen him. Too selfish to be very deeply in love, she intended very definitely to take the lead in this marriage.

The declaration she made to her bridesmaid cousin, Peggy Dangerfield—"I propose to be a queen on my throne and have Greville look up to me—" was characteristic of Ann's attitude toward the whole business.

By the time they returned from their honeymoon in Paris Ann had established her queenly regime—and for the moment at least—Greville adoringly obeyed her commands.

THE servants, those pitiless critics, commended Mr. and Mrs. Chard's establishment in Seamore Place.

The young chauffeur, bringing the green and beige coupé faultlessly to the curb edge outside the flat, had no qualms. His were the smartest car and the smartest mistress in London. She could drive, she could!

She had gone down to the works and seen the car in production from beginning to end, and he'd as soon go to sleep in the car while she drove him as he would in his bed, and how many chauffeurs could say that of their owners?

The highly trained parlor maid, a wise young woman, liked this place. She admired Ann's drawing-room with its ebony dance floor and pale yellow-panelled walls that repeated the coloring of her tawny hair.

The cook could find no fault with a lady who really understood and appreciated one's pet dishes.

Greville they all loved, as women servants do love a good-looking young man with a pleasant word for every one. Besides he happened to be a hero to his valet.

Thus in this favorable atmosphere Ann and

Get Away With ANYTHING ~

By

F. E. BAILY

Illustrations by AUSTIN JEWELL

Greville established some sort of routine. They breakfasted at nine-thirty in boots and breeches and at ten strolled side by side through Chesterfield Gardens to the Park, where a groom waited with their horses. Generally they lunched out, and afterwards Greville would pick up his own car, a super-sports affair, and go down to the works at Cricklewood. Greyhound Cars had three entries for the following year's Grand Prix, and these were Greville's children. He and the works manager pondered for hours over every tool mark in their construction.

Ann, as became a young hostess, laid her plans with refined cunning. She knew that youth, beauty, brains and a sufficient income are passports to whatever one chooses. Through Greville she had the world of adventure and through her father the world of intrigue.

They were young, they were fit, they counted, and their enthusiasm had no limit. For the moment Ann sufficed Greville and life sufficed Ann.

OVER her flat-warming dinner party she spent hours of intense concentration. On the night itself she might have been guest of honor rather than hostess. Not a trace of an anxiety cast its shadow on her lovely face. Peggy smoked a cigarette in Ann's bedroom while she gave her gown the final touches, and they talked as girl to girl.

"You look perfectly amazing, Ann. Marriage gives you a sort of confidence and certainty and you're more beautiful than ever."

"Marriage, darling, settles the mind. You've finished maneuvering for position and chosen your battleground. Tonight's the opening attack. I've got mother and father, you and Flint, Julius Bruce, George Bondy, the Field-Officer-in-Brigade-Waiting and three of the prettiest girls I know. Could I have done better?"

"Not unless you'd got the Prince. Pr'aps I misjudge you sometimes, Ann. This gilded life is hard work in its way and needs brains. But then it's your job and I daresay you like it, as I like mine. Heaven knows you've got the necessary appearance and charm, and your flat's heavenly. It couldn't please me better if I'd done it myself."

Ann gave her a swift, all-seeing glance.

"You needn't envy me anything, anyway," she said. "You're one of the Lord's anointed, Peggy, whether you know it or not. You've got a little wistful face and a kind heart, and people, particularly men, will always be good to you and take care of you."

THEY passed on to the drawing-room. Peggy, safe in the encircling admiration of Rochester Flint, watched Ann. "She and Greville are really rather dears," Peggy decided. "They've got a kind of dignity. There's just enough of the formal about this show to give it tone and not enough to be a nuisance."

Sir Julius, a student of human nature, surveyed the gathering from Ann's right hand with wise eyes and a faint smile

on his keen, clever face.

"My dear Ann," he told her, "you have all the talents. I should never dare to put your distinguished father and George Bondy at the same dinner table, but evidently it works."

And George Bondy slapped Greville approvingly on the shoulder later on

in the evening and said enthusiastically:

"Well done, old boy! You've got a fine wife and you've given us a fine dinner. The rest of the night's mine. I want you two and Flint and Peggy and Bruce to come with me to the White Parrot. It's the last thing in night clubs and as I own it they'll see we have a good time. I can pick up two extra girls there; I give a few pretty ones from the musical shows the run of the place. My car's waiting outside. Come on, all of you."

In her bedroom, powdering her nose, Ann said to Peggy, "It went, didn't it?"

"Of course it went. Flint loved it, George Bondy loved it, and uncle was as near heaven as he'll ever get. They're three of the most contradictory types it's possible to choose. The Bruce man was hanging on your every word. I congratulate you, my dear. Couldn't do it myself to save my life."

"You've a different sort of brain. You don't have to."

THEY crushed into the lift, two well-dressed faintly scented girls and four remarkably attractive men. They crowded into George Bondy's limousine and began to slide through the mysterious dark of London jewelled with ten thousand lamps.

"You ought to run a Greyhound instead of this gilded boudoir on wheels," said Greville, and George Bondy answered:

"I never mix business and pleasure. The very name of this car gives the girls a treat. What I sell and what I buy are two different things."

The White Parrot they found jammed with after-theater crowds, but George Bondy instantly procured a table and waiters fled right and left at his bidding. Somehow or other Coralie Someone and Doris Someone Else joined his party. They had danced several miles that evening in "Do Go Gently!" at the Cosmopolis Theater and were prepared and eager to dance several more. George Bondy took Ann in his arms and began to circle the room. She followed him tactfully but when Julius Bruce replaced him blasé-blondes at side tables turned their heads to watch.

Here was the dancing of two people whose personalities were in perfect sympathy. They drifted round the floor like leaves before a gentle wind, no effort, no thought, no care. Once he murmured against her hair, "You're very beautiful and adorable and dangerous, Ann," and she answered mockingly, "Danger's the only thing that interests intelligent people. Everything else is so dull."

At one A. M. the ordinary lights went down, the spot lights went on, the floor cleared, and a pair of exhibition dancers glided on to the parquet. The man's dress coat made a background for the girl's impalpable, faintly pink frock.

The band woke up as bands always do to good dancing. The spotlights cut white lanes through the smoke laden air.

floating on the girl following her in her swift passage. It was over almost before the watchers realized it had begun. The dancers bowed and disappeared, the spotlights flicked out and the ordinary lights went up.

"Curious," said George Bondy. "I pay them three hundred pounds a week, they fill the place and I'm coming money, yet you might put on fifty other couples just as good to all intents and purposes and half the ladies would be empty. It's just personality. The man gets off with the women and the girl gets off with the men. I could run them for three weeks and book every table every night and I'm running them one. You should never let the public have as much as it thinks it wants of anything."

Greville, looking across at his new wife with a faint touch of longing inspired by the dance, asked tenderly, "Sleepy, Ann?"

"Never while there's a band and champagne."

"Dance this one with me then."

"Don't mind."

They moved away together. Bruce was dancing with Peggy and the two other girls had disappeared momentarily. Flint, gazing at Greville and his bride, said to George Bondy, "Poor infatuated devil! He's going to have a pretty rough deal."

George Bondy, full of champagne and chivalry answered, "Don't you believe it. I won't hear a word against Greville. You should see him in a racing car. He's got a chilled steel nerve and all the pluck in the world. They worship him down at the works, and engineers are a pretty tough crowd."

"I know, I know, my dear fellow, but what good will it do him? That girl's a living sphinx and she won't have a shred of pity for him. He's just a boy and her mind's a hundred years old."

THE band ceased playing; Bruce led Peggy back to the table. Flint looking across at her and seeing the tired smudges under her eyes broke off.

"Sorry, but it's time Peggy went home. I've had the evening of a lifetime and I'm sure Peggy has. Mrs. Chard, you've given a delightful dinner party. I salute you. My dear Bondy, next to Mrs. Chard you're the most wonderful host. If only Peggy and I were butterflies like you we'd love to sit beside you and see the sun rise. As it is, a taxi and bed."

"I'm taking every one home in the car presently. That girl's going to dance again. You mustn't teach Peggy to be a spoil sport," argued George Bondy, but Flint rose to his enormous height and stood like a great rock, rugged and unshakable.

"Don't you worry about us. Thanks very much. Come along, Peggy. Good night, Mrs. Chard. Happy days!"

At the entrance in the cool night air Peggy drew her cloak about her and shivered.

"Oo!" she murmured, "it's c-cold. Rochester."

Then the taxi door slammed, and he picked her up bodily, settled her on his knees and put his arms round her. She held up her mouth to be kissed, sighed and closed her eyes.

TO GREVILLE the first six months of his marriage resembled a dream when in occasional waking intervals he thought about himself. He lived with a fairy princess in a



castle on top of a hill. As long as he stayed content with the life Ann was making for herself and for him, falling in with all suggestions, playing the part meant for him, the days flowed by without effort or care on his part.

She never denied him kisses or caresses: she made a faultless chatelaine for the castle on the hill; they gave irreproachable parties and shared in others equally irreproachable. Society columns paragraphed them and society photographers photographed them at race-meetings, country houses, golf courses, weddings and sports clubs.

Very occasionally, Greville would ask himself: "Where am I going? What am I making of life? Am I turning into a tame cat?"

During his rare visits to Cricklewood he thought he saw Macdonald, the works manager, glancing at him oddly from time to time. Greville would say to himself, "After all, I'm a trained engineer, a crack racing driver, and all my money is in this business; am I really pulling my weight?"



"It's curious," said Greville. "I've given you everything I can think of. And still you're not satisfied!"

Then, returning to the fairy castle on the hill, he would find Ann more beautiful than ever. The golden waters of oblivion swept over him again, and he re-entered his dream.

"Marriage after all," he decided, "must naturally bring changes into a man's life. A fellow can't go his own way exactly as he did in the old days. Possibly 'he travels fastest who travels alone,' but where is he travelling, and why? Marriage must be the goal of every man's life. It may handicap him in some ways but it has compensations. Even a bachelor always finds some girl hanging about, and women simply drag him by the hair of his head to make up the number at whatever show they're giving. When you're married you do get a certain amount of settled peace; you don't racket about so much."

Yet still the occasional small voice would murmur:

"Do you wish for peace? Does a man cease striving at twenty-four? Don't you want to leave your mark on life in some way apart from being Ann's husband and more or less

a figure-head on the directory board of Greyhound Cars Ltd.?" He laid the matter before George Bondy one day at the races.

"George," he said, "am I earning my oats these days?"

"What the devil do you mean?"

"I seem to spend all my time trailing about after Ann from one show to another."

"Haven't had a row or anything, have you?"

"No. But after all, Greyhound Cars are my job. I'm hardly ever down at Cricklewood, and I've forgotten what Brooklands feels like. Ann hates the idea of my racing again; she's afraid I'll break my neck. That's all nonsense, of course, because I'm driving in the Grand Prix next summer."

George Bondy contrived a reassuring face.

"Don't get silly ideas into your head, Greville. Make the most of these early married days. They'll never come again. Of course you'll drive in the Grand Prix but meanwhile the works can get on without you for a bit. I'm chairman and I know. We're doing very well, and the cars for the race are barely out of the drawing office. You'll have plenty to do with them when they've come through the shops. Stay at home and enjoy yourself for a bit."

THEY strolled back to a radiant Ann full of excitement and an inscrutable Bruce full of racing talk. The horses were going down to the post, and Ann turned her glasses on the dancing colored dots that represented jockeys.

"Your 'Run Lightly' will win, won't he, George?" she pleaded. "I've got a fiver on him and if he doesn't I'll never forgive you."

"Best horse and the best jockey in the race, my dear."

They were off! Through her glasses Ann followed the curious switchback effect of a steeplechase, the swift rushes, and the breathtaking pause at each jump.

Run Lightly and two other horses seemed to rise at the last jump with their noses level. They came thundering up the finish, the rest in pursuit, and of the three, Run Lightly and another drew ahead racing neck and neck. Every one leaned forward concentrating on whichever animal carried his money; then almost on the post in a desperate finish George Bondy's jockey scientifically flogged Run Lightly forward to win by a head.

"So I'm twenty-five pounds richer," Ann said with a joyful sigh. "Julius, you don't know a thing about horses for all your proud words. You backed Royal Reign and he isn't even placed. But you won't forget my seat for that murder trial next week, will you? The whole thing thrills me beyond words, and I've never seen you in court before. In fact I've

never been in court before. Are you going to get the man off?"

"My dear Ann, it's on the knees of the judge. Stubbs is as hard as nails and out of touch with modern ideas. Heaven send me a sentimental jury, but of course the judge influences the jury a great deal. He can instruct them in the law so that they feel obliged to take what they imagine is his view."

"And that woman whose husband the man murdered—"

"Is alleged to have murdered," murmured Sir Julius.

"Is alleged then, you pedant—what's she like? I'm dying to see her."

"But, Ann," Greville interrupted, "you don't surely want to listen to this horrible case? What earthly interest can it be to you?"

"I'm a woman, darling, and there's always the possibility of some one murdering or being murdered on my account."

Julius Bruce began to explain for Greville's benefit.

"It isn't so much the crime as the human interest and drama. Women are interested chiefly [Continued on page 129]



Every day was Christmas to Mrs. Wayland. When a dealer in antiques saw her coming, he offered a prayer of thanksgiving. Many a footman resigned because he didn't like to move crates and furniture

Secrets of a Social Secretary

*The Hand That Holds the Pencil
Is Sometimes the Hand That
Controls the Destinies of the
Wealthiest Homes—and the
People Who Live in Them*

By
MARGARETTA ROBERTS

Illustrations by
OSCAR FREDERICK HOWARD

WE'LL call the lady Mrs. Wayland—which is, of course, not her real name! She was the woman who gave me my first position in the States as a social secretary, and so I select her to begin these chronicles of the observations I made and the experiences which I lived through a period of fifteen years spent in intimate contact, as a member of the household, with some of the foremost American and European families.

Mrs. Wayland was short, squat and crowding fifty, with a head which Nature seemed to have coupled to her shoulders without bothering about the customary neck. I put down this description only in the interest of truth. Indeed, my conscience pricks me slightly. During the eight months I worked as her secretary she was exceedingly kind in many ways, especially in making presents to me of the little articles of personal adornment so dear to the feminine heart. But I am reconciled to making these remembrances a stark record of what goes on behind the scenes in the private lives of persons who have unlimited wealth and unimpeachable social position. To be honest with the reader I must be frank with myself.

In her youth Mrs. Wayland had undoubtedly been slender, chic and pretty. Her ankles and wrists were still small, her face still retained evidences of an earlier piquancy. It was her insatiable fondness for candy, pastry and rich foods, which had placed layers of fat upon what would otherwise have been a

lithe figure. Eating was her pet hobby. She was rebellious against encroaching age and she wanted to remain youthful looking, but even this ambition was subordinate to her liking for food. She gourmandized. I used to marvel at the way her digestive mechanism stood the gruelling punishment. My own, rugged though it was, would have flown the white flag long since.

The bureau where I registered sent me to her. She had specifically stipulated that the applicant for the post must have had previous secretarial experience with a titled English family. I had only just come over from England where I had served as secretary to an English Earl of ancient lineage. Mrs. Wayland was much impressed with the reference his lordship had given me. She signed me on the spot at one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month, with first class maintenance as a member of her family. That was not enough, but I was unaware of it. English salaries are much smaller. The post with the Earl had been the only secretarial one I had ever held. I did not know then that secretaries in America received usually from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and twenty-five dollars a month and every expense included. But that was my misfortune.

Mrs. Wayland's town house was a sumptuous affair. A noted decorator had planned every detail of its interior and the furnishings had followed the exact lines he had laid out.

Stranger Than Fiction Are the Things That Happen Behind a Screen of Money

regardless of cost. It must have been quite perfect. I never saw it, however, in its original state.

At the time I became a member of the household she was busy undoing all that the expert decorator had previously done. She was not content to let things stay put for more than a few days at a time.

ONE day her French boudoir would be in one part of the house and a week or so later it would be in another. Furniture, rugs and ornaments were shifted about so frequently that only those who were in the daily touch with the upheaval knew where to locate any particular article or room. It was a puzzle compared to which a train dispatcher's job of keeping track of cars was simple. Pieces of furniture designed for special rooms were scattered far and wide, and in the end we found French period chairs in a huddle with tables of sternly Gothic lines—a scrambling of art such as no post impressionist would dare. It would have broken the heart of the decorator who had originally been called in to do the work.

She was almost mad on the subject of buying. If her various characteristics were to be listed in order of their importance, this propensity for buying would be only an eyelash behind the eating mania. To dealers in antiques she was a distinct improvement on Mrs. Santa Claus, for every day was Christmas with her, as far as they were concerned.

Her Long Island estate, while not as lavish as some other estates I have lived on, was distinctive in that it furnished a dumping ground for much of this antique stuff. There was a staff of twenty-one servants to run the house. It was comparatively easy for me to engage butlers, footmen, chefs, chauffeurs, maids, gardeners, etc., but when I went to get a houseman I always had trouble. Her reputation as a buyer was known in servant circles. The story had gone the rounds of the endless stream of packing cases which arrived at the place day in and day out and which meant so much extra work for the houseman.

One houseman, quitting his job, said to me, "I can't stand it. There are so many fool crates and boxes to open. It ain't a houseman the old girl wants—it's a piano mover. Good-by."

Mrs. Wayland was a rabid, incurable addict of the bottle—not the kind of bottle you think, though she didn't exactly scorn that, either. She collected bottles. She chased bottles to the far corners of the Earth, from Painted Post to Timbuctoo and back by way of Madagascar.

WE, I speak as a member of the family—had three country estates. A large wing of one of these houses was given over entirely to our bottle department. The wing contained so many windows that it looked like a little brother to a hot-house. Its sole furnishing consisted of row after row of show cases, made especially for her by a Japanese cabinet maker.

Bottles of every color, age, size, from every country in the world, of every formation and description filled the show cases. There were tiny, exquisitely carved Chinese opium bottles;

perfume bottles of early French periods; bottles with stories etched or cut into their surfaces; big bottles which stood on the floor; little bottles which stood on their dignity—in fact, bottles, bottles, bottles and then a few more bottles.

The idea of so many windows was an artistic inspiration. When the sun poured into our bottle works and fell athwart these beautiful Japanese show cases, the effect was that of the sparkle from a million facets. With the green, amber, yellow, blue, red, purple and other colors sending forth their fiery beams, it seemed as though a thousand rainbows had been shattered and their luminous fragments were dancing before your eyes. It was Mrs. Wayland who had thought out this way of exhibiting her costly collection of bottles. Beneath her roly-poly exterior was an undeniable sense of artistry and a real love of the beautiful.

ASIDE from her bottles, there was the item for jade—just an isolated item in the crowded routine of her life, but one which made my earlier conception of riches look small and pikerish. Jade from all parts of the world—pink jade, priceless bits of royal green jade, with rare and interesting stories connected with them; purple jade, jade of such exquisite beauty and great value that the heart of the connoisseur all but stood still in its presence.

This display constituted the visitor's introduction to one of the residences. The exquisite collection filled a series of specially constructed Chinese cabinets which lined one wall of the great entrance hall to the house. The opposite side contained cabinets containing a superb [Continued on page 110]



A whole army of workers combined, every morning, to make Mrs. Blaketon beautiful. To my mind their success was not too great—but, to a watcher, it was a great spectacle

WAITING IS HELPING ~

JANEY WINTHROP looked just like her name. Not like Jane, as it understood, which is an entirely different matter—but like Janey, which described her perfectly. During forty-two weeks of the year she was quite resigned to this state of affairs which seemed of no greater importance than the fact that she hated airplanes—you would, of course, if your name were Janey—but during the other ten, she was anything but resigned. For these ten weeks were the ones lying between the first of July and the middle of September, the ones in which the summer people opened the big houses which had been carefully boarded up; the ones in which the summer girls arrived.

The summer girls looked just like the cover pictures on the best magazines, lithe and boyish and trim with sleek close-cut heads and delicately pencilled eyebrows; with lips and cheeks reddened just enough under the suntan make-up; with clothes which, viewed from their construction angle, were merely a series of straight pieces of this and that sewed up the sides—but when worn! These girls sported the most masculine of breeches on such occasions as breeches were demanded, and managed their cigarettes gracefully. And not one of them looked as if there had ever been a Janey among her remotest connections.

BUT there was no use in Janey's wishing that she looked like an Adela or a Silvia. She wasn't cut out for it, and that was that. Though her bronze-gold hair was bobbed—Massachusetts coast villages being by no means backwoods—it curled so defiantly that sleekness and boyish cheeks were out of the question. Rouge simply didn't go with her at all. To wear that successfully your general effect ought to be a bit artificial, she decided, after careful experimenting in the privacy of her own room. And Janey's wasn't.

Experiment also established the fact that in the case of the straight-piece dresses, the original price tag undoubtedly has a mysterious potency in determining the final effect. And as for smoking a cigarette effectively. She didn't want to, anyway—or wearing breeches without a horse even in sight—well, Janey lived with her grandfather and grandmother!

And the summer girls were so nice—all of them. That was the reason for Janey's resentment of her unlikeness to them. The little seacoast village wasn't a resort by any means, but there were a number of big summer places, whose owners loved them too well ever to give them up.



The members of the younger generation all had their own cars, and it was only fifteen miles to the country club at Island Haven—so what did it matter where one slept and ate breakfast? Janey had been accepted on equal terms by these young people since the days when they had dug companionably for clams in the oozy sand; and the fact that their winters were now given to successive coming-out parties, while Janey's were devoted to the implanting of the three R's in the minds of the young who attended Vine Haven's village school made no difference whatever. They took her to the country club dances in their smart little cars, invited her to their picnics and beach parties, and generally rendered those ten weeks of summer a gloriously exciting, if fleeting, dream. Small wonder that Janey always hated to see them come to an end.

By MARION BRANDON

Illustrations by
EVERETT SHINN

*Every Woman Wants to Prove
to Her Man That She Loves
Him. But Janey Was Afraid*



The Prince of Wales, himself, couldn't have caused the stir that Peter Carrington made among the girls in that seaside town

THIS particular summer, as has already been hinted, was different from its predecessors. For once in its two-hundred-odd years of existence Vine Haven was not to be designated—affectionately, but unequivocally—by its visitors as “slow.” During the spring months two huge hangars had been under construction on the great level field that some company had bought from old Captain Peck at the perfectly scandalous figure that he had never in the world expected to receive. It appeared that a big airplane company was planning experiments in which the government was much interested, and had settled upon Vine Haven because its beach was every bit

as good as that of Old Orchard, while the place itself was quieter and less public. And rumor had it—just rumor—that the man who was to conduct these experiments was Peter Carrington.

The possibility of the arrival of the Prince of Wales, unchaperoned and defenceless, could not have been a more momentous prospect. Less, indeed, as Eda Barron pointed out, because with the Prince of Wales one hasn't a chance from the start, while in the case of a non-royal celebrity, however wary, there is at least hope. And Peter Carrington must be pretty wary, for he had succeeded in reaching the age of twenty-eight without the merest hearsay of an attachment—a decided feat for “one of the world's really great flyers.”

He made queer flights to queer places for queerer reasons, that all had something to do with difficulties to be encountered. He specialized in fogs and air-currents and “pockets”—whatever those might be; and he was furthermore possessed of remarkable mechanical gifts that enabled him to take a plane to pieces and put it together again. And such was his prestige in the world of aeronautics that he had been received by European royalty after crossing the Atlantic in prosaic fashion on the “Leviathan,” for the purpose of studying the types of foreign planes.

It seemed that an entirely new sort of plane was being developed and that two of these, with numerous mechanics, greasers, and other attendants, and—could it really be Peter Carrington?—were to be dispatched to Vine Haven to carry out various and complicated tests.

THE great hangars, however, stood tantalizingly untenanted until well past the middle of July. Speculation was rife, but nothing was discovered until Amy Bettinger burst excitedly upon a tennis party at Silvia Griscom's.

“No more chance for these men!”

was her greeting. “Girls,” she announced solemnly, “it is Peter Carrington!” And collapsed upon the nearest seat, limp from the burden of her news.

“He's coming next week,” she elucidated further. “Dad's just back from a trip to Washington, and he has it absolutely straight. Do you realize—” and her black eyes danced as they roved around the group—“that we are to have in our midst the country's most eligible young man, and—”

“Each of us present will have one chance in seven!” giggled Silvia. “Heavens! How we'll have to bone on flying for the next few days!”



One of my distant male relatives knew him in college, so I'll have the drop on you!" contributed Adela Whitney. "Perhaps mother'll have him at the house, and what'll the rest of you poor females be?"

But Peter Carrington stayed at nobody's house. He went directly to the village hotel, two of whose very modest rooms he had engaged for the rest of the summer. The little army of attendants had already arrived, the planes landed in the next morning and were duly repaired. Vine Haven's season of excitement was assured!

To Janey, however, the arrival of Peter Carrington was but a noise overhead, for Janey, as has been stated, hated airplanes and everything connected with them. She had from the first actively resented the slowly rising skeletons of the mere hangars, though she had never flown in a plane and had vowed solemnly that she never would. She hated the elevators in city department stores and high buildings and the edges of cliffs, and planes in themselves meant just an agglomeration of these unpleasantnesses.

She hated and feared them too for the dreadful things they connected. When matters go wrong with a motor on land, there is something safe and solid under you—even if it does fracture your skull. It's worse at sea, of course, though the water is at least something, and a boat is supposed to float—like the safe and dependable Mayflower, in which the first Wanchrop had dared the ocean! But the air—

THAT terrible night of black storm, two years before, when the "zoom" of a motor in the murk overhead, and so low as to be deafening, had called the whole village out into the driving wind and rain to stare with straining eyes into the impenetrable darkness. "Not hitting right," said those who knew the sounds of engines.

Lost their bearings, I reckon," said others.

Then somebody had thought of building a fire on the great field where the hangars now stood. But just as they set to work, the thunder of the missing engine had receded over the angry ocean.

The next day's papers had spoken anxiously of an overdue transatlantic plane from Ireland. It was still unaccounted for the following day, and a tug captain was reported as having seen a red light apparently falling into the sea far ahead of him on the night of the storm. And that was all that was known of the fate of three light-hearted young Irishmen until weeks later, when a piece of fuselage adorned with a shamrock and part of a name was washed up on the beach a few miles beyond the village.

Janey didn't like to think of that stormy night; nor yet of the bright morning, just last summer, when a silver-winged bird, circling high in the sunshine, had been suddenly transformed into a helplessly falling, crippled thing that crashed to the beach in a burst of fur. Janey's grandfather had been among those who had attempted to rescue the pilot—pinned in the wreckage, a victim only over the safety of those

who were trying so desperately to approach his blazing pyre.

Janey didn't see Peter Carrington at once, for she was by no means as free as the summer girls for whom there were no problems in cake making and

dish washing and such time-consuming exercises—but she heard plenty. Though he carried no letters of introduction, he dined in turn, on his first six evenings in Vine Haven at each of the six palatial cottages, whose chatelaines were prompt with their hospitality; and from the daughters of the chatelaines Janey received her information.

He was stunning, she learned—wonderful—exciting—sweet—in the sense lately acquired by that formerly saccharine word. But when she did meet him at the Saturday night dance at the Island Haven Country Club, she found to her vast astonishment that there was one simple adjective

which described him completely—and which hadn't been used by any one. In spite of his fame and his money and his lionized condition, Peter Carrington was just plain nice.

Janey had of course seen plenty of photographs of him, but he didn't look much like them. He didn't at all resemble her pre-conceived notion of a famous flyer, either. One feels somehow that it is incumbent upon famous flyers to be fair and curly-haired, and Carrington was neither. He was very big—Janey's head just reached his shoulder when he danced with her—and there was in his low pleasant voice just a hint of Southern drawl that had somehow persisted through the years of boarding-schools and summer camps that had followed upon the tragic accident that had left him at five years old with a million dollars and a guardian.

He didn't display the rather bewildering line of small talk that always seemed so silly to Janey; he seemed to consider that talking necessitated having something to say. He had come over to the club with Eda's party, but was so frightfully rushed that one dance was all that any one had with him; and it was at the conclusion of hers that Janey found herself resenting her difference from the summer girls.

For it doesn't take a Beatrice Fairfax or a Dorothy Dix to tell you that the way to interest a man in yourself is to be interested in his interests—and if you aren't, to pretend you are. But it's quite impossible even to pretend an intelligent interest in anything that one hates and fears as Janey hated and feared Peter Carrington's life work. And as for going up with him—all the girls were planning to do that. The mere thought of it made Janey feel shivery all over.

THAT was why she felt so bitter at her lack of the standard present day attractiveness; the unattainable sleek boyishness of those six other girls; the casualness with which Eda, who was driving him home offered him her cigarette case, and took a light from him as he sat beside her in the front seat. It didn't seem fair that they should have the twofold advantage of such smart modern charm and [Continued on page 103]

As Janey felt Peter's lips on her lips, she discovered that she was crying—as people do when they're happy

Ladies Prefer Blonds

When Rudy Vallée Croons, "I Kiss Your Hand, Madame—" Dark Gentlemen Cease to Matter

By

NANETTE KUTNER

HE HIMSELF doesn't know: has barely an idea as to the real why of his attraction for women. When asked to give a frank opinion, to offer a solution of the matter, he looks a trifle bewildered, and one hand lightly strokes his chin in that puzzled, characteristic Vallée pose.

"I don't think I'm handsome." He says this, not coyly, not with "fishing" purposes, but just as a simple fact.

"I don't think I'm handsome," he slowly repeats. "I wish my nose were shorter. I hate my chin. My eyes are funny. I would like to have a strong face like Richard Dix's."

I stared quite rudely. I studied his features. True, his nose could be shorter, his chin stronger, and his eyes mates. Hastily, I reviewed the idols of the past, and reflected that none of them were handsome when it came to perfection of features. Certainly, Valentino could not have been called an Apollo where looks are rated. Yet there was something about his haunting small eyes, the forbidden fruit expression of his, combined with his foreign make-up that acted as an irresistible magnet for women.

There is nothing-so-different-looking about Vallée. What of him? I thought of other past matinee idols. Francis X. Bushman, Maurice Costello, Lowell Sherman, Adolphe Menjou, then later, The Prince of Wales and Lindbergh. The significance of this list, topped by Vallée, can mean only one thing: Ladies are beginning to prefer blonds. The trend of popular fancy has definitely swerved. From Valentino to Lindbergh to Vallée. From brunette to blond.

The foreign type has lost out, and the Nordic comes into his own.

"**H**OW do you account for all this?" I asked, pointing to the crowded floor of his night club. Across the polished surface fox-trotted adoring flappers who ogled, and men who glared. I designated his dressing room. Through the open door we could catch a glimpse

of his desk, whose surface was hidden by great mounds and little mountains of fan letters.

"It's the voice," declared Vallée. "Even at college I noticed the power of my voice. I mean I could always get girls to care for me by just talking softly to them. In those days I used to orate. If you want to know the truth, I've never made this admission before, but when this is over, this popularity, this spotlight life, I'd like to enter politics. Sometimes I wish I had been a lawyer. Persuading people, fighting for them, swaying juries with my voice. That would be great!"

He leaned across the small table. He spoke again. Spoke in those low, throaty tones.

"If—if—I were in politics I could fulfill one of my chief ambitions. You'll laugh when I tell you. It's—it's to be so important that all sorts of people would ask my opinion on questions. I don't mean important in the actor's world. But important when it comes to brains like Edison or Ford. I've always wanted to be in on conferences; to have a secretary who could truthfully say, 'Mr. Vallée is in conference, settling the subway situation, you know!'"

THERE was something imp like, yet wistful, and altogether boyish about this confession. There was something that gave me a clue to the real reason for his success.

I looked at him. His eyes are blue. Keen, clear cut blue. His hair brown. Golden brown. Soft hair with roguish waves. The kind you want to rumple.

I listened as he talked. He plays the lover . . . always. It is his voice that does this. His voice—the essence of romance—soft, low, melodious! He says the right things at the right time, and he knows how to say them. But it does not matter what he says—with that voice. He croons sweet nothings. Little nothings. So minute. So unimportant, but dear to the heart of every woman. He is a romantic young man. An idealist, who talks as he sings.

Perhaps a bit more impulsively, but with the same, ringing, breathless, only-meant-for-you voice.

He is quite tall. His build is an athletic one. His lips are thin lips, and they laugh a great deal. When he talks his eyes shine. He is intensely, vitally alive. He knows he is successful, and [Continued on page 99]



Courtesy Public Theaters

*A Strange and Unexplained
Terror Is Still Alive in Cairn-
stone House—Even Though the
Master of That House Is Dead*



MURDER Yet to COME

By ISABEL BRIGGS MYERS

Illustrations by DELOS PALMER

THE mysterious happenings at Cairnstone house began on the night we arrived and found Malachi Trent's body lying on the floor in the library, with Linda Marshall, his niece, and David Trent, his grandson, standing beside it.

It was Ryker's story that led us there post-haste. He came out of a phone booth in a restaurant where Jerningham, the playwright, Nilsson, crack man of the Philadelphia homicide squad and myself, Jerningham's secretary, were dining and told us he feared Linda was in great danger. In his pocket he had a marriage license for himself and Linda. He explained that Malachi had virtually kept Linda a prisoner all of her life, because her mother had dared defy him.

Malachi, it seemed, could be roused to insane fits of temper. Ryker had witnessed one of these outbursts in India when Malachi caused the famous ruby, "The Wrath of Kali," to be

stolen from the temple of Kali in Assam.

On the face of it, Malachi's death appeared to have been an accident. It looked as though he had fallen

from a ladder while climbing to get some books, but Jerningham refused to believe this, because everything in the room was covered with dust except those things which the dead man would have touched to save himself. On the desk was a blank sheet of paper on which were imprinted the opening words of a will, but the top sheet upon which they had been written had disappeared. A smear of ink on Malachi's face and a piece of his broken eye glasses inside the inkwell seemed to prove that he had received a blow from behind.

LINDA seemed dazed and said she had been hiding on the window seat in the library and remembered nothing until she heard a crash and found Malachi's body on the floor.



"Ram Singh opened the safe," said Jerningham, "and took the 'Wrath of Kali.' I didn't try to stop him. He never even knew that I was near by, and watching him—"

David Trent swore he had been waiting for Linda whom Mrs. Ketchem, the housekeeper, said was locked in her room. Ram Singh the Hindu servant was the only other person in the house. David said he forced open the locked library door after the crash, but had seen no one leave or enter. He suggested that the murderer might have left the library by the other door, but Jerningham said that was nailed shut.

The next morning we questioned Linda about how she could have been in the library, if she were locked in her room when David arrived. She said she had climbed out of her window and walked the ledge around the third story and climbed into the house again through Mrs. Ketchem's window.

Her errand to the library had been to retrieve her mother's locket which her uncle had thrown in the ashes. "I had to have it before I ran away," she said, but refused to tell why she was running away.

During the day, Jerningham deciphered the rest of Malachi's will from the imprints on the blotting pad. Therefore when David confessed the murder in hope of saving Linda, but proved that he had no knowledge of the existence of the will, we were not fooled at all.

I DO not remember how the subject of the ruby came up that day, but some one suggested that we look for it. Ryker told us it was in the safe in the library. Jerningham worked out the combination and opened the safe, but when I reached for the box that held it, I felt a terrible stinging in my hand.

"It's one of the poisoned arrows," Linda said and called Ram Singh to pull it out quickly and take care of the wound. When I had sufficiently recovered, we looked in the box—the "Wrath of Kali" was gone. The only fingerprints in the safe were Malachi's and Linda's. I looked at Linda. A hectic spot burned in each cheek. "Yes," she said, "you might as well have the truth now. I took the 'Wrath of Kali' and I killed Mr. Trent." She stopped a moment; then went on.

"Malachi left all his property to a hospital for the hopelessly insane on condition they should keep me in custody for the rest of my life. They can reach out and take me any time, because I've been there before. He put me there because he thought it would break me. It did. He took me out on parole, but said I'd go back if I ever disobeyed him again. He seemed to take delight in finding ways to torture me, and sometimes I think Ram Singh must have helped me.

"But last Saturday I disobeyed and Malachi locked me in my room. I thought that was the end, but Mr. Ryker interceded for me and I was given two days to reconsider. It was during that time that I escaped by walking the ledge. I got my locket, but I had to have money. There was none in the safe, so I

took the 'Wrath of Kali.' Then I heard footsteps in the hall—and I hid behind the curtains of the window seat.

"I sat there a long time trying to fight for my senses, but my mind seemed to blur and I suppose I must have slept. When I awoke Mr. Trent was standing over me. He read the will and reached for the telephone to call the hospital.

"Then I picked up the statue of Kali and struck him."

Linda went on to explain how she fixed the room to make the murder appear to be an accident. Then she finished speaking and went to her room to fetch the ruby which Jerningham replaced in the safe and closed with a new combination. Linda swore there had been no poisoned arrow in the safe when she took the ruby.

During her brief absence from the room Nilsson's legal mind had outlined a campaign for Linda's defense. He advised a plea of temporary insanity, but Linda's reaction to his well-meant suggestion was startling. "Never," she cried, her eyes wide with horror. "Never! I'll die in the chair for murder before I'll plead insanity for defense." And with that she rushed wildly out of the room.

NILSSON took out a handkerchief and wiped his brow. "Whew!" he sighed. "I'm glad that's over."

Jerningham regarded him somberly.

"What makes you think it's over?" he inquired.

"What makes you think it isn't?" Nilsson retorted. "I never saw a completer case. Motive enough to make a murderer out of a saint. And a full confession which fits all your independent deductions. What more do you want?"

"Nothing," Jerningham answered ruefully. "I'd be happier if I had a whole lot less."

"So would I," Nilsson admitted with some reluctance. "I don't like the idea of that child pleading guilty to first degree murder."

"So you recommended that she plead insanity," Jerningham mused. "Does that mean you think she's insane?"

"It does not," Nilsson snapped. "She's as sane as I am—and a whole lot smarter."

"I know," Jerningham nodded. "It's a completely rational crime, and it came within an ace of fooling us all. In fact, it was so clever and reasonable that it might defeat the insanity plea on that very account."

"No danger," Nilsson said. "Folks are too used to hearing about the fiendish cunning of the insane."

For some reason the statement did not seem to add to Jerningham's peace of mind. Restlessly he got to his feet and began to pace the room. Finally he halted at one end of the davenport and eyed me thoughtfully.

"Mac," he said, "you're a solid, sensible sort of person. Are you satisfied?"

"With what?"

"Satisfied that we have the whole truth."

"Well," I answered, "she hasn't told us in what way she disobeyed Malachi on Saturday, but I don't know that that matters."

"Anything else?"

I hesitated to put my impression into words.

"One thing bothered me," I finally confessed. "When, you spoke of her entering the library at three o'clock this morning she looked scared to death. And considering that she had just confessed murder, I didn't see what there was left for her to be afraid of."

"Anything else?"

"No."

Jerningham looked disappointed.

"You haven't hit the thing that worries me."

"What's that?" I asked curiously.

"Malachi's motive in placing the poisoned arrow," he answered. "I can't see why he took time off to do it, while he was so busy being angry at Linda."

"What difference does it make why he did it?" Nilsson inquired.

"Oh, I've just got a hunch," Jerningham replied, with one of his rare touches of irritation. "A hunch—and no chance of proving whether there's anything in it or not."

He eyed us hesperantly then suddenly his face knitted with eagerness.

"Do you know, Mac," he cried, "there is a chance of proving it, if your old memory is on the job. Lean back and make yourself comfortable and shut your eyes and don't open them until I tell you to."

In complete mystification, I obeyed. If I could serve Jerningham's purposes better blindfolded I would be as long as he liked.

"Now," he begged, "if you can remember anything for me, do it this time! When did you first look at those poisoned arrows over the fireplace?"

"That was an easy one."

"Last night," I said. "Just before Dr. Langport arrived to verify Malachi's death. We were talking about the dust on things, and I gave the room a sort of general survey."

"So did I," he said, "and much good it does me in the present emergency. Think hard, Mac. It's desperately important. Tell me how many arrows there were last night."

I CALLED up before my mind's eye a picture of the chimney piece. But try as I would, I couldn't recall the pattern which the arrows made.

"I don't know how many there were," I confessed with keen regret. "Not less than six or seven. Not more than nine or ten. I didn't count 'em, and I don't remember the pattern distinctly enough to count 'em from memory."

Silence. With eyes still closed, I waited for Jerningham to voice his disappointment.

"The pattern?" he said at last, and he sounded not half so disappointed as I had feared. "Was it a symmetrical pattern—the same number of arrows on the right side as on the left?"

"Oh yes. Perfectly symmetrical. But what good does that do you?"

"Plenty," he answered elatedly. "Because it's not the number of arrows that matters. It's whether they're still all there, or whether one has been removed since last night."

"Removed?" Nilsson's big voice broke in. "Where to?"

"To the inside of the safe," Jerningham answered. "To the pigeonhole with the 'Wrath of Kith'."

"What if it has?" Nilsson objected impatiently. "What do we care what Malachi did with his arrows?"

"We don't care a whoop," said Jerningham bluntly. "What Malachi did—if Malachi did it!"

"Huh!" grunted Nilsson, as though the exclamation were jolted out of him.

"So that's what you're after?" I cried. "If Malachi didn't, some one else did! And they must have done it since yesterday evening. And in that case there'd be an arrow missing from the pattern now. Is that what you are driving at?"

"That's what I figured," Jerningham answered. "We know already that there was some one in here in the night."

"You do?" Nilsson grunted. "That's news to me! No wonder I couldn't make head or tail of your three-in-the-morning remark to Linda!"

"That was only a shot in the dark," Jerningham admitted.

"We don't know anything about the early morning prowler except that he took a diary of Malachi's and burned it in the furnace. And other people besides Linda may have wanted Malachi's diary burned."

"Jerningham," I interrupted in despair, "either come back to the point and tell me about those arrows, or let me open my eyes and look for myself. Is there an arrow missing or is there not?"

"Apparently not," he answered. "The pattern is still symmetrical—four arrows on each side."

"Then Malachi did it," Nilsson declared, his voice betraying his satisfaction at having the simpler answer turn out to be the right one.

The Most FASCINATING



"I suppose he did," Jerningham agreed, "and yet—I'm afraid to believe it, against so strong a hunch."

I heard the quick intake of his breath.

"Mac," he said urgently, "look at that pattern in your memory again. What was in the middle? Anything at all?"

Suddenly what had been vague came sharply into focus.

"Why, yes!" I exclaimed. "There was one vertical arrow, projecting above all the rest. I remember thinking it stuck up like a lightning rod."

"Sure?" Jerningham demanded.

"Dead sure."

"Then that settles it," he said gravely. "Open your eyes and look."

I LOOKED. There were the arrows, four on each side, but in the middle where the vertical arrow had been—nothing.

I glanced at Jerningham. He had jammed his hands into his coat pockets, and was frowning gloomily at the bare spot on the dark cloth, where the center arrow should have been.

MYSTERY of the YEAR ~



Linda spoke slowly. "Nor things present, nor things to come," she said, "shall be able to separate us from the love of each other. Neither life—nor death—can part us"

"If you hadn't remembered that one thing, Mac," he said soberly, "that one little thing—we'd have walked straight ahead into tragedy, unwarned."

"What do you mean?" Nilsson challenged. "We've had all the tragedy I care for already."

"No," Jerningham answered. "What we've had, or thought we had, is a story of courage under cruelty, which ended with the killing of Malachi. We thought we had come in at the end of the last act. But now—"

He paused so long that I wondered if he had forgotten our existence.

"Now we know that the play's not over," he went on at last. "If Malachi had placed that arrow in the safe, it would have been nothing more than a medieval device to guard the 'Wrath of Kali.' But since some one else placed it there, some one

who doubtless knew that the 'Wrath of Kali' was gone—the act means murder."

His frown grew deeper.

"The trouble is," he declared, "we came into this play in the wrong place. Not at the end, as we thought, when everything was over. Nor at the start, when we'd have had a chance to watch the action develop from its beginnings. But right spang in the middle of the second act!"

He sighed heavily.

"With a third act ahead of us," he finished. "A third act in which we'll have to play our parts without knowing the plot, or the ending, or anything except that there's murder yet to come."

"But how do you know that much?" Nilsson demanded.

"It's written on the wall," Jerningham said. "Somebody in this house, some very clever and ingenious person, is trying to kill somebody else, and there's nothing to prevent him. We don't know who. And we don't know why. But we do know he's so determined to do it that he was willing to risk killing any one of half a dozen other people who might reach into that pigeonhole instead of the intended victim. Which gives us a pleasant notion of the value he sets upon the lives of the rest of us."

"Well," I said, "at least I'm glad if that arrow wasn't intended for me personally."

Nilsson was reluctantly yielding to conviction.

"But see here," he said, "even if your reasoning about the arrow is all straight, that doesn't necessarily mean there'll be another attempt. This arrow stunt was the one chance in a lifetime to kill a man and have the blame for the deed rest upon the dead. Your would-be murderer won't find many more opportunities such as that."

"He's clever enough to make his own opportunities," Jerningham answered. "The murder of Malachi looked so much like an accident that it nearly fooled us. The arrow in the safe looked so much like a protective device that it fooled us for a while. And the devil only knows what the next attempt will look like."

"Wait a minute," demanded Nilsson, now thoroughly troubled. "You're speaking as though the murder of Malachi and the arrow in the safe were the work of the same person. But it was Linda who killed Malachi. You can't possibly think that she put the poisoned arrow in the safe!"

"I don't know what to think," Jerningham answered.

"But you've just pointed out what an atrociously cold-blooded stunt it was," Nilsson argued, "risking half a dozen people's lives in the hope of getting a particular one. Is it reasonable that Linda could have done a thing like that?"

Jerningham was silent. Nilsson eyed him with growing consternation.

"You think she could have done it?" he asked at last.

Jerningham turned a harassed face to his friend.

"This is a horrible business," he said. "Do you really want to know what I think?"

"Of course," Nilsson answered.

"All right. I think it very likely that she did."

"It isn't possible," Nilsson muttered.

"Oh, yes, it is," Jerningham contradicted. "There are two possibilities, each one worse than the other. The first is that she had some perfectly rational motive unknown to us, which she considered sufficient to justify such a deed."

Nilsson shook his head.

"That's out," he said. "There [Continued on page 124]"

If You Are Off on a MENTAL SIDETRACK



KATHERINE ALBERT might have posed for the composite portrait of SMART SET'S Typical American Girl. You will realize that she has courage, honesty and a fine sense of humor—as well as beauty—when you read her own story of how she found herself

YOU MUST NOT MISS THIS ARTICLE

INTELLIGENTSIA? BAH!

*I Thought It Was Smart to Be a Parlor Bolshevik and Free
Thinker. I Discovered It Was Smarter to Be an American*

By KATHERINE ALBERT

THE thing that made me an American—I, who am the sixth generation here, is as vague as it is difficult to explain. An immigrant girl stands before the Goddess of Liberty and says, "This is America. America means freedom. I am free." She takes out citizenship papers and becomes an American citizen.

My Americanization was not as easy as that. I wish it had been. It would be less difficult to explain. I must be honest with myself and therefore I ask, "Is this thing I have a real country-feeling or is it just a good job and a good salary?"

Years ago a friend said to me, "Give any one of your socialists or communists or anarchists a hundred dollars a week, a nice car and a decent house and he won't be a socialist or a communist or an anarchist any more. Money and position make plutocrats of us all."

Years ago these remarks infuriated me. For I had "a cause" then and I answered, "Money has nothing to do with it. It's brotherhood we want." But I gave up the brotherhood and my Americanization actually began with a steady job.

There—I have said that. I must say it quickly to keep myself honest. That is all a sop to the sophisticates. In my heart I know there is something else. It is difficult to speak of the soul. It is hard to make good sense of the inner man. But in my soul, in my heart, or in some deep mystic recesses of my mind I am Americanized. I can't analyze it. I'm not sure I even know what I mean in words. But I feel it. It's American feeling, an American touch, an American rhythm. The senses, the mind, the emotions—all respond to it. Americanization!

It would help this account had the American feeling burst upon me in some bold dramatic manner. I had even contemplated faking an incident, but I could not invent one that even touched truth, for my Americanization has grown gradually and beautifully. Its roots have touched something vital within me. For the first time in my life a soap box won't do any good. It goes too deep for that.

Let me go back to the beginning.

Some years ago I was a younger intellectual.

My creed was:

That no art could come out of America

That the Middle West, or hinterland, was overrun with unmentionable Babbitts.

That, as marriage had failed, free love was the only alternative and, in order to be made honest, must be shouted from the housetops in a lusty voice, preferably with a foreign accent.

That all intellectual people voted the socialist ticket and

always carried flaming red cards in their coat pockets.

That a flowing tie, ten dirty fingernails and a vegetarian diet were enough to secure admittance into the Kingdom of the Intelligentsia.

That everything tainted by America—from corned beef and cabbage to the Goddess of Liberty—was to be laughed at or hated.

WHY I, of all people should have indulged in the above documents of faith I don't know. I come of good American stock. Kentucky has nourished my people for generations.

Kentucky, it is true, thrives on rebelliousness, but a rebelliousness touched with antiquity. The more modern Bolshevism is sinful. God is a Democrat.

I was brought up in the accepted fashion. Eight years of public school, where I was properly taught to "pledge allegiance to the flag and to the republic for which it stands." Three years in a girls' school. The war came and I went through the approved and proper period of Germany hating. It lasted a trifle longer than measles. I knitted lumpy sweaters and folded hundreds of bandages and refused to wear a watch ribbon that was bordered by a tiny white stripe.

I was told to respect my elders. I learned that liquid nail polish and heavy perfume were vulgar. I smoked one cigarette at the age of fifteen with a girl three years my senior and felt properly wicked for the rest of the week.

At the piano I could execute "A La Bien Aimee" without making a mistake and paid the proper deference to Bach and Handel. In my select young ladies' school I was taught to chuckle over Dickens and consider "Paradise Lost" the greatest poetical classic of all time.

My marks in school were excellent. I was always on time to class and was quite a bit of a prig. I went to my first dance at eighteen and up until that time had never so much as tasted a cocktail.

Two years at college came next. All the proper gestures were made and every Sunday morning found me at the Episcopal Church. Thus I was as neatly turned out a young citizen as ever met a palpitating world.

Up until this time I had not thought about America. I had been born here. My great, great grandfather had been born here. I might vote when I was twenty-one and, by calling a certain number on the telephone, I could have a policeman sent to my aid if necessary. Actually, that was all America meant to me.

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Caryl Said, "In a Pinch Nobody's a Good Sport." She Was Wrong

Second DREAMING

CARYL HILTON was dismissed from the University of Ashley about ten days before Thanksgiving of her sophomore year. And the Sigma Thetas who met in solemn conclave to discharge her, likewise, from their sorority could not help being surprised at the disagreeable duty thrust upon them. Caryl was the last person on earth you expected to see shipped under circumstances so unpleasant.

A quiet little mouse, Caryl, and a good student.

Her picture, which came out in the Ashley Times, showed a girl of seventeen with large, dreamy eyes and wistful, almost idealistic lips. Her blond hair fluttered loosely under her blue beret. The turned up collar of her leather coat revealed a sensible disposition to forego stylish low necks during cold weather. And, all in all, you remarked that it was refreshing in these strenuous times to see a girl so sweetly natural.

And then you read the whole scandalous story, underneath.

She had been picked out of the wreck of her roadster at four in the morning by a state trooper, who testified that the interior of the car had reeked of gin, and who brought along broken fragments of Gordon bottles to back up his case.

The actual evidence had trickled away, however, so that all they got her for in court was reckless driving.

But the Dean of Ashley shipped her. And the University gasped.

She was important not on account of herself. Quiet, little, self-effacing girls like Caryl never attract much attention at college. But the event leaped to campus importance because of her engagement to Duke Wilson. Duke had loved her, and the blow was a severe one there.

It was Duke who was expected to round out his successful gridiron career by leading Ashley to victory over Rutland on Thanksgiving. And football captains are temperamental as grand opera singers.

Ashley waited, then, open-mouthed, to see what the effect would be on Duke. Would the blow floor him, absolutely? Would such disillusion prevent his playing on Thanksgiving?

For almost a week Duke wandered round like a man in a daze. He cut practice, and he said little. Rumor had it that he had broken the engagement.

And then, just as Ashley was about to abandon hope, Duke snapped out of it. College spirit won the day. He reported again for practice.

And on Thanksgiving he led his team into a roaring, vindictive charge which put Rutland on the defensive from the very kick-off. Rutland was crushed, and Ashley made a Roman holiday. Duke rounded out his four years with a spectacular display of versatility which gave him column write-ups from Maine to California. Sporting editors outdid



She lay in the tangled wreck of her roadster at four in the morning — a pitifully broken butterfly. And the testimony of the state trooper who found her sent Caryl away from college in disgrace

By H. A. WOODBURY

Illustrations by HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

themselves in singing his praise and prophesying his future. And the next day Duke signed a contract to appear professionally in ten contests the following year at ten thousand dollars a game.

A YEAR drifted by, then. Old grads shook their heads at the football losses Ashley had suffered by graduation. Student council members talked themselves hoarse in pleas to come out for the team. Coaches worked feverishly with the season's raw material. And every one agreed that the football brilliance of the present could never equal that of the good old days.

All of which was, of course, nothing but a perennial symptom. Every September the team looks rotten. You spend the first two weeks of each college year bemoaning the fact that the Duke Wilsons, the Sam Carters, and the George Morris are gone.

And then the St. Mary's game comes along, and you discover that this lanky senior Dunc Taylor isn't so bad. And that Tom Bradley who was out of the line-up all last year with a broken ankle has come back to be the greatest drop-kicker of all time.

Good old Ashley looks up.

"We're gonna have a team, fellows! A team!"

And you smile as you munch your toasted cheese sandwiches at Dad's place, or when good fellows pull out the vic for a tea dance at the Delta Psi house.

Oh, the first two weeks of college are full of high hopes and talk and chatter and the magic of getting acquainted all over again

INTO this atmosphere, then, Caryl Hilton slipped back, quietly and serenely. The Sigma Thetas having expelled her, she took a room on Willow Lane.

Dean Marlow called her in for a long talk on registration day, but otherwise Ashley took no notice of her.

"Remember," the dean said, "you're on probation, this year. And you're very lucky to get a second chance." She was—but her father was a personal friend of the governor. "No cuts, this year, and no infractions of any sort."

Caryl pursed two slightly carmined, two thinly determined lips. "Thank you," she said demurely. But her blue eyes did not brighten in generous gratitude or quick enthusiasm. All the fresh, wind-blown spontaneity of the year before had disappeared.

She had grown up, Caryl, from a blushing school girl with the dew of high school still upon her, to the trimly pert co-ed. Her blue tricolet ensemble covered her knees with the precise margin of safety fashionable dressmakers allow. Her cloche hat came down over one ear with saucy impudence. Her snake-skin shoes were an ironic reminder that she enjoyed biology and cutting up lizards, the year before.

Enjoyed it! There was humor in that, now. It was patent that Caryl, this year, had waked up to what college really was all about. From the tip of her powdered nose to the tip of her pointed toe, she was out for a kill.

So that while Caryl, the year before, had remained in the background for only Duke to discover, it was inevitable that she could not remain there, this year.

She did not. She made her debut at the Delta Psi Hallowe'en party. Slim Weston was brave enough to bring her, although a fraternity man doesn't usually dare drag a non-

sorority girl to his own society's formal.

Snobbish? Not at all. A practical transaction in everyday economics. The barbarian, as she is called, isn't going to be able to return his favor with a bid to her own society's party.

But once in a while a barbarian brilliant enough to induce a man to make this sacrifice looms up on the horizon.

And the new Caryl was such a girl.

Slim who selected his dates with the supercilious and practised eyes of a connoisseur was not a man to make a mistake.

Nor had he. Delta Psi to a man backed him up in his assertion that Caryl was this year's find.

"Where've you been all my life, little sister?"

And Caryl smiled, sphynx-like and alluring.

She was radiant, that night, in black velvet with a single magenta flower crushed on her shoulder. Black became her. It set off her tall slimness and made her a girl apart.

Before the evening had worn along an hour, half the chapter had asked her for dates and the other half was battling for a chance. They remembered her from last year, of course. But they remembered her through a veil of romantic glamour. It was not every girl who could have held the outcome of a Thanksgiving game in the hollow of her hand. Not every girl who got shipped for smashing up a carload of gin. And then

The Stuff That FOOTBALL HEROES Are Made Of

managed to get back into the university.

She became to these young minds crying out after sophistication—the woman with a past—at once a challenge and a lure. Label any woman dangerous and you label her attractive. Place a sign "Wet Paint" on a campus fence, and the fence becomes a blot of finger prints. This is axiomatic the world over. But it is a thousand times truer within the ivy walls of a place like Ashley.

AND the legend of La Belle Dame Sans Merci is one of our oldest—the story of the fair enchantress whose kiss means death, but for whom death is a poor trifle, debatable and attractively given. That is true, too, is youth's.

Shortly before intermission that night, a blond young giant named Dunc Taylor cut in on her. They danced in silence their allotted few seconds before the next man cut in.

Then presently, Dunc cut in again. He managed to become articulate, this time.

"Listen," he demanded with blundering abruptness, "can I have a date, this week?"

Caryl studied the adolescent eagerness in his eyes.

"You come in at the end of the parade, sonny—along with the steam calliope. This week is booked solid."

"Next week, then," he pressed earnestly.

Well," smiled Caryl languidly, "I can give you from three to four, Tuesday afternoon." And she spoke with the consciousness of granting a favor.

"Three to four," he gasped. "Oh, I've got to have more of you than that. You're so wonderful!"

"Your line," commented Caryl, "doesn't even have the virtue of being clever."

"But it's not a line," the young man protested.

Caryl smiled—not with her old spontaneous laughter, but with an amused and politely poised twitch of her lips.

And that one, little boy, used to just ravish the girls in Pumpkin Center. I'll bet."

"Cut in!" A new giant in black broadcloth and starched shirt took her from the arms of the blond Titan.

Caryl melted effortlessly into the embrace of her ninth partner for that dance. But as he whisked her into the first measures of the music, she beheld over her shoulder, the flushed, hurt face of the man she had just quitted.

Her lips twitched in amusement, and she inclined her ear to listen to this new man's soft blandishments. He, it seemed, wanted her to quit the dance at once and rush off in his roadster. She was too popular, here.

DURING intermission, her escort, Slim Weston, took her out to a shaded corner of the sun porch. Low lights and inspirationally grouped furniture had transformed the tiny floor space into an amazing number of sheltered nooks for two.

"I'm thinking," Slim said, "of inviting all the pledges anxious for revenge to wield their wickedest paddles upon the



Slim Weston, Caryl's escort, took her out to a lantern hung corner of the porch. He was in a serious mood. "I'm not bawling you out," he said soberly. "But, if I were you, I'd lay off that guy Dunc Taylor"

utterly brainless anatomy of myself. I certainly deserve it."

"And why?" asked Caryl.

"For my sad indiscretion in bringing you here. I should have kept my discovery a secret. Now—" His brown eyes twinkled—"I'll venture to say there isn't a single male here who hasn't made a bid for a date."

"I'm to consider myself properly bawled out, am I?"

"Not exactly. It's your privilege to dazzle. Only—" And his voice suddenly lost all its bantering quality—"Only I'd lay off Dunc Taylor if I were you."

"And what," inquired Caryl impudently, "is the matter with Dunc?"

"Nothing's the matter with Dunc. That's just the point. He's a fine boy. And he's apt to take things seriously."

"Meaning that you confess your own rakish trifling?"

Slim felt himself fussed by a girl for the first time in four years. "Not that exactly, but you know what I mean. The rest of us fellows have been rushing girls long enough to know the ropes. I mean—that is—well, anyway, you're the first girl Dunc's looked at since he came to college. I wouldn't kid him along unless you—well, that is, unless—"

"Unless my intentions are honorable?"

Slim grinned.

[Continued on page 106]



Drawing by John Held, Jr.

AFTER THE BALL ~

After the ball is over.
After the game is won—
Don't think Thanksgiving's finished,
Don't think the day is done!

Bring out the torrid puppies.
Bring out enough for all—
And cheer for the team that followed,
After — the — ball —

I Am Over 30



ROSA PONSELLE is one of the most glamorous of the younger grand opera stars. Her personal magnetism and her warm femininity are only surpassed by her glorious voice. Many people have wondered at the absence of romance from her otherwise crowded life—but she explains that a successful singer must make many a sacrifice

~and Unmarried

*"I Once Thought My Art More Important Than
Love—Now I'm Not Sure That I Was Right"*

By ROSA PONSELLE

WHEN I came back to the States a few weeks ago after my first operatic experience abroad, friends who knew me familiarly enough to be personal, approached me in this way:

"Is another professional conquest the only thing that matters in your life? Doesn't marriage fit into your scheme of existence at all?"

For answer, I made a graceful detour and told them that in my opinion, things were meant to go along in this world in twos. Marriage came before careers. When God created Adam, He immediately gave him Eve out of his own rib. And when He destroyed the earth in the days of Noah, He directed to safety two and two of all flesh.

But with my own case at point, it seems to me that most women who aren't married at thirty, are the ambitious ones who sacrificed personal happiness for a career. They are in a group who held off indefinitely until that eventful day when they hoped to be at the peak of success. They didn't mean to forego marriage. Of course not! The incentive for work would have been snuffed out if they had even the vaguest premonition that they might be giving up for this thing we call a career, something far more precious. But as they struggled on, the years rolled by.

I remember the girls in my group who went off and married at seventeen and eighteen, at a time when such thoughts were furthest from my mind. My ambition was to be a singer. A great singer. I had my health and strength, and I meant to work very hard to get to the top. I vowed in those days that if I found I had the capacity only for the mediocre, I would give up my ambition forever.

I BEGAN by coming to New York and finding work to pay for music lessons. My parents were poor in the sense that they couldn't indulge us in any of the luxuries of life. My father earned enough for the upkeep of a little house in Meriden, Connecticut, and to feed a wife, three children and our grandmother. But there wasn't enough of a surplus at the end of the week for such a luxury as singing lessons.

Naturally, I tried to earn my board and lodging by singing wherever an uncultivated voice was good enough. In music halls—at summer resorts—it didn't really matter. I only wanted enough to cover expenses. Yet in those days, and for years after that, I tried to puzzle out in my mind what I meant when I talked things over with my sister Carmela and decided to come to New York to try my luck.

Over and over again I tried to probe the definition of luck. Was it anything with a catch in it? Did one merely have to learn the trick? Not a bit of it; though it was just as well I didn't know the truth, because I might have been frightened and intimidated at the start if I had known that success is at the extreme end of a long, rocky road that takes one years and years to climb.

Of course, things are different for the girl who starts out with a background of tradition or wealth. No one will deny that backing helps one over the preliminaries in much less time. But a girl who stands alone and has nothing more to

invest but her faith and her perseverance, must be prepared to sacrifice the normal pleasures of life.

I remember how I used to pray every day that my efforts wouldn't be in vain. The romance in music eclipsed every other romance in life. My interests were centered solely on professional success, though I wasn't so presumptuous as to believe that some day I would be a luncheon guest at the White House, exchange felicitations with the First Lady of the Land, and entertain Royalty in London in the summer of 1929.

Meanwhile, there wasn't any time for marriage or anything else that might have impeded the progress of my work. I needed all my energy for study. One who is very serious about her work, hasn't much time to play around. In fact, the climb is so long and steep, that one wouldn't believe a prima donna has to put forth so much effort to win the laurels, and then struggle all over again to hold her own. She must build up a repertoire, study languages, and tour a great deal, which isn't nearly as much fun as you think. Traveling is all right when one can go at her own pace. But if she must live up to a scheduled itinerary and jump trains even when she's tired, it's pretty hard work.

IN THE opinion of the layman, a stage personage ought to consider herself amply rewarded by her popularity and the hosts of admirers that fete and flatter her. There is something in that. But do not let us forget for a moment that they last only for the duration of her success. After that, what happens? History repeats itself in the obscurity of retired play people who are forgotten as soon as they step off the stage. The world has a way of forgetting you when the glamour wears off, and only remembering again to give you a nice obituary after you've died a lonely death.

That, frequently, is the final turning point in the life of a woman who goes on and on in her career and forgets that the thing that counts most in the end is the success she's made of her private life. Even assuming that she has a nice little pile set aside, careers and money are only inanimate things which do not bring much comfort when a woman is alone. She may address an audience of thousands; she may see herself every day in the press. Yet the successful stage woman, who brings home the laurels, may want nothing better when she gets to her room than to have a good cry. Because one who is popular, and who can bring so much pleasure to others, is accordingly sensitive to the void in her personal life if she happens to be alone.

We need some one very close to us who cares, who will rejoice when we rejoice, and who will feel very deeply when things are wrong. A great joy is only half a joy if you have no one to share it with you, and a sorrow is a much greater one if you must bear it alone.

I am only generalizing, you understand. Do not assume from the foregoing that I am a lonely creature. In my own case, there are three generations of us who stick together as well as members of a family can. And until four years ago we had with us our grandmother, who died in her ninetieth year.

I have parents. I treasure them [Continued on page 134]

Life Had Never Been Easy for Maris—the Fifth Woman. But She Held



Women at Sea

By

DOROTHY BLACK

Illustrations by ADDISON BURBANK

MARIS TEMPLETON grew up in a gray stone house in one of the less fashionable of the London Squares. She was an only child, and she was from the first extremely handsome in a slender high-bred fashion.

"Taking," said Mrs. Templeton, complacently, "after me."

Mrs. Templeton was painted, gay, and very beautiful. Maris grew up convinced there was no one in the world quite like her, and that in London she was second in importance only to Queen Mary herself. In those years of Maris' growing up, Mrs. Templeton went out a great deal, always beautifully dressed; the house was full of splendid and amusing men, and the piano went until all hours of the morning. Maris would wake in her little white bed late at night to hear saxophones wailing softly. "What'll I do, when you are far away?" and

fall asleep again to the lilt of that wistful tune.

Here and there, about the house, was to be seen a little bent, gray man, with a sad face. Very faded he seemed, and in-

distinct of feature, beside all those other upstanding, clear-cut, noisy and splendid men. His features were like those seen on an old photograph—so faded that you never could remember them a minute afterwards. He patted Maris on the head whenever he met her, and sometimes gave her a faint kiss that smelt of brown paper and camphor, reminding her of moths. This was her father, Colonel Templeton.

TIME went on, and Maris grew slighter and taller, and Mrs. Templeton gayer and gayer. But the little colonel merely seemed to fade. More and more indistinct he grew in the household, so that it was no surprise to Maris, and very little

Her Head High and Wore a Cloak of Pride to Hide Her Despair



Maris thought that she had suffered the depths of heartache and humiliation—but she hadn't. Her zero hour came when the police raided the club. With the police came reporters and men who took photographs. It meant the end of everything decent—it meant publicity!

grief, when she returned from her second term at Heathfield to find he had disappeared altogether. Her mother, clad in most becoming black garments, sometimes shed a tear when she mentioned him, but apart from that seemed gayer than before. What fun they all had in the big drawing-room, with its taffeta covered sofa that was always piled up with the satin cushions like sleek pets with gold tails.

From her blue and white bedroom, Maris saw young ladies hurrying by in the mornings to Pitman's Metropolitan School, where they are taught to keep their end up in the commercial circles of a cruel world. And she used to pity the poor things for having to work and face the chill of early morning, while she herself sat curled up before her gas fire, with breakfast on a tray.

The house went on much as before after the fading of Colonel Templeton. Maris returned to Heathfield. To be sure her wardrobe was a little less magnificent than of yore and she had a hat less than the other girls, but she thought nothing of that.

Mrs. Templeton wrote her affectionate letters which said, "Only another year and you will come out, darling, and what fun we will have."

It was all planned out. First the London season. Then, after she had been presented and attended the garden party at Buckingham Palace, to stay with Aunt Rosie in Scotland. Aunt

Rosie had had the good fortune to marry a Peer less broke than most Peers. After Scotland, the little season, and then Switzerland for winter sports.

"After that," Mrs. Templeton would say, with a sigh, "I suppose I shall have to face the fact that the only man in the world will have arrived and my little girl will leave me."

It was all too easy. Can we wonder that Maris pitied the young ladies passing beneath her window to Pitman's Metropolitan School, with no future mapped out and assured for them?

MARIS by this time was only a little short of six foot high, and slender as a willow. She had that high-bred look that English men like to suppose is only to be found in English women. Her wrists and ankles were unbelievably slender, her hair always perfectly groomed. She held her head very high, and was difficult to get to know, but once you knew her, what fun she was! She was the object of many a secret adoration amongst the other girls, but made only one friend, Delia Fasson, who stuck to her until the end. Delia was the daughter of a Governor in India, and was joining her parents in that sunny place as soon as her schooling was finished.

"You must come out there, Maris. What fun we'll have. You must learn to ride."

They planned it all out in the beautiful gardens there, on many a sunny afternoon. Maris, so high bred and slender and dark.

Delia, blonde and stout, ordinariness personified, but with a heart of gold.

Then suddenly the bombshell fell.

Maris had a letter from her mother telling her to come home at once, and enclosing a ticket. She took it at once to the Head. The Head sat in her little room that smelt of pot pourri, and reminded you—one couldn't say why—of old lace and tapestry, and French fans. Perhaps she knew more than she allowed for to surprise crossed her gentle face. Only swift pity.

"I'm terribly sorry, Maris."

"I can't think what can be wrong," Maris said, "for she doesn't say a thing except that I must return and mother has always told me everything."

She looked out of the window. The afternoon sun that had flooded the lovely garden of her girlhood, was just disappearing behind the fir trees beyond, throwing long shadows over the lawn.

"Oh," she said. "If I can't come back!"

The Head drew the girl on to the window seat beside her and talked to her. So many things seemed impossible and unbearable, until one was up against them, and then, said the Head, a strange strength and endurance came, if one had any character at all, and one saw things through. That was the test of a thoroughbred.

"We've heard it a hundred times in the Chapel here, dear. 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.' It's true, Maris. I am an old woman now, and I tell you, who are a young one, at the beginning, that if one keeps a brave heart, those words are true."

Maris listened to her absently. She was too unhappy to take in fully what was said to her. The Head kissed her with tears in her kind eyes. Delia wept copiously and had to borrow Maris' hankie to do it with, which left Maris minus one in the train.

SHE arrived home just before dinner time. The front door was ajar and she went in. A desolate, disgruntled air reigned in the house. There was dust on the hall table. The taffeta on the big Chesterfield was worn out. Those cushions, once so smart and sleek, lay about in a very abandoned and bedraggled condition.

Maris heard voices. They came from the little room beyond the drawing-room, where, of old, Colonel Templeton had sat, quietly fading, with a book. Maris heard her mother, and Mr. Duncanson, the family lawyer.

Mrs. Templeton was saying, "I can't understand it and I never shall. There has been some cheating somewhere. I know there has. My dear husband always told me money at the bank doubles itself in ten years, and at that rate we ought to have—we ought to have lots."

It doubles itself if left in the bank, not if it is taken out," said Mr. Duncanson patiently. "Listen to me, Mrs. Templeton."

Mrs. Templeton appeared to listen, but she got no good from it, and simply cried some more and said, "Every one takes advantage of women who are alone. I've been cheated and if you talk from now until tomorrow morning you won't convince me of anything different. I have not been extravagant. I have gone on living exactly as we have always lived."

"Exactly. That's my point. Forgetting your husband's pension ceased when he died. You have been living mainly on your capital instead of making an effort to live upon your income. Now your capital is finished. You are living at the moment on credit, and you have nothing to meet it with. I am extremely sorry for you, Mrs. Templeton, but you must remember you have refused to listen to me."

Mrs. Templeton began to cry again.

"What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?"

"I will see what can be arranged. After this house is sold and your liabilities are settled, I will see what remains and we will invest it to the best possible advantage. In the

meantime, I suggest that you go and stay with Lady Morphiston. She will, I am sure, be glad to help you in this crisis."

"But Maris. She must go on at Heathfield. It's absolute nonsense. The girl must be educated. You men don't understand what going to the right sort of school means to a girl."

THEN Maris went in, and knelt down beside her.

"Mother, here I am. And I'm so glad to be back. And you'll see, we'll get through this all right. Together. It will be great fun. No more stuffy old school. Stop crying at once, you naughty girl. Laugh. Go on. Laugh to show you are glad to have me back again."

How difficult it was waking up the following morning to look down into the Square at those young ladies going past to Pitman's Metropolitan School, aware that no longer could she afford to pity them. Aware, that if they had a mind to they might well pity her.

Being young, she comforted herself with the assurance it was all bound to come right in the end. She had her mother and they always had the greatest fun together. There could be no presentation, of course, and no London Season. But they would go up to Aunt Rosie, in Scotland, and after that they would make some sort of a plan. If only she had gone to Pitman's Metropolitan School, and been taught how to hold

her own in the commercial circles of a cruel world, how much easier it would have been. But there must be some sort of a job she could do, which with the money Mrs. Templeton already had, would help to keep them both in comparative comfort.

THEY went to stay at Castle Morphiston with Aunt Rosie. The Castle was a gray stone building of great antiquity, with square battlements and stone turrets. Aunt Rosie was much older than Mrs. Templeton, and had a harried, anxious look born of bearing with Lord Morphiston, who was old and embittered to an inconceivable degree. To him everything one ever did, or said, or thought, was wrong. He had an angry gray face, and his teeth repeated the battlement motif of the castle very faithfully.

It was obvious from the first he was not pleased to see them. A pack of poor relations, just at the start of the shooting. Aunt Rosie could do little. She was the fair cow-like type that never can do much.

They started off in the second best spare room and were moved at intervals all around the house to make room for Charles' shooting guests. For a while they resided on camp beds in the nursery poor Rosie had never been able to produce anything to fill. The rocking horse's cold, cold eye was on them from the moment dawn broke, bleak and cold, in Glen Morphiston, bringing another cheerless day.

"Maris, darling, it's ghastly. I cannot bear it. What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?" Mrs. Templeton sobbed. "To think I have brought you to this my darling. They don't want us here. Rosie is a darling, but Charles! Charles! I ask you, my pet."

Kneeling on the green linoleum of the nursery floor, Maris tried to cheer her parent.

"Don't be childish, mother. It's all most amusing. Think how lucky we are. Think how much worse it might be. Think nothing, only don't cry. Look at this nice rocking horse. How few people ever get a chance of sleeping with a rocking horse. We can ride him at any moment we feel inclined. Look at me!"

She rode him furiously in her green silk pajamas, to make Mrs. Templeton laugh.

"And charming dolls on every side. Look, Mother!" She dandled a waxen horror of bygone days.

"Or see me as an Indian Chief." She put on a feathered head-dress, and seized a shield. Was it possible these toys had once beguiled the infancy of the terrible Charles!

"Charles in his youth. Behold me," said Maris and executed a war dance.

Everybody needs~

"Something To Fight About,"

and William Almon Wolff has told the story of one man who found that something. It's a red-blooded yarn with a laugh in it—and you will find it in the December issue of SMART SET.

Presently Mrs. Templeton was sitting up in her camp bed laughing through her tears. But in her own heart Maris knew it was anything but a laughing matter. There was nothing ahead of them but a boarding house in London. If only she could do something! If only she had been sent to Pitman's Metropolitan School. If only her mother had been sent to Pitman's Metropolitan School, and learned the rudiments of business, they would never have been landed in this impasse. They would never have been just poor relations.

Then Charles' old nurse returned from her holiday, and as the nursery was hers by rights immemorial, Maris and her Mother were moved into the Haunted Chamber.

"I can't bear to do it, darlings," said Aunt Rosie tearfully, "but you know what Charles is. I don't believe it is really haunted. You sometimes hear rather a sobbing, but the plumber swears it is only the cistern."

The haunted chamber produced no ghost worse than that which haunted them perpetually—the ghost of the future.

The Castle was full by that time and amongst those present was the Marquis de Sansecourt. He arrived in an Isotta one wet afternoon, with a valet, and an Alsatian wolf hound. He was dark and tall, with a slight foreign accent, and the most wonderful dark eyes.

"Only twenty-seven, and a millionaire several times over," said Aunt Rosie to Mrs. Templeton. "Oh, Lilian, if only he could take a fancy to Maris. All our troubles would be over."

Mrs. Templeton sat down and wrote to her dressmaker. Wonderful clothes suddenly appeared in Maris' wardrobe. The sort of dresses she had dreamed were going to be hers when she grew up. A white velvet with a vast white collar. Boxes of new shoes.

"Darling," said Maris in agony, "what are you doing? You know we can't afford them. What will old Dunky say. Dear darling, you truly mustn't."

Mrs. Templeton drew herself up and begged Maris not to interfere, as she knew quite well what she was about. It was quite clear to her from the beginning that Jacko Sansecourt had lost his heart to Maris. Now they just had to go full steam ahead and get things settled. Mrs. Templeton talked grandly in his presence of her girlie's future. Of Switzerland for the winter. Of the car she was to have, by-and-by.

MARIS was very little over sixteen. Such a thing never entered her head until Jacko proposed to her in Charles' conservatory amongst the orchids. He proposed to her on Friday, September thirteenth, at four in the afternoon. Maris was more than a little taken aback. Frightened, she said, "Oh, I don't think I can, Jacko. I really don't think I can get married. Not yet."

It was all such a rush. She had never thought of marrying and in any case Jacko wasn't in the least like her ideal man. She had pictured some one tall and fair, with very blue eyes, and a quick smile. Somebody hardy, who did things—a military policeman, or a soldier. Some one who rode hard, and shot straight.

Jacko was only extremely good-looking. Besides he was a foreigner, and she had never for one single minute contemplated marrying a foreigner.

She told her mother about it that night as they undressed beside the fire—told her with a slight smile hovering about her lips as if she were secretly amused at the whole affair. Her mother's reaction amazed her.

"And you didn't accept him. Oh, darling, are you quite mad? Don't you see it's our one chance of salvation. Don't you see it's what I have worked for. I've been so careful he should not think you are poor. It makes an awful difference in a man's opinion of a girl, no matter how rich he is, and to her standing after marriage. A man thinks much more of his wife if he knows she could leave him at any moment without asking him for money for the ticket. Darling, that's why I got those lovely things for you from Marcette. Of course, we can't afford them, but I told her we'd pay her after we were settled."

Maris stared at the fire, dumbly. She saw. She understood now. Well, it looked as if there was nothing else for it. The Head's words came into her mind. [Continued on page 96]



Maris stared at the tall young man, a sudden fear leaping into her eyes. How had he known her real name? And what did his knowledge mean? For all the breathless heat of the day, her hands—and her heart—went icy cold.

The Typical American Girl Reaches London

Being Some Extracts from a Letter to Smart Set Readers



Edna Peters waves good by to America, from the deck of the President Harding

ALMOST the first question a reporter asked me on landing in England was, "If you are the Typical American Girl, where is your chewing gum?" I replied, "I'm not Will Rogers—besides if you are a typical English man, where is your monocle?" To tell you the truth, the first monocle I saw in this country was worn by an American!

I came from Plymouth on the boat train Wednesday night, and was allowed to sleep until eight the next morning. (I like these international sleepers; it is like having a private room in a moving hotel!) As I stepped off the train a camera man met me; he was past middle age and when I learned he had been waiting since midnight for our arrival, I felt quite badly. But he made my first pictures in London . . .

I WAS hurried to the Piccadilly Hotel where a luxurious suite was reserved for my chaperone and me. Before breakfast was over, reporters began to arrive. Within an hour there were eight of them and ever so many photographers. It was most exciting. I was interested in the questions they asked. When one said, "Of course, you speak several languages?" I replied that here where the countries are so closely situated the girls probably needed several languages, but that in America most girls only speak English. I added that I had always been told that "One tongue is enough for any woman!"

When the reporters asked just what I was in England for, I told them that SMART SET was a magazine for the girls of today and that, after being elected as the Typical American Girl, I had come abroad with a message of good-will from the girls in America to the girls of Europe

ON OUR first evening we saw "Mr. Cinders"—an English musical comedy. Between acts I met the stars, Benny Hale and Bobby Harris. Of course, they asked, "How do you like our show?" And I replied, "It's great. I

didn't know an English show could be so funny!" Immediately Benny Hale seized me and burst out laughing, and we nearly landed on the floor! After the play, I rushed away to broadcast over the radio, and after that I went to the Cafe de Paris, by the invitation of Lord Castlerosse. It was a typical English party. The people were charming and, to tell the truth, I was surprised to see English people joking and having so much fun! I had imagined them more reserved and dignified at all times. Lady Castlerosse is very beautiful. Lord Castlerosse is Irish (he owns the Irish lakes, by the way). I lunched with them next day and found them both very jolly

ALTHOUGH I've been in England only for a matter of hours—I've been very busy. I have made two talkies, one for an English film company and one for the Fox films, and I have motored to Stratford on Avon, where I stopped at the Shakespeare Hotel. The rooms in this hotel, instead of being numbered, are named for characters in Shakespeare's plays. I slept in "Titus Andronicus."

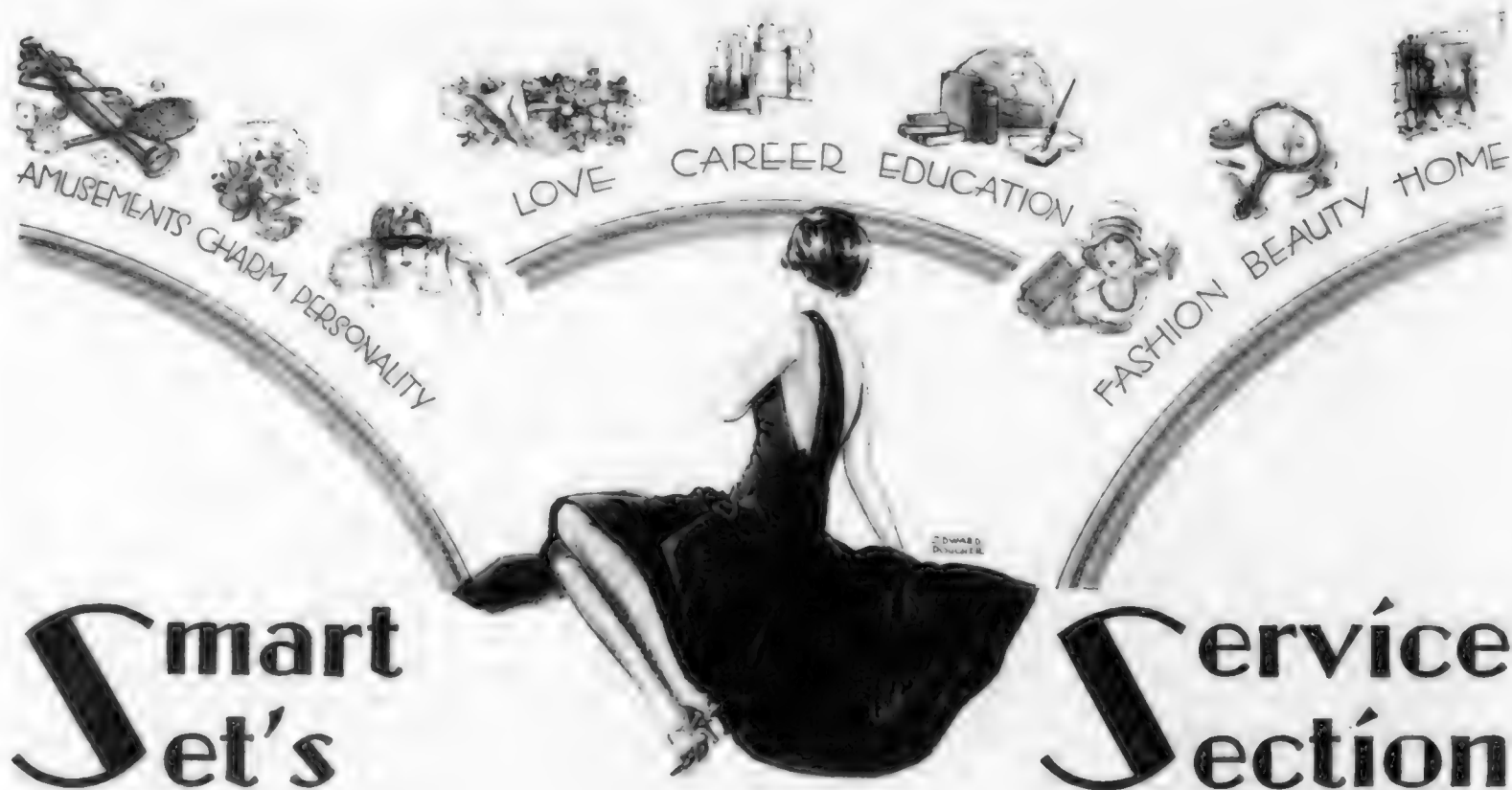
BUT my most exciting experience, so far, happened in the little town of Malvern, where I saw a special preview of Shaw's new play, "The Apple Cart." The first Shaw Festival sponsored by Sir Barry Jackson was opening the next day.

Here's the excitement I met George Bernard Shaw and I like him! After reading about this great man, and seeing some of his plays, I had imagined he would receive a stranger very formally. Not so: he had a charm of manner that completely disarmed me! After the first minute I felt that we were old friends—even though Shaw did reprimand me severely when I remarked that he was not the typical, but the ideal, English boy. His bright eyes twinkled and he quickly said, "Now you've put your foot in it!" I hastily added, "I beg your pardon—I know you're Irish!" And Shaw laughed and forgave me

Edna Peters
(in London.)



Our Typical American Girl, arm in arm with the great Shaw. They both look well pleased!



Fashion's New Viewpoint

by

Ruth Waterbury

BEGINNING on the next page you will find a change in SMART SET's fashions. It is a change, SMART SET believes, that makes a really new and different fashion department from any that you might be likely to find published elsewhere.

This month and every month hereafter SMART SET will show models selected directly from the great wholesalers who supply ready-made frocks and coats to the vast retail stores of the United States. Hereafter no dress shown will retail for more than \$60.00 and wherever possible there will be little gowns to sell at less than \$35.00. Suits and coats may run a bit higher, necessarily, but we'll try to keep the price of those down too.

Now this, we believe, is a departure from most fashion services and here is why we have done it.

ONCE upon a time women were interested in what they paid for clothes. They didn't say, "Look at the line of this evening gown," but rather, "My dear, it cost two hundred dollars."

Today girls are interested not only in line but in value. They announce to one another, "Did you ever see such a dashing hat? It only cost me ten dollars at Blank's."

About a year ago one of New York's largest department stores came forth with the slogan, "It's Smart to be Thrifty." That store had the courage—and the good business sense—to admit what had been creeping up the backstairs of the style world for a long time.

Lower prices have come back, because unless prices are moderate modern girls won't buy. They have become style wise and unless they consider a dress worth its price tag, no amount of Paris labels, sales patter or fancy setting can make them take it.

Paris is still fashioning clothes on girls six feet tall who weigh a hundred pounds and have no more hips than a glass of lemon juice. Freak fashions look knockout on such girls.

But the average girl in average life isn't built that way. Such styles don't look smart on her. They look silly.

Paris likes extremes but Miss America, who is a simple young thing at heart,

doesn't. When she gets a dress, she chooses it for charm and comfort and for adaptability to her daily life. If she doesn't see modes of such character, she refuses to purchase anything. And thus the young American woman is making the mode. For what she won't buy, can't be put over.

Nevertheless designers, both Parisian and American, try and try. The forecasts of fashion for this coming winter are example enough of the confusion that can reign. One rumor has it that skirts will touch the ground. Another says they will be five inches below the knee. Another says three. Some Paris cables give us normal waistlines. Others place them under our armpits.

The answer is that out of every eleven designs released ten die a-borning. The remaining one becomes a success. But not every girl is gifted with the subtle style instinct, plus the shopping patience of a wooden Indian, that it takes to pick that one good model from the eleven experiments.

RIGHT here is where SMART SET hopes to step in and help you. Each month Miss Georgia Mason, an average young shopper, leading just an average kind of American life, will explore the wholesale establishments of New York City to find what she considers the best models to be released. These she will have photographed to show to you. And each month she will tell you the price of them.

Thus she hopes to bring you the subtle chic of New York in inexpensive little gowns that you may wear equally well to your day's work or your country club tea. And she hopes to bring it to you at prices that will leave you a comfortable margin with which to buy your cosmetics, accessories, and delightful little frivolities so important to the girl of today.

SMART
ITS
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SMART STYLES

For

Small Incomes

By

GEORGIA MASON



This delightful peplum model with its softly flaring skirt and its shirred waistline is a dress you can wear and wear and be everlastingly smart. In all new shades, \$35.00. The hat is Agnes' baby bonnet sporting a saucy bow at the nape of the neck. \$15.00

Courtesy of Best & Co.

SO MUCH has been written about planning a wardrobe from head to heels before you ever go near a shop that I hate to bring it all up again. But since we are starting a new type of fashion service this month, do stand by for a moment while I give way to being serious, particularly as I promise never to get this way again.

Almost every girl must buy clothes from a limited income. No matter how much money any one of us has, we all have demands upon it numerous and unending. It takes brains to be smart at any time, but it takes positive genius to be both smart and thrifty.

To be smart one simply must know what is being worn and what is being avoided. That's the first commandment. The second is that you must know before you buy it just what you want to wear and when and how you are going to wear it.

If that were as simple as it sounds, we wouldn't see so many badly dressed women. We wouldn't see chiffons in offices and tweeds in church, lace hats with sports shoes and white kid gloves with tailored suits. There's a great difference between being a blow or a knockout. A sense of the picture—of the background against which you are going to be seen and just how you are going to look against it—is the first law of true chic.

And no matter what our activities—whether we are working girls forced to maintain a high standard of smartness on a small expenditure of money and a complete lack of time to shop—or home girls whose clothes are dedicated to social events—we do know pretty much from one season to another about what our engagements are going to be.

So in order that we may never reach that terrible state where we have nothing to wear, let's plan our wardrobes. Unless we have unlimited money, don't let's indulge in unlimited colors. Unless we can buy and buy, let's snub unrelated items. Let us ensemble our hats with our shoes, our gloves with our bags, the big with the small and the particular with the general.

And, for encouragement, let's remember that with fashions styled as simply and charmingly as they are today, and with ready-mades attaining such new and delightful standards of workmanship and design, if we study styles carefully and shop intelligently, it is possible for us to be well-dressed on even as small an allowance as two hundred dollars a year. Now for our general style talk.

HATS, first, this month. The new hats for fall and winter are really new. The little mushroom cloche is gone, thank heaven, and in its place are hats that are high, wide and handsome.

We've got to take pretty seriously the return of the whole ladylike trend, and where last winter we were glad to appear either boyish or chic, this winter we must be pretty. Naturally, nothing so creates this effect as the proper hat and as black velvet has returned with a rush, hats of this fabric, with the new off-the-face front and drooping back, had better be among those present when you do your millinery shopping. Soliel and felt rank next to velvet in importance, but since those are old favorites, velvet will be more chic. You can be perfectly smart and wear only all-black hats this winter, if you feel that way about it. But if you want color, I suggest that you favor brown and green as both these shades will stand high on the honor roll.

Next, we might just as well consider the sports costume. Now I realize that the average business girl doesn't get much chance to go in for sports things. She still thinks in terms of smart satins for her business day, but if she wants to be really cleverly dressed this early winter season, I wish she

would forget those same silks and satins and turn her busy mind to tweed. For charming, idle, young things who can wear clothes just because they want to, tweed is an absolute necessity. But whether or not you are one of those clinging creatures who tremble at the approach of a golf ball and whose greatest game is bridge, you must have some sports models in your wardrobe.

The four piece sports costume will be very trick this winter but in the fashions I have photographed for you this November I've purposely chosen three-piece ensembles. This is all in the tender interests of economy for any of the photographed costumes can be worn under a fur coat later in the season and thus make a very smart outfit.

The new tweeds are not at all the kind that mother used to wear—or should I say father? Instead they are soft and pliable and as brilliantly hued as autumn leaves. Reds, greens, violets, blues, and those heavenly off-shades of green and yellow that are so very, very chic are among them. You simply can't go wrong by buying a softly tailored ensemble of tweed this winter, and if you are limited to one good purchase, get yourself one of the new tweed suits with which separate blouses can be worn and mark yourself up as a very wise shopper.

Next, you'll want to know what about these longer skirts Paris is chattering

For sports, choose the charming new soft tweeds. Here the selvage of a blue and grey mixed tweed is cleverly used as contrast on the jacket and skirt of a three-piece ensemble. The blouse is ruffled organdie. The price \$35.00

Courtesy of
Marlis Frocks



Gaher Eder



Gaher Eder

Somewhere in your early winter wardrobe you must have panne velvet. This two-piece velvet with softly draped bodice and pleated skirt is an ideal frock for formal afternoon or simple dinner wear. A touch of lace at the neck provides its only trimming. A special value at \$59.50

Courtesy of Saks-34th Street



Gaher Eder

Thrift on tiptoe. For evening, a sandal combining black crêpe with black satin trimmed with gold and silver kid; for afternoon, a brown suede oxford with brown snake inserts piped with gold; for sports, a three-strap brown calf pump. \$6.00 the pair

Courtesy of Wise Shoes



A hat not only high-brow but artful. Most correctly off-the-face, this black soliel has two pearl pins run through the brim to simulate earrings. Soliel will stand lots of hard usage. \$10.00

Courtesy of Lasdon Hats

A tweed ensemble that with the addition of a fur scarf, would keep a clever girl smartly clad till the first snow-fall. A three-quarter length raglan coat flares in line with the matching skirt. Both are of brown and yellow tweed. The separate blouse is of bright yellow jersey. \$74.50

Courtesy of Marlis Frocks

Gallerie Lafayette



The secret of smart dressing is wise shopping. To serve you more thoroughly, Georgia Mason in addition to informing you how to secure the models illustrated in this department monthly, will be very glad to send you general fashion advice.

about? Frankly, I don't know. Going about through the New York shops I see an almost equal division between the long and the short. Apparently very smart women are going to wear their dresses longer, but certain of the large stores seem prepared to fight the lengthened hem to the last inch.

OF COURSE, we have all of us been wearing long skirts for evening for so many moons it's not worth talking about. You can still wear them this winter and the longer, the better. Paris, of course, is saying five inches below the knee on all frocks, but I don't think you need to take that with too much exactness. Certainly you need to pay no attention to it for sports frocks. The French designers are a wily crew and they have left themselves at least one loophole of escape in case the longer skirts stage a complete flop. They concede that the sports skirt should be short. Hence sports frocks are a good middle ground purchase until this battle gets settled. Knees will not be what they were last winter. Even in sports skirts, you should keep them covered by an inch, at least.

When you go to shop for your more formal gowns you must remember these things. The new silhouette is long and lean. The waist line is as high, or higher, than normal. The skirt should cover the knee and might wisely fall two to three inches below the knee and if it is circular or has inserts of material to make it ripple that's just dandy.

This long, lean silhouette is really a triumph of youth. Originally Paris thought to revive pre-war elegance and a good many of us thought that the slim, graceful contour would look siren and thirty-ish. What has actually been accomplished is that the new silhouette makes young ladies appear younger than ever. So you need not approach the princess line fearing it is going to make you appear like dear old Aunt Emmeline. It makes youth look every bit as charming as it did in the flapper age and a lot more enticing. Which is just swell!

The princess line will appear in daytime and dinner frocks, but a word of caution about going too-princess before six P. M. Remember the time, the place and the girl and don't let a smart sales clerk unload a lot of romantic gowns on you for your average daytime wardrobe. We still have to fight traffic and rush about during our days and for myself, I hate the picture of us doing this all loaded down with draperies and flying panels. So until nightfall it's just as true this season as ever: simplicity is smartest.

WHEN it comes to the evening mode, you can just take your suppressed desire and express it for all it's worth. If you want to be picturesque, romantic, glamorous, enticing or whatsoever, the evening mode this year gives full play to such impulses. Personally, I'm bored to

The colors you should wear, the best models for your type, how to revive an old or acquire a new wardrobe—on any or all of these subjects—she is an authority. Address Miss Mason, in care of Smart Set, enclosing a stamped and self-addressed envelope.

death with the uneven hemline for evening and in choosing my own after-dinner frocks I'm favoring skirts that are long all the way around and right straight down to the floor. But this may not please you and if it doesn't, all right. As far as smartness is concerned you can wear the uneven hem line, the up in front and down in back line or a line that drapes the skirt more to one side than the other. All are equally good. The only thing you must not be these winter evenings is boyish. You may be a lady and you must have a high waist line.

Now I am one of those girls who always turns faintly ill at the thought of buying a new winter coat. It takes so much money! But since we must have them, here are the style warnings. They must be almost as slender and conforming as the new frocks; fur must be lavishly used for trimming; the colors should be black or brown. Lots of fur is going to appear on coat hemlines but here I must issue a word of warning. This looks, and is, luxurious on a girl with a slender figure and nice slim legs. But on a girl built a little heavily or on a girl with slightly plump legs, it is something terrible.

A black coat is by far the most utilitarian since it will, obviously, go with anything but if you want color, brown will be both smarter and more exclusive. In fact, brown is going to be just as prominent in winter styles as it was in summer and autumn ones.

WITH these major items out of the way, we can now consider the small delights of the mode. One very new item appears on the horizon and that is the new use of gloves. All the signs point to their being generously worn with evening clothes. These, of course, are three-quarter length and made of kid and will be seen not only in white but in the softest pastel shades imaginable. I saw some pale blue ones the other day that practically made me dash forth for a pastel tulle gown to use as a proper background for them.

Gloves for daytime wear have changed somewhat also. Kid at these hours is out. You must have suede and suede slip-ons are still just as smart as ever. The new element is the return of black suede gloves. They are very, very chic and when you stop to think how they would save dry cleaner's bills, it's fine for the thrifty.

For blouses you may wear either the tuck-in or the casequin—this latter being our old friend, the long outer blouse that reaches to the hip. The tuck-in is smarter and more youthful but if you are a bit mature and hippy, you can favor the casequin and yet be correct. Cotton, having staged a very successful comeback during the summer, little cotton tuck-ins will be very proper with your tweeds, particularly if they are of the ruffled blouse variety. These have the advantage of being most inexpensive, so that you can afford to keep them always spotless and unwrinkled. In [Continued on page 113]



Gabor Edler

Good news. Black velvet hats are back with their soft, flattering lines and delicate charm. This clever black velvet toque features the off-the-forehead theme with extended side trimming. Very well worth \$10.00

Courtesy of Lasdon Hats



If you are young and slender, consider this ensemble of three-quarter length coat and skirt in green coverta with tuck-in blouse of egg-shell satin trimmed with petal motifs. In junior sizes, it is a splendid purchase for the business girl. Only \$19.50

Courtesy of Schlesinger & Bros.

Gabor Edler

Your SKIN is Your FORTUNE

I HAD been to a tea party with an English girl who was visiting America for the first time.

"You know," she said on our way home, "all my life I've dreamed of a country like the United States where all the girls are pretty. English girls of the upper class have a splendid, distinguished appearance, and lots of our girls achieve a glistening air of healthiness, like the Germans; but I wouldn't call them beautiful. And I've always thought that French girls are almost disgustingly beauty-conscious. I simply don't see how American girls keep so generally lovely. Why, I can't tell a clerk from a matron, or a country girl from a college girl, or a society woman from a teacher. I don't see how you do it. There wasn't an ugly girl at the tea party—and among twenty girls you'd expect at least a couple of ugly ducklings—"

"I know what you mean," I said. "I've been thinking about the same thing myself."

SO WE discussed The American Girl, and we agreed perfectly that more than any other girl in the world the American girl has mastered the art of being attractive, fresh, fashionable and beautiful. Of course, everywhere, those born to great wealth have the advantage. But in America the average girl—students, stenographers, matrons, clerks, young professional women, business women, working girls, teachers—all show a lot of training in beauty care.

It's partly prosperity, of course. The lowest paid working girl or the wife with the smallest allowance, has more pocket money (or call it pin-money if you are old-fashioned) for the little things than her European cousin has. More money for clothes, for holidays; for cosmetics. The American girl, I think, is just as athletic as the English girl, but not so ever-

By MARY LEE

All photographs especially posed for SMART SET by Josephine Dunn of M-G-M pictures.

SMART
SET'S
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SECTION

lastingly trying to look it. And she is just as feminine as the French girl, but not so willing to look like a plaything.

Then, the American girl, especially since the War, has certainly had the foremost beauty experts of the world at her beck and call.

Harmful cosmetics have practically been legislated out of existence; good helpful creams, lotions, fresheners and treatments are developed in the leading beauty salons and laboratories; and not long after these delightful creations are for sale all through the land.

All these things I explained to my English guest. A little extra money, a great deal of science, education in good taste—these things have made our American girls average so much more good looks than you are likely to find elsewhere.

"But how do you keep your skins so lovely?" she asked. "I've been told that your climate, varying from dry to wet, with extremes of heat and cold in most of the country, is dreadfully hard on complexions. Why, I've known English girls to come home from America with their color all faded away and with their skins quite harsh and rough."

So I had to tell her all the things that I'm about to tell you. I told her, of course, that there are still many American girls who are blundering along with their beauty care, covering up blemishes instead of treating them. We are lucky to have scientists who can work magic in restoring even badly treated skin to its proper smooth texture.

In a way, beauty is skin deep. You may be shapely, graceful and sweet-voiced, but if your skin is greasy, sallow, dry or full of blemishes no one will notice your good points. It is the skin coloration that is used to differentiate the races of mankind. The hair is a close relative of the skin and the scalp and hair respond to cleansing and to the health of the body, in much the same way as the skin does.



The skin game can be a delightful one since beauty lies at your finger tips and it's yours to command. To make the skin glow, spread the fingers wide, hold the skin firm and massage for three minutes with a slow, rotating motion.

If you get into a mood where you want to slap your own face, go to it. It's great for your complexion. Light taps with your knuckles do wonders in bringing healthy color to the skin's surface and will chase away tired lines and tighten sagging, relaxed muscles.



When you get down to faces, beauty is only skin deep. For no one will notice your good feature if your skin is poor and neglected

STUDY your skin. The types of skin range from very oily to very dry. Preparations for the skin are made with the idea of helping every kind of skin to look its best. Sometimes the skin shows the result of some inner disturbance. If your skin is unhealthy, beyond the point of coarsened texture or enlarged pores, or if it has a tendency to break out in pimples, boils or a rash, you should waste no time but go straight to your family doctor. The skin is an index of the health. Cosmetics are made for the cleansing, stimulating and treatment of the skin itself; they will not relieve the result of general ill-health.

Some skins are very sensitive to the weather. Most of you have learned the use of oils and creams for sunburn and



Some girls treat their faces like a wash board. rub, rub, rub. Don't do it. Learn to be a finger pater. Pat on cold cream, rouge, and soothing lotions. This is the way to lasting skin loveliness



Eyelids are traitors if you don't watch out. Neglect them and they'll scream your age to the world. Care for them and they'll flatter you more than a new hat. In this article are rules for their care

plentiful use of creams for chapping. There are some lucky girls whose skins go their own sweet way, regardless of rain or sunshine, cold or heat. But even these girls have to know how to preserve their freshness into middle age—or old age.

For very oily skins, cleansing is especially important. Good soap and water are indispensable. The soap emulsifies the extra oil on the face and the water rinses it away. The water, of course, shouldn't ever be uncomfortably hot. Just good warm water. Treat yourself gently. Don't use harsh washcloths, but use your soft ones firmly. Dry the face (and hands, and arms, and body, too) with strength, but don't rub too hard. You can learn how to be as brisk and invigorating,



The finger roll at the dressing table. While one finger gently rolls the forehead downward, the other just as gently rolls it up, thus keeping the skin above the eyes healthy

yet as smooth and pleasant, to yourself as the operator in a beauty salon.

When an oily skin is clean, thoroughly clean, use an astringent or skin freshener. Many lovely astringents and lotions have been developed which tighten up the skin and give it a freshness much like the effect of good cold water, only it lasts longer. A dash of cold water on your face, if your skin is oily, is good for it. Astringents and mildly astringent creams can be found in any well-supplied drug store or the toilet goods counter of your favorite department store.

I am not the person to prescribe your diet. Your doctor should do that. But generally I should say that if you have an oily skin, especially if you are stout or overly buxom, avoid too much fattening food. It does make the oily condition worse.

Dry skins require just as careful cleansing as oily ones, but cleansing cream can take the place of soap and water if you are in a great hurry. Personally, I suggest the use of soap and water for your regular "cleaning up" and cleansing cream for the in-between times. Or cleansing cream after washing if you are giving yourself a more than ordinary grooming. For dry skins there are lovely special oils and creams that you can't afford to do without. And there are lotions that put a perfect bloom upon the most contrary dry skin.

IF A certain type of preparation doesn't do all that you expect it to do, don't blame the preparation. It is scientifically designed for certain purposes, and you may be using it in the wrong way. Read the directions over and over again. Study the booklet about it. Have patience. Maybe, after all, you have not classified your skin correctly. Perhaps your skin is not responding because of some lack of health that you don't suspect. If, in the end, you decide that you have accurately classified your skin and have the preparation recommended for it, and still it doesn't work right, you are an exception. There are odd sensitive skins, once in a great while, that puzzle even beauty experts. Be careful to buy only reputable products.

It doesn't pay to cover up little [Continued on page 92]



NEW PARIS IDEAS

NOVEMBER seems to bring in the season of parties, whether it be Paris or Des Moines and so I am looking at all sorts of ravishing "good times" clothes, just when I fancy you are beginning your plans for them. Here are some of the things that I hope will particularly please you. At least they have been created by the greatest geniuses in clothes, and are being or are going to be seen, in the smartest places in the cities of both continents.

That "going to be seen" was intended, for Captain Molyneux was nice enough to let us draw for you this month one of his very newest evening dresses, one that has not yet even been shown in those lovely gray velvet salons of his on the rue Royale. It is made of the material which is his favorite this season, the new velvet brocaded georgette.

He has struck an interesting note this fall, when most of the houses have come out so decidedly for normal waistlines and very much longer skirts, by announcing that though he approves of both of these new trends of the mode he also believes unconditionally that these two important features must be adapted to the individual figure. None of the forcing every woman into a mold, but adapting the trends to emphasize the personality of each client. See how cleverly he has suggested the possibilities in this frock—the long bodice with the tiny cross pleats that indicate the normal waistline and the femininity of the figure, and give you the chance to make your figure appear to be what you wish it to be.

The bodice front, longer than in the back, has just that hint of a cape that makes your hips look slenderest. The gathered skirt with the uneven panels, descending sharply to your heels at the back, in tier

The gown of the month—hereafter an exclusive SMART SET straight - from - Paris feature—is this month designed by Molyneux for our readers. Of black georgette brocaded with rose colored velvet it emphasizes the new normal waistline and the very much longer skirt. Read how to adapt it to your individual figure



Ardanse designed the pleated chemisette of faille with a soft turn-over collar

ON PARTY CLOTHES

By
DORA LOUES MILLER

*Proving You Don't Have to
Pay Paris Prices to Achieve
Parisian Smartness*

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effect makes a real setting for the figure, giving it the effect of length, without clumsiness.

Did I say that the ground was black and the design in rose pink? One of the season's most popular combinations. And notice the long gloves! They are back for formal wear, and of glacé kid instead of the soft suede we have been wearing.

Bright gloves are used by the best dressed women with both black and white evening frocks. They either match or contrast with the slippers. You would, of course, select rose to go with this dress, but other frocks may require red, or green or bright blue. And to the thoughtful this is more than just a reminder of one of the very newest things to do. For slippers and gloves in different colors may make quite a different outfit out of the same dress. Isn't it nice when the *dernier cri* may also be an economy to the clever?

I have selected another party combination that seemed to me to be particularly planned for SMART SET girls. I saw it in the first collection of an American designer, Louise Selby, who has long been known in the fashion world of Paris but who has just started her own house. She calls it Pandora's Box—and it is a name with a reason. For here are two perfectly good "good time" outfits in one. The first is in black velvet, cut with the snug bodice but with the bottom of it carefully worked out to hide any wideness of hips you may want to conceal. The skirt has cunningly concealed fullness that begins to make itself felt just above the knees.

If you want to have an exceedingly smart afternoon frock, severe and chic, you button it all the way down. If you want it to be a bit softer, the few buttons at the top are left open, to show the décolleté, and a mysterious lace jabot appears between the buttons, or you can leave it open all the way down, showing a lace panel.

That vestee is explained when you take the black velvet off, bringing to view the most attractive lace frock. The jabot suggests the princess line, too, but in this also, the designer has very carefully suggested the normal waistline and held to a second lower line that makes you know she has a feeling for those of us who don't like to step on the scales when any one is about. How could Pandora resist a little squeal of joy and admiration? I assure you none [Continued on page 119]

Collar and cuff sets of black astrakhan, that can be put on or taken off winter coats by the mere snap of a button, are the newest Paris whim. An Ardanse inspiration

Sketches by

FANNY FERN FITZWATER



What could be sweeter than a pumpkin colored sweater with a handkerchief of green and black knitted in its pocket? Schiaparelli designed it



A sweater in the wardrobe is like money in the bank—good at any time. This magpie model from Schiaparelli who makes the smartest sweaters ever knit, is of black and white mixed yarn with vest and cuffs of knitted garnet colored wool



Lovely and ladylike is Patot's black felt hat trimmed with a tiny knot of ermine tails

Do Women Get a Chance In Business?

*The Answer Is Yes and No—for There's
Still a Sex Handicap to Be Overcome*

Says HELEN WOODWARD

MOST women never get a chance to show what they can do because the average employer expects only routine work from them.

And the worst part of that situation is the way it affects ourselves. Most of us have a way of doing what is expected of us. If we live in cultured surroundings we are apt to do a good deal of reading, if we live among a group of people that ride and hunt, we are uncomfortable unless we do likewise, even though we may detest horses and fall asleep over books. So when a girl gets a job as a clerk and everybody around expects her to continue to be a clerk, she naturally accepts their verdict and sticks to the job. That's one thing.

Another is that because her employer expects her to remain at the same work until she marries or quits, he seldom thinks of putting special work in her hands. In nearly every case she has to seek special opportunities for herself.

When I was a stenographer for a publishing house years ago, I was eager to try my hand at other work. We sold an immense number of books by individual letters sent through the mail. I thought it would be wonderful to write these letters without dictation. And there were advertisements to be prepared for the newspapers and magazines. But no one asked me to do either of these things.

I had to suggest meekly that I be allowed to do them as a special privilege. Only after I had done the work for nothing for awhile and proved in that way that I could do it was I considered a copywriter and paid accordingly.

That was twenty-five years ago—but even today a woman has to make her own opportunities. She has to insist on the right to prove what she can do and she has to do it for no extra pay while the experiment is being made.

WHEN, for instance, a certain magazine wanted a new editor, Hilda Gerry was obviously the person for the job. But since this was not a woman's magazine, Hilda was not seriously considered. Instead a man was hired. She was hired also, but only as his assistant.

She did his work for three years, getting seventy-five dollars a week, while he got three hundred. And then, when he went on to something else, she was allowed, without raise of pay, to run the job till the management could find a successor.

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Finally it became clear even to the owners of the magazine that Hilda didn't need a boss. So they raised her pay to one hundred and fifty dollars a week and called her editor in chief.

All that is absurd enough, but the story of Clarabel Ennis is simply ridiculous. Head bookkeeper they call her at her wholesale furniture house. They used to have a man there who was known as the office manager, but for the last five years they have done without this appendage. Clarabel does the work without the title. And she does it for half the money.

Business is really the important thing in her life. I honestly believe that if Clarabel could afford it she would work for nothing. But the oddest part is that her employers haven't the remotest idea that they are doing her an injustice. They think she's a wonder—for a woman—but they have never once realized that she is really running the whole show.

If she should retire they would be bewildered and Mr. So and So, head of the firm, would have to miss Palm Beach for several winters. But Clarabel hasn't retired so they think merely that she is a very bright girl whom you can trust.

They sent her on a vacation trip to Yellowstone and the Grand Canyon. And it is highly probable that next year they will send her to Europe for a month.

They—and she—will think this a splendid piece of generosity; yet, if they regarded her as a man and gave her a man's wages she could pay for her own trip to Europe and have a nice little something left over.

There are organizations which are working for equal pay for women and that sort of thing and I hope they are accomplishing something. But you can help yourself a lot by remembering all the time that the work you do is just as important as that which men do. Above all don't consider that any one is doing you a favor when they let you do a man's work at cut pay and on probation. I was so naïve as to believe all that, but that was twenty-five years ago when there wasn't a single advertising woman in the country. And one reason SMART SET is asking me to write these articles is to keep young women from making the mistakes women like myself used to make.

Consider Dorothy Thompson, who is now Mrs. Sinclair Lewis. She always wanted to be a newspaper woman. But she had to earn [Continued on page 109]



Hal Phyllis

Dorothy Thompson—now Mrs. Sinclair Lewis—wanted to write. But she had to spend six years as a stenographer before she could afford to take the chance

You Show Your Class by the Way You



TIP, TIP, TIP!

By
HELEN HATHAWAY

TIP! Tip! Tip!

Yes, that's what we all must do. Wherever we go, whatever we do, we encounter the itching palm that must be crossed with silver. The red cap, the taxi driver, the doorman, the expressman, the bell boy, the barber, even the iceman and the butcher boy—each expects his fee until tipping seems no longer voluntary giving but a fine game of hold-up.

Recently an economist estimated that in the year 1925 in the city of New York approximately \$12,000,000 was paid out in tips. And with riches and lavish spending on the increase, the figures for 1929 would undoubtedly be some staggering sum beyond our comprehension.

But whose fault is it? Our very own. America has gone tip mad. We tip like drunken sailors and then blame our servitors for demanding it.

WHAT is a tip and why must it be given?

A tip is a fee for service rendered; it is really a business transaction, compensation for which should be in proportion to the extent and value of the service.

The porter deserves more for carrying three bags to the train than for carrying one. The efficient waiter merits a higher tip than the careless one who endangers your frock.

Some under-estimate the value of the service and tip with a niggardly hand, begrudging every nickel they give. Others habitually tip more than is necessary, dispensing dollars as though they were dimes with an ostentatious gesture that is more egoistic than generous. It is these two extremes that make tipping the national bugbear it has become. The intelligent tipper recognizes what the service is worth, informs himself as to the standard tip and pays it with good grace. Always tip with a smile and not with a frown. The quarter given in a friendly spirit goes further than the shining dollar, given grudgingly or with an arrogant flourish.

The well established "ten-per-cent-of-the-check" is a safe rule for restaurant tips. Yet even this rule is not infallible. For instance, if you were having afternoon tea at a fashionable hotel and the check came to a dollar, the waiter would be in-

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dignant to find only a thin dime on his silver tray. The faultless service he has been trained to give demands at least a quarter—which in this instance is twenty-five per cent of the check. It is only when his bill has reached the three or five dollar mark that the ten per cent rule can be applied in expensive establishments. The moral is, avoid fashionable places unless you are willing to tip accordingly. On the other hand if your lunch consists of the forty-five cent table d'hôte at the little tea shop round the corner, the waitress will not be offended if you leave only a nickel for her.

Hotel tips also must be gauged by the luxuriousness of the establishment. The smarter uniformed bell boy who carries your bag from the taxi to your room, expects to be given at least twenty-five cents. If he must stagger under a bulky load of golf clubs, hat boxes and bags, it costs thirty-five to fifty cents to send him away with a smile.

The porter who heaves your heavy trunks in and out of elevators and drags them the length of the corridor deserves twenty-five cents for each one. Come to think of it, hasn't he earned it?

And don't forget the chamber maid. She is less in evidence than the liveried attendants downstairs but she is just as deserving as they are. A dollar a week is her average fee in a good city hotel; in the Ritz, of course, it must be more. You may either give it to her in person or leave it on your bureau when you depart.

FOR a train journey the traveler can no more avoid tips than he can avoid dust and cinders. The red cap, the Pullman porter, the waiter in the dining car all expect

their fee; make allowance for it when you are budgeting your trip. It is not becoming to a lady to steam into a Pullman under the weight of her own luggage. The twenty-five cents you give the red cap is luxury cheaply bought. Fifteen cents is his minimum fee, however lightly you are traveling, and thirty-five cents is ample for a heavy load.

The chair car porter expects a fee for the attention he gives you en route, even if he only takes your bags off the train. Fifteen cents may satisfy him for [Continued on page 93]

DO'S and DONT'S for Tipping

Don't under-tip. Don't over-tip

Give a fair or a generous fee, if you wish, but never one that is all out of proportion to the service rendered.

Don't tip ostentatiously. Showiness is a sign of vulgarity.

Don't reward poor service with a tip. "No service, no tip," should be the rule.

Don't let yourself be held up for more by an unreasonable attendant once a tip is given and you are sure the tip is correct.

Don't tip employees in an administrative position; hotel clerks, Pullman conductors and pursers on a ship. They do not want it and resent being offered one. Give an appreciative word instead.

Tipping is part of the present scheme of things. Don't try to stand out against it single handed. If you do, you will quickly find yourself very unpopular.

Your Own Room



Wallpaper with a dainty red design, and straight curtains of ivory taffeta with red ribbon trimming. These complement the blue and white toile de Jouy bed-spread, with its red bindings

Mrs. Torrance, decorator

*What Colors Will You
Choose to Brighten It
for the Winter?*

By

ETHEL LEWIS

When your room needs a change of clothing, or when you're planning a new room, or when you're in the mood to buy furniture—then's the time you need expert advice! This can always be had from Miss Ethel Lewis. Write her in care of SMART SET, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope

DECIDING upon the colors for your own room may take lots of studying and planning, but it is the kind of study that we all enjoy. First, you must say to yourself, "What colors do I really like best? What colors would I like to have about me here in my room?" Run through the whole range so that you can be sure you have not omitted one that you would like to consider. When you have narrowed it down to half a dozen or so, consider the problem of the room itself. If it is large and has many windows that let in sunlight, you probably won't need to use warm colors. You may not be able to have yellow walls or curtains, but there is no reason for discarding that color entirely. You will have to use less of it, just as trimmings or accessories. Or you might possibly divert that color idea to a rich cream which certainly has yellow qualities but is not quite so aggressive. However, if your room has but one window and that on the north, or so placed that very little light comes in, then you can use yellow to your heart's content. Yellow glass curtains will give the effect of sunlight and yellow walls will reflect every bit of light there is and make your room seem larger and certainly happier.

If blue is your favorite, then you must use discretion, for blue is a cold, formal color and needs warm colors with it to make it liv-

able and pleasant. A soft blue wall blends delightfully with gay chintz draperies which have a peach colored background and all the rainbow tones in a flowered pattern. Use the same peach color for a bed-spread or a dressing table trimmed with a bit of the blue, and somewhere else in the room some yellow and some orchid, catching up the other colors in the chintz. There you are with a gay flower garden room built up around your favorite blue.

Sometimes you cannot use blue for the walls, but with ivory or pale yellow walls, you can use blue curtains, and maybe a blue rug. With a blue and yellow color scheme I would add

a little rose red somewhere. Possibly a small chair by the window, or just a cushion on the chaise longue. A tiny line of cherry red in the trimming of the blue curtains may be just what you need.

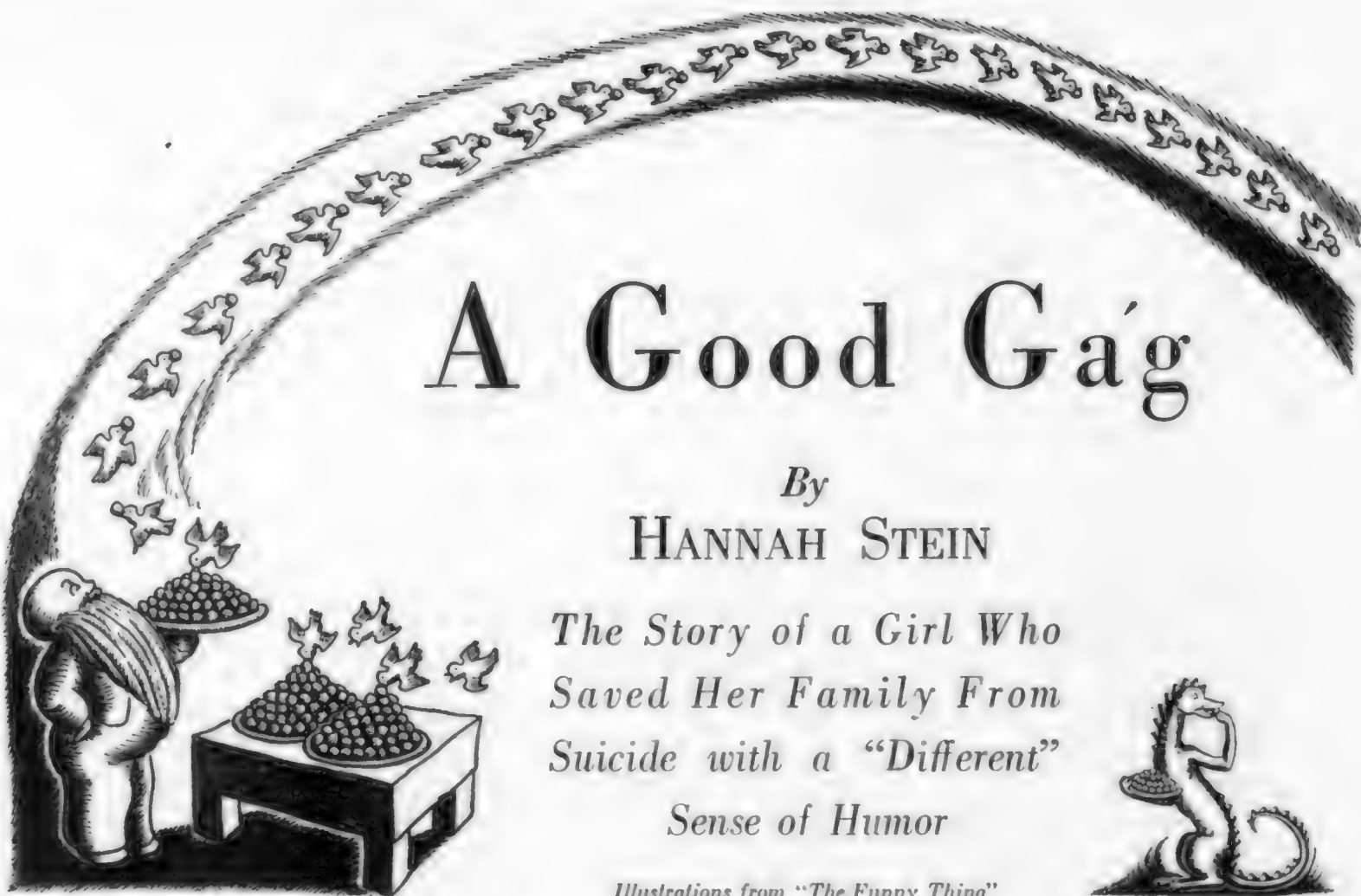


A gray and yellow wall paper creates background for the draped dressing table in green taffeta, the green and white linen curtains with their taffeta ruffles and the gayly patterned chairs. Hooked rugs repeat the colors

Gertrude Brooks, decorator

ORCHID seems to be a favorite color for bedrooms, but it is one of the most difficult to use for it plays such tricks at night. The yellow artificial light fades out our lovely purple tones, and sometimes they go quite gray. Then your room seems dull and drab and has lost its sparkle. If it's a violet rug you are buying, be sure to look at it with ordinary night light shining on it, to see that it doesn't turn gray. Whether it is a pale

[Continued on page 105]



A Good Ga'g

By
HANNAH STEIN

*The Story of a Girl Who
Saved Her Family From
Suicide with a "Different"
Sense of Humor*

Illustrations from "The Funny Thing"
Courtesy of Coward-McCann



Wanda Ga'g

WANDA, her parents called their first born. Wanda Ga'g. The older Ga'gs were a pair of romantic Bohemians who settled in New Ulm, Minnesota, and all the wealth they ever accumulated in that place was in the imagination. Wanda, Asta, Floria, Thusnelda—there were two more girls and a boy.

The Ga'gs were happy and content. Papa Ga'g dreamed of being a great painter some day, and he

always looked up longingly to the little attic with its large spare room, where he hoped to do masterpieces later on. But 'later on' never came. He never even began. Papa Ga'g took to his bed from a cold on a job in the little Methodist church, and he died just as the new baby was born.

So neighbors get together as sympathetic neighbors will, and they said to Mrs. Ga'g:

"Take Wanda away from school. She's fourteen and old enough to work." And they were good enough to get her a clerkship in a store.

But a fierce inner struggle disturbed Wanda's mind. She didn't like business; she preferred school, and time after hours to draw. Because from the time the Ga'g children were old enough to handle paper and pencil and draw round, human figures with no arms, they knew instinctively that the most beautiful thing in the world was art.

"Father wanted so to paint," Wanda said. The memory of him made her wistful. "But he couldn't indulge himself because he had to support us. The nearest he ever got to it was to own a paint shop, contract on jobs, and do all the decorative work himself."

It was so pathetic, she recalled, to see him struggling against the inner urge in his soul which never developed beyond a craving. But he did succeed in creating an artistic atmosphere in the home anyway, and he considered himself somewhat rewarded by the way his children responded.

At forty-seven, Papa Ga'g couldn't endure the suspense any

longer, so he sold his business impulsively, determined to study art before it was too late. He was a man with a stout heart and the blood of peasant stock with some valiant wood-carvers among them.

But true to the O. Henry realism, he caught cold on the last job he expected to work before he went East or abroad to study. That was the end. And strangers who didn't understand the Ga'g temperament at all, but merely saw their material destitution, came in and tried to control the destiny of the oldest Ga'g child.

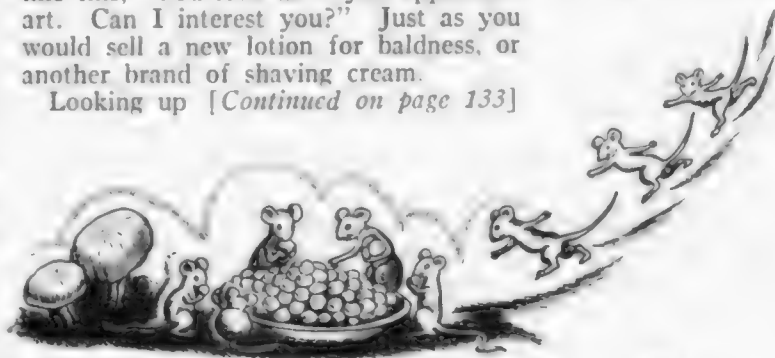
"I opposed them strenuously," Wanda Ga'g said. "How could I take a clerkship when I wasn't fitted for that kind of work at all?"

She reasoned with her mother as emphatically as a girl of fourteen can. And having been the oldest at home all her life, she felt much older than her years.

Her mother saw the point and agreed that Wanda was not to give up school but to try to earn some money on her crude drawings. It made the neighbors frantic. It's very annoying to a community to find that the poor man has a will of his own.

WANDA thought of a plan to take her sketches to the main thoroughfare after school hours, and offer them to prosperous-looking passers-by. She thought it would be so simple to approach people on the street and say something like this, "You look as if you appreciate art. Can I interest you?" Just as you would sell a new lotion for baldness, or another brand of shaving cream.

Looking up [Continued on page 133]





The Loyal Lover

By

MARGARET WIDDEMER

Illustrations by

JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS

an ultra-modern young lady, was having an affair with Wally, an equally modern young man. And Mac, the fine son of the family, was hopelessly in love with Billy, Lola's daughter. To add to the troubled state of affairs, Ranulf arrived from England, expecting an answer from Mildred.

It was all so complicated, Mildred wanted to get away to think it all out. To be alone she took a trail up the mountain one afternoon, only to find, when she was about to return, that she had lost her way. A rescuing party set out from camp to search for her and it was Hugh who found her.

MILDRED never quite knew how or why they returned to the camp that night. When life steadied itself about her, she was sitting among them all around the big fireplace, with Ranulf beside her, fending off questions for her, assuming all charge and possession of her. Hugh sat silently at the other end of the group. Most of her wanted fiercely to rise and go over to Hugh. And a little of her—enough to keep her quiescent—knew it must sit by Ranulf, to whom life seemed to have assigned her beyond any help or protest of her own.

The amazing fact of Hugh's shaking off his inhibition against altitude pushed him into the foreground and sheltered her. Every one but Hugh himself made it a matter for rejoicing. It had to be discussed, of course,

from every angle, with shrieks and exclamations from Janet and Molly.

"And you walked straight into her, the very first one—it's perfectly earth-shaking!" Mildred heard Molly squealing endlessly. "How did you do it?"

"With a flashlight," said Hugh at the end of his patience.

Molly jerked a slim shoulder.

"I didn't suppose it was by love's call, like a movie," she said.

Mildred moved farther into the shadow. Hugh's face had flushed a slow deep red at the chance thrust, and she was afraid her own face had too. She spoke hurriedly:

"To me the strangest part of it all is my feeling of having spent at least a whole night on the mountain, and then discovering it to be only twelve when I was found. What time is it now?"

This, as she had meant it should, led to a general looking at watches and scattering to bed.

WITH a heart full of misgivings, Mildred Putnam set out for America in fulfillment of a promise made to her Uncle Martin, just before his death at the old manor house in England. The promise concerned the distribution of his fortune, half of which was to go to Mildred. The other half was to be divided between Mac and Janet Holliday, her cousins, if Mildred found these young Americans worthy. If they were not, the money was to go to Ranulf Wycombe, a young English nobleman, in love with Mildred.

Louise Bartine, another relative, was to receive a bequest if she were deserving, but Uncle Martin had had doubts of her worthiness. En route to America, Mildred met a Lola Redding and her daughter, Billy. Lola, she discovered later, was Louise Bartine. But her interest in Lola was distracted when she met Hugh Bannard, a friend of the Hollidays. And it was only after she discovered that her interest in this young man was turning to love, that she learned Lola had a prior claim to him.

This tangle was not the only one at the Holliday camp. Janet,

Mildred Makes Her Great Decision—and It Leads Her to the Real Beginning of Her Life's Happiness

She had not expected to sleep, but she did, deeply and wearily, waking next morning so confused that for a little while she stared in surprise at the pearl-colored expanse outside the window.

Her first conscious thought was that she must tell Ranulf she loved some one else. Up to the very minute when Hugh had found her, her pride and her common sense had been trying to make her marry Ranulf. Even now she knew it would be wise. But she couldn't. Facing fully the fact that Hugh's code held him to Lola, she still could not marry Ranulf.

SHE went to breakfast, where she found only Molly and Janet. The rest were gone in various directions. Hugh, she was told immediately, had walked over to the King camp to make sure he was officially well.

"He was tickled pink to go tell King about it," said Janet ecstatically, "because King was one of the ones who thought his heart and lungs were really bad; he had the lillies all ready."

Janet's vocabulary had turned colloquial since Ranulf's advent. Mildred smiled, and made herself eat. She was swept by one of her waves of hate for Hugh. Of course, a man would feel like that—tickled pink to be well. What did a girl matter? Just the same she owed it to Ranulf to tell him.

She had not far to seek. He was placidly engaged on the rear veranda with a very bad pipe, and some handiwork connected with twine and a paddle.

"You know, Mildred, I like America," he told her, looking up as she stood in the doorway. "At least here. They say there's a trout stream seven miles away that's scarcely fished at all."

He seemed so much more interested in trout than in emotions that it seemed no time to intrude them. Mildred looked down at him, his earnest face bent over his work—

"Ran, do you want to talk about us now, or trout?"

"My mind can hold both," he said, amiably.

"Well, please hold the trout fast, then. They're much more satisfactory than girls."

"Very much alike in some ways," Ranulf answered smiling.

"It's about our being engaged," she plunged. "I know I did ask you to come, but—"

"Don't worry, dear. I like it here on its merits. The lecture man promises me an honest living this winter if I survive the struggle, and it's top-hole here in camp. Mildred, my dear, don't be tense and American and conscientious. Let it slide along till October. I'm your friend even if I do want to



Hugh stood quite still—and though Lola's arms held him he was far away from her. All of his heart, his soul, was reaching toward Mildred

marry you. Just let it rest that way if it makes your mind any more at ease."

It was a comforting respite, and she accepted it. Sometimes things came right if you let them alone. Ranulf was going fishing with Mac. They asked Mildred to go, but she did not take up this invitation. She was tired, and she wanted to be alone. However, she wished more than once that she had gone. It would have been more peaceful. She lay in the porch swing while Molly and Janet, bereaved of the society of the male, sat on the veranda and talked incessantly.

They were a little cross with Wally for entering the conspiracy of silence, though Wally was not as important as he

had been in Janet's scheme of things.

"He'll just say he was fed up with us," said Janet. "Do you know, I'm fed up with that upstage line of his. It was cutesy at first, but it's sickeningly the same."

"Is variety in insult what you want?" asked Mildred without opening her eyes.

Janet laughed. "Not a bad line! Can I have it? Use it tonight. Well, I did get a kick from Wally at first, but Ranulf—oh, boy, I bet he could insult you in six different languages if he wanted to!"

"I give you warning, Jan. I have intentions too. I want him more than life itself," said Molly.

"Keep off him!" said Janet with a flash of anger.

"Don't be a hog! I never interfered when you snatched Wally. I helped you! Heaven knows how much money you dragged out of your father to take him on parties—and who planned those parties? It was my beautiful idea that won him for you, angel, and you know it!"

"You always say so," Janet answered. "You know darn well, I made it worth your while."

"What was the beautiful idea?" Mildred demanded curiously.

"I rented the Tom Thumb Theater, downtown for one night," said Janet, "for Wally to give his play in. Of course I insisted on one of the big parts. Wally had the lead. That threw us together lots more than if I'd asked him on any amount of parties."

"He yielded," added Molly, yawning. "He put his little hand in hers and promised to be her own."

"Didn't it cost a good deal?" inquired Mildred.

"Well, father yelped, but he always does. And mother saw it after I'd coaxed a little. You have to keep up with the rest. The other girls think you're a dud if you don't have a string of boy friends."

"Jan and I were more cut in on than any other girls this winter," Molly added complacently. "All be-

cause we had the bean to do a little planning and not just leave things to chance or fate to work out."

MILDRED was becoming tired of their patter and went off for a nap, but she did not sleep.

She decided that she had been an idiot not to go fishing with the men. She would go now. She slipped into khaki, hunted up her own tackle, and unseen by the girls on the veranda took the remaining canoe.

She found them easily enough. The trout were taking the fly well by the look of the catch. She came close to the canoe with Mac and Ranulf in it, then paddled off to take her own station a little lower down, where she thought there might be, by the look of things, a hole as yet unfished. She stood up in the canoe to cast, wimpling her Silver Doctor delicately along the water.

She had six trout by the time the others were tired of fishing. She was not, and neither, it seemed, was Ranulf.

"They are just beginning to bite," he said.

The others went, and Ranulf and Mildred settled down in the same canoe, as they had many a time before, to work down the stream, a narrow tributary which had not been worked so



far. Ranulf did not make love to her. They fished in accustomed comradely silence for two or three hours.

"This canoe is leaking," Ranulf said suddenly when they were paddling homeward, trout laden.

It was! Mildred, last out, had naturally the worst canoe.

"We'll be wet to the skin, and you'll catch cold," he said. "Here, we'd better go ashore and walk back to camp. The canoe would float, but you'd be all wet."

THE trail to camp ran alongside the lake; they were fortunately near enough to make doing this possible. She did not realize until the canoe was tied to a tree, the paddles taken out, and she and Ranulf a half mile along, that their way would lead past the Gordon Camp, where Lola and Billy lived. She was too tired to want to face them. But there was nothing to do about it, except to hope that Ranulf's impulse to break into song at just the wrong time wouldn't betray them; or if it did that they wouldn't be called in.

But Ranulf did sing and Mildred perforce joined with him; she always had. The two voices blended gaily and sweetly. And what Mildred feared happened. As they passed closest to



Mac shut the door behind him and stood still, staring at Billy on the couch. It was Mildred who finally spoke. "How did you know we were here?" she asked. "How did you find us?"

the Gordon Camp they were hailed, though by Billy, not Lola. She learned later that Billy was music-mad.

"Oh, say, come up here and perform, whoever you are!"

There was nothing for it but to go, especially as Ranulf could not be given any reason to the contrary.

Hugh greeted them with apparent relief, and took Ranulf aside to talk about fishing.

As he moved past Mildred their eyes caught and held, till Mildred, with what felt like a physical effort, pulled her eyes away. Ranulf, all unsuspecting, embarked on a long argument about flies, and presently the two men strayed off to the water-side to prove something or other. Mildred could have killed Ranulf. Now it would be harder yet to get away soon. She was tired, and one needed strength and freshness to cope with Lola.

Billy, at ease, leaned against a post and began to hum softly.

She had a rather low, tragic contralto, as incongruous with her freckled sandiness and boyish ways as anything imaginable.

"What was that, Mildred?" she asked when she had hummed it through. "I heard you singing it over and over on the lake the other day."

"One of those old English ballads. We were brought up, the Wycombes and I, more or less in a heap, by a Border nurse," Mildred answered.

"Oh, I love those! I heard a man sing some once at a concert. I never knew where to find any."

"There are books with the words of them. I think there are with tunes too," Mildred said.

"I've never read anything much," said Billy indifferently—or was it wistfully? "I wish I could find them. But can't you sing that one?"

Singing was easier than talking. Mildred sat on the step and leaned against the post opposite Billy's as she sang the words of the old ballad.

"Billy!"

Lola's voice in its most rasping tones rippled along the smooth current of the song.

"Billy, how can you ask any one to sing when you know how my head aches! For heaven's sake, child, be a little considerate once in a while!"

Billy was immediately apologetic.

"Oh, Lola, I'm so sorry. You never said. Mildred, I was awfully selfish to ask you to sing—"

The last words vanished with her as she fled into the house for headache remedies.

MILDRED wished impatiently that the men would come back. She rose with the idea of calling to Ranulf, but Lola stopped her.

"Mildred—stop. I want to talk to you—please."

"Very well," Mildred said.

"Mildred, you don't see me fairly." She spoke with her most tragic tenseness. "People have said cruel things about me, always. I know you think them of me. Let me defend myself—defend myself, it's all I ask. Hear my side of things."

She did not suspect, then, Hugh's love for Mildred. After all her astounding vanity would keep her from that. The ballad may have only reminded her that she had no singing voice herself, or been an excuse for exiling Billy. Any imperfection in her own loveliness wounded Lola if it were forced on her attention.

"I have never heard cruel things of you," Mildred said. "Our principal informant was your very good friend, Mr. Whitney."

"I was so very young," said the rough, heart-pulling voice in the dusk. "I had such a dreadful home life—mother ruled me like a slave. I married to escape her. I wanted to be good. I thought if I were dutiful and obedient it was like putting money in the bank and getting happiness out later when one wanted it. They used to teach girls that to keep them docile."

Her voice for the moment was honestly bitter, not pathetic and consciously noble, and Mildred liked her the better for it.

"Mother never let me go anywhere or do anything," her voice went on. "I hadn't seen any men till Lewis came along. Mother hadn't given me any chance to measure him by other men. She was always trying to make me less selfish, she said—as if she weren't selfish herself, and cruel and unfair to me! I was desperate for love and happiness. So I married him. I was barely sixteen and Billy was born the next year; I had to devote myself to her when I should have been having the best years of girlhood. And then his people began treating me badly. And he did. The more I tried to do right, the more I was rebuked and blamed. I bore everything till I found that outside people were against me. There was only one thing to think then, that he had set them against me."

"That was the last straw. Looking back, I blame mother and Lewis for all I did. Another man came into my life. He was sorry for me. Who wouldn't have been? He practically forced me to leave Lewis for him. He said his whole life should make up to me for what I had undergone. But he was no better than the rest."

It was amazing. Lola believed this [Continued on page 114]

You Can Be What You Want to Be

[Continued from page 23]

deal about various jobs that women fill by taking a trip through a plant such as that of the Curtis Publishing Company at Philadelphia, under the direction of the guide which such companies are usually glad to furnish.

Then in order to get the personal touch, make the acquaintance of women who are doing interesting kinds of work. For example, if you wish to know about the occupation of photographer, visit a good photographer and ask questions. You will usually find a ready and cordial response.

One of the most stimulating sources of information is biography. Read the lives of women who have succeeded in the occupation you are studying. In order to obtain a picture of the struggles and rewards that make up the life of an opera singer, read the moving story of Schumann-Heink; if you would know what preparatory training a dancer has to go through, read the life of Isadora Duncan.

A capital compilation of life-stories about women who have succeeded in unusual lines within recent years has been made by Ferris and Moore in their book, "Girls Who Did." Here are reported, in chatty style, interviews with Peggy Hoyt, the designer of dresses and hats; Neysa McMein, the illustrator; Alice Foote MacDougall of Coffee House fame; Ethel Barrymore and a score of others.

As you study the life-stories of such women you will find it helpful to follow this outline and answer these questions on a sheet of paper:

- At what age did she decide to enter this occupation?
- What was the most influential factor leading to this decision?
- What other occupations did she seriously consider?
- In what other occupations did she engage before entering her final occupation?
- At what age did she enter her permanent occupation?
- What was her first job in this field?
- How did she get this job?
- How much money did she make per month in this job?
- How long did she remain in it?
- What was her second step on the ladder?
- How much money did she make here?
- What was the nationality of her parents?
- Were they poor, rich or in comfortable circumstances?
- Occupation of father?
- At what age did she begin to support herself?
- Was she ever married?
- At what age?
- Did her husband give her any special assistance along the lines of her vocation?
- How many children did she have?
- How many years did she spend in general education?
- How old was she when she completed her general education?
- What was her favorite subject in school?
- At what age did she begin her technical education?
- How far from home did she go for her advanced education?
- What was her customary academic standing in general education and in technical education?
- Did she earn her own way through college?
- Did she go in debt for her education?

After you have carefully studied the lives of several persons in an occupation you will be able to draw some conclusions regarding the path you will have to follow in pursuing a career in that field.

But the study of occupations is only half

the story. As you examine each of the three or four occupations you are considering, relate them to yourself in order to see if your tastes, your personality and your capacities match the demands of the occupation. With a list of the conditions, requirements and rewards before you, dissect yourself; project yourself mentally into the occupation and see if you have the qualifications necessary to success.

EIGHT SHORT CUTS TO SUCCESS

Which Will Help You Get Ahead in Your Chosen Vocation

First of all—health. A sturdy, vigorous young woman has the advantage over a sickly one. Remember this—and don't burn the candle at both ends.

Be utterly honest. If your employer can trust you, it increases your importance to him.

Be clean. This means your body and your mind—your clothing, your hands, your complexion, and your hair. Take time to be neat and smart. It will be time saved!

Next comes dependability. Clothes creates a first impression, perhaps, but reliability makes that impression last. Do your work on time and keep your promises.

Persistence is next, in order. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.

Be punctual and attend to your own business. Two small things, perhaps, in the long run—but they out-weigh surface brilliance.

Be able to get along with people. This, in any organization, is very necessary. Cooperation doesn't necessarily mean personal friendship—but it does oil the wheels of office efficiency.

Be courteous at all times. Meet situations tactfully, and learn to keep your head. These last three qualities go together!

When you were a child did you like to make bandages for your dolls, feed stray kittens and cuddle the babies of the neighborhood. If so, you probably have some of the qualifications of a nurse or an osteopath.

Did you, as a child, spend an inordinate amount of time making furniture and arranging it in your play house? Do you have an unusual flair for making your own

room attractive and securing artistic results with fabrics?

If so, you might profitably consider the vocation of interior decorator. Many a young woman with such tastes and talents has obtained a position as saleswoman in the drapery department of a store and, by studying fabrics and color values, has made herself into a first-class interior decorator.

Think back over your school days and recall the subjects in which you were most successful. Perhaps you found particular pleasure in performing experiments in the laboratory.

If so, you might reasonably consider the occupation of analytical chemist or dietitian or laboratory technician, occupations in which women are conspicuously successful.

If you are one of those persons who "can make anything grow" you would probably find the occupation of florist a congenial and profitable one.

Are you one of those "independent" persons who chafe under authority and resent taking orders? Then strike for a vocation in which you can work independently, possibly a business of your own such as that of lace-mender. On the other hand, if you prefer to have some one lay out your work for you, you will be happier in an occupation where some one else will plan and you will execute, for example, that of dentist's assistant or draftsman.

This process of adapting an idiosyncrasy to vocational ends is well illustrated by a case that came to me for advice. It was a woman who, after a serious illness, discovered that she had developed an abnormally sensitive touch. Financial reverses forced her to earn her own living and she asked help in finding an occupation in which she might turn her sensitive touch to account. After considerable search we discovered it. We found that hair-buyers in matching hair were obliged to judge by feeling rather than sight, and that a keen sense of touch was an important asset.

To be sure that was in the days when women wore "rats" and other supplements to the coiffure, and it may not be so lucrative an occupation in these days of bobbed hair, but it illustrates the principle that a woman should analyze herself to discover some outstanding quality and then find a vocation in which it will be an asset.

THIS is a strenuous procedure I have laid out—this program of studying the occupations and analyzing yourself. It will require you to study and to think. And it emphasizes the idea that you will have to direct yourself to a considerable extent. Nobody can give you an infallible recipe and no one can make the decision for you. Choosing a vocation is much like choosing a husband. You must study the field—the eligible mates in your vicinity; use the test of propinquity in order to discover the congeniality of each one; then take the one who seems to offer best prospects of happiness.

The distinct advantage in the case of the vocation is that you can lawfully and honorably change if you find you have made a mistake. In neither case, however, can any outside person or any mysterious device guarantee you a perfect match.

There! That's my story. I haven't given you any magical key with which you can unlock the door of the future. But I have shown you some sane and effective steps to take in finding the right vocation, and I express the sincere wish that they will lead you to that ultimate goal of the happy life—joy in work.

4 UNFAILING AIDS TO BEAUTY AND HOW TO USE THEM



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for thorough cleansing



apply it generously



always after exposure



and before retiring.



2.

Pond's Cleansing Tissues



soft, ample, absorbent



remove cream and dirt.



To banish oiliness



and firm your skin



3.

Pond's Skin Freshener



pat it on briskly.



For powder base



and soft, white hands



smooth in



4.

Pond's Vanishing Cream.

VITAL MOMENTS in a well-groomed woman's day . . . the all-important, yet simple care she gives her skin . . . Study these pictures . . . follow these swift, sure steps . . . Pond's four famous aids are unfailing . . . they keep your complexion exquisitely fresh and clear.

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remove all cream and dirt. Take two at a time from the dainty latticed box. Fold or crumple in your hand . . . lift off the cream and dirt, using exactly the same caressing upward motion as when applying the cold cream.

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Now for the smooth, well-bred finish that adds so much to your poise . . . Pond's Vanishing Cream . . . Smooth in a delicate film before you powder. And don't forget your hands . . . It keeps them

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Intelligentsia—Bah!

(Continued from page 51)

And then I came to California and started being a younger intellectual.

It's as easy as that. All you have to do is to discover some one who is one and be one too. I suppose I thought it was smart. It was the outgrowth of chaotic youth. I discovered a "set" and began to shed out of my mind everything I had been taught.

I shall never forget my first intellectual "set." I was taken by another girl who informed me that it was quite all right to no whether I knew the host or not. This thrilled me as much as it shocked me. In our set at school we had R. S. V. P.'d to invitation on neat monogrammed stationery.

Our host had flowing hair, flowing tie, flowing beard, flowing words. Before the conventional gestures of introduction were made I soon learned that they tolerated no conventional gestures. He said, "Do come over here and settle an argument between Fritz and Hymie. Fritz maintains that Tchaikowsky is the weeping Willie of music and Hymie is furious."

I was completely entranced. Green and proper as I was, I thought that if ever I were able to call any one "the weeping Willie of music" my life would be complete. Years later I discovered that Fritz had lifted his line badly from a critical essay by Ernest Newman.

It was difficult for me at first to accept the set, but they gathered me in so completely as a kindred soul, and they were so young and mad, that I found I was one of them.

We completely seceded, mentally, from America and were frightfully cross at mothers who were inconsiderate enough to have borne us here. We spent more time in telling each other how dull all Americans were than in making ourselves more brilliant. And as I think back over it now I realize that we did most of the things that we scorned in the Great Middle Classes. But because our noses were in a properly elevated position and our minds sufficiently steeped with the horrors of American barbarism we could, unlike our unenlightened compatriots, indulge in the ample pleasures.

WE played hours of poker, but not like the poor dullard who sneaks a dollar or two from his weekly pay check on Saturday night, nor like the cigar-chewing, diamond-studded millionaire—worst of all types. Rather we played in the French manner, if you know what I mean. We lost our pennies with an easy grace.

The beach usually discovered us on Sunday afternoons. We rode merry-go-rounds and roller coasters and yet we managed to keep ourselves aloof from the sandwich-eating, gum-chewing, Star-Spangled-Banner-singing Great American Public. For we purged ourselves with talk. Over cigarettes and wine, in shabby restaurants on the outskirts of Los Angeles' Chinatown, we told each other how abominable, how dull, how completely stupid all America was.

Some day, we hoped to leave this difficult country. But our views were vague. We hated a great many things. Marriage came in for its share, although some of the group had made the genuflection to conventionality. We hated the rich, but we also hated the poor—if they were American. In fact, it was a sort of blanket hatred, too scattered to be intense.

Intensity came later. The easy, Bohemian life had only stirred something within me. The set had no cause. They were too flippant and I was young and earnest. As easily as I had taken them to my bosom I renounced them and took up "a cause."

I became a socialist and, with my fellows, I began to hate in reality. Russia was our

Utopia. The rich man was our enemy. The poor man was our friend. I remember sitting for hours one night at the feet of "Mother Jones" while she told of her experiences with the boys in the mines and of her own adventures in jail.

The simple unconventionality that had characterized the "set" was gone. Socialism, I believed, was the real thing. I was going to amount to something. I would be a Joan of Arc. I would make fiery speeches to

She Boosted the Stock



of one of the great department stores of New York City. Very young and very pretty, Mary Lewis has become advertising manager of Best's—as

well as a member of the shop's board of directors. She got to the top of the ladder because—but read her inspiring story in the December issue of SMARTSET!

"the workers." I would herald "the cause." I would be one of the shining socialistic lights of America. America? Yes. I would reform the thing I hated.

And then I left the socialistic party. Debs made a speech at the Hollywood Bowl. I had a seat on the platform near Upton Sinclair. Twenty thousand socialists had gathered in a frenzy to hear Debs. They would have none of the introductory speeches. They kept shuffling their feet and shouting Debs' name. They wanted to see their leader, their god, their master.

Calm, tall, gentle like a child, he came on the stage amidst thunderous applause. They rose as a man. He lifted his hand and they were silent, listening with eager ears for every word of his burning message. His speech was punctuated with wild huzzas from his brothers, his comrades.

And then he asked for money. He pled for funds to go on with the cause. And one by one they left the amphitheater. When he finished over half the audience had gone.

Deeply impressed, I recounted the incident to some of my Russian friends. They shrugged their shoulders. "What are you to expect?" they said. "They're socialists, not Bolsheviks."

Well, I became a Bolshevik and later a communist and then a Theosophist (which I couldn't stick because I adore a fillet mignon even if it is an ancestor).

Oh, I went through all the restless, youthful phases. I went from group to group until finally I decided that my first Bohemian set had been fairly good. At least we had had laughter. So I went back to another party and I raise my right hand and solemnly swear that my host greeted me at the door to tell me that another Fritz and another Hymie were arguing over whether or not Tchaikowsky was the weeping Willie of music.

I was fed up with all of them. But their

hatred had touched me deeply. I knew that I didn't belong with any of the cults and fads—they were either stupid or vicious. The sight of a smoke-laden lecture hall made me ill and the incessant babble of high-pitched voices annoyed me. But I was still cross with America.

I decided to find my own salvation. I would go in for my own cult, so I read Mencken. It didn't do me, somehow. I felt alone and strange and expatriated. And then America began to dawn upon me!

As I have said, I don't know how it came about. For six years (since my conversion to the intellectual life) I had hated it. Then slowly it began to grow upon me. One morning I woke up and was glad—like Pollyanna—that I had been born in America and that my great, great grandfather was born here. And after that slowly, minutely it seemed to sweep me in and I found myself Americanized.

I hope I can tell you about it without any George M. Cohan flag waving. It is easiest, since it is so vague, to tell first what America isn't to me.

It isn't Rotarians and red hunting and Elks' conventions. It certainly isn't being one hundred per cent and boasting about it and slapping people on their backs until their teeth rattle. It isn't saying, "Europe is all right but there're no bathtubs." It isn't Parent-Teachers Associations and culture clubs. It isn't, "I don't know much about art but I know what I like," and it certainly isn't, "If my son wants to play the piano I'll make a boxer out of him."

MY Americanization is a feeling rather than an actuality. America has dawned upon me. America and the American feeling. Not chauvinism but the thrill of it. The bigness, the force, the strange, muddled expressing of an art force in terms of industry. The new economics. The new democracies and aristocracies. The resources.

Do you see it as a canvas? A broad, rough canvas done in bright, stark colors, not too expertly finished. Do you hear its symphonies played by factory whistles?

Iron, coal, engines, machines, locomotives, steam shovels, noise, rhythm. Sleek, fleet machinery.

I love its traditions—self made men, the gay nineties with their pug dogs, leg o' mutton sleeves, belt buckles. The old Astoria Hotel. Farmer boys. Good to be raised in the country. Its stupid, sentimental, but charming traditions.

I'm entranced at what interests it in its noisy newspapers. Murders. Love nests. Homeless children. Endurance contests. Marathon races. Lost cats. Aviation.

And once I said America had no color. No color? It teems with it. But there's more than color. There's vitality and a strange, weird beauty in its cacophonies.

Oh, I don't thrill to the strains of the Star Spangled Banner, a bromidic tune with too wide a range for the average voice. And the stars and stripes remain for me simply a piece of cloth with an unbalanced design. The Babbitts bore me as much as they did and I still turn off the radio when a soft-voiced speaker mentions the chastity of the home.

I still remain vastly superior to all that, but there is American blood flowing in my veins, blood that sings when I see the roads that my great grandfathers trod as brambled paths, stretch white and wide from the steel mills of Pittsburgh to the dank swamp lands of Florida.

And I'm proud of that sturdy American blood and that vital, deep-rooted Americanization, more precious to me because I almost sold it for a smart epigram or two.

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Photo by E. Fryer, Hollywood



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You will love its generous, caressing lather—the way it leaves the skin satin-smooth. Use this daintily fragrant white soap in your bath, too, as nine out of ten screen stars do.

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Uphill and Down

[Continued from page 33]

been remade into delightful small apartments.

On the way, however, they wandered down Montague Street where there is a parapet built to the river below. There they stood by the iron railing that guards the parapet's edge. On one side rose the many windows of the old Blake house. Before them was the Harbor, a dark tapestry of sky and water glittering with lights like jewels and embroidered more faintly with a farflung field of stars. And as Christopher gazed once more at the Harbor he remembered how in his youth he had gazed at it, dreaming of escape. Now he sighed a little as he thought what slight satisfaction escape had brought him. It was a strange thought to intrude itself upon his careless philosophy and he knew it was strange. It was the girl beside him who made him think so strangely.

"I do remember you now," he said, turning to her as she stood beside him, so very near and yet so very far away. "I remember the day we played on the docks together and I remember my shame at being dragged home. And I don't think I've ever forgotten your eyes. They are, I think, the most honest eyes I've ever seen."

"If they're so honest," she said, "let me confess something. Elizabeth Remsen told me you were coming there for dinner tonight and I asked her to ask me, too."

"Why?"

"I wanted to see what had happened to the nice little boy of the garden."

"What has happened?"

She breathed quickly. "Well, he's gone—almost gone."

"You've been reading the newspapers."

"Yes, I have. I've read everything they've ever printed about you."

"And that's why you condemn me?"

"Condemn you! I don't condemn you. You couldn't help it. You had things too soon."

They were silent until he said, "Tell me about yourself."

"I've told you. I've climbed the hill again."

"How did you do it?"

"Slowly, a little painfully at first, but finally with banners waving. Have you ever heard of Mary Ann candies?"

"No!"

"Well, it does, I suppose, sound silly. But Mary Ann candies helped me climb. My mother had some old New England recipes for candy. After my father's death she started to make them and I sold them. People liked them. When my mother died, we had six shops. Now I have ten. And there you have the story of what America can do for an enterprising young woman."

"God, how I envy you!" he exclaimed.

"Why do you say that?"

"Don't you know why I say it?"

She looked at him, her eyes inscrutable in the darkness, and she shivered ever so slightly. "Yes, I know!" she said at last. "Now let's go home."

BEFORE the house in which she lived they paused again. He took her hand. "I want to see you again," he said, "I must see you again."

"No."

"Why not?"

"It's too late."

"You mean—"

"Yes, I mean your wife. After all, Christopher, the little boy I played with has vanished."

"Mary, I think you're the only person in the world who could ever help to find him again."

"No, Christopher," she said. "No! It's even too late for that."

There were mobs of photographers to meet Mrs. John Christopher Blake and there were reporters to ask the sugar king's daughter how it seemed to come back to America after so many triumphant years abroad, and how an American husband compared with a French or an Italian husband, and many other impertinent questions all of which Mrs. Blake received with good humor and answered with verve. Mrs. Blake, however, had many friends in New York, gay, cosmopolitan friends she had met in Europe and she invited practically all of them to visit her in her new home.

Christopher Blake's attitude toward his wife's parties was one of indifference. He didn't seem to enjoy them nor did he disapprove. But the managers of his estate were disapproving enough. "Difficult as it must be you seem to spend more money at home than abroad," they complained.

A wild and ridiculous idea leaped into Christopher's head. "I wouldn't care very much if all the money went," he said.

They looked at him as if he were slightly insane and perhaps he was. "Why not?" they asked.

"Then I'd have to work," Christopher answered. "I'd have to get hold of something and in that way get hold of myself. I find it's almost impossible to work when you don't have to."

CHRISTOPHER was acting strangely in other ways. He liked to wander by himself in the garden. The little summer house had been torn down but on the spot where once it stood, screened by the quivering aspens, there was a bench and Christopher often sat there and gazed at the Harbor. When the house was filled with guests and laughter and music, Christopher was very likely to be out there in the garden. Claudia told him that Brooklyn seemed to have a perfectly deadening effect upon him. Christopher didn't tell Claudia that he was doing now exactly what he had done when, as a child, he had fled to the garden for refuge.

And he didn't tell her either that he was longing to see Mary Quin again, that night and day longing for her possessed him. Before his wife's return he had given a very unsatisfactory party to the Remsens and Mary Quin, at which Mary had sat silent and remote, but since Claudia's return, Mary had consistently refused to see him.

He had telephoned her and asked, "If I invite you to one of our incessant parties will you come?"

"No!"

"Not if I ask the Remsens, too?"

"No-o! Well, perhaps. If your wife invites us."

Christopher spoke to Claudia about it. "Will you ask the Remsens and Mary Quin to your dance next Wednesday?"

"Who are they?"

"Friends of mine."

"Yes, I know about the Remsens. But who's Mary Quin?"

"A girl I used to know as a child."

"An old flame?"

The question for some reason enraged him. "Don't be ridiculous, Claudia! I knew her ever so slightly and I've only seen her once or twice since we've grown up. Don't you care to invite her?"

"Of course I'll invite her! Anything to cheer you up. You are getting tiresome, Chris!"

So the Remsens and Mary Quin were invited. And they came.

Christopher tried to conceal the eagerness with which he awaited Mary, tried to evade Claudia's eyes, as he hovered around the entrance hall. And when Mary Quin

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If you have been experimenting with numberless creams and magical short cuts to beauty, resulting in discouragement and disappointment, turn now to the preparations that have been used for 30 years by famous beauties the world over. Especially if you are standing at the threshold of life, with the priceless heritage of youth still in your possession, safeguard it as your greatest treasure. Never barter your loveliness for the sake of cheap cosmetics. Let nothing touch your skin but the beauty aids which Madame Rubinstein says are scientifically correct for your particular needs . . . Begin with the famous

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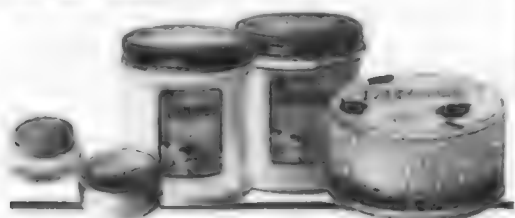


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arrived, at first he didn't know her. Always she had been dressed most simply in black. Now she blazed in a green gold dress with long wide skirts. Her slippers were gold. From her ears hung gold and crystal earrings.

AFTER Mary and the Remsens had met their hostess, after Mary had danced with Paul Remsen and two or three other men who clamored for introductions, Christopher managed to draw her out into the garden with him.

They walked down the path to the edge of the cliff where once the summer house had stood. The air was fragrant with spring. From the house came the wailing of violins.

Christopher looked at Mary in her golden dress which shimmered and glittered even in the semi-darkness.

"You're different tonight, Mary."

"Yes."

"You've changed too from that little girl of yesterday."

"Yes. I've changed. I wore this arrogant dress tonight because I wanted to feel arrogant."

"Why?"

She laughed and her laugh was hard. "Don't you know? Don't you know that Cinderella must be queen of the ball? No one else?"

"You're breaking my heart, Mary."

Suddenly she sobbed and suddenly Christopher did something that he didn't want to do, that he had no intention of doing. He seized her and held her close to him. "Mary, I love you!" he said.

She remained quiet within his arms, not fighting him, not yielding to him. When she spoke it was to say a little harshly. "You've found that out too late, haven't you?"

"How could I find it out before?" he demanded passionately. "I hadn't seen you since we were children."

"Let me go, Christopher!"

"I won't hurt you, Mary. I only want you to know I love you. I only want to see you now and then."

"It is like asking me to take one step into a swift river, Christopher."

"No!"

"You must see that it is impossible. And, besides, things don't happen so suddenly—not things like this."

"Are you sure?" he asked, and when she did not answer he repeated it, gazing close into her eyes. "Are you sure?"

With a struggle she freed herself and stood apart from him. "No, I'm not sure," she said in a very low and broken voice. Then more firmly. "Now I'm going. The clock has struck twelve, and I must go. Paul will take me home."

CHRISTOPHER had a note from Mary the next morning. She wrote, "Chris, late as it is, I have to get this off to you tonight. We were mad tonight. Both of us. If you do love me, please don't try to see me any more. It makes it so terribly, terribly hard for me. I think you'll understand. Yet I can't help but feel that some day we'll meet again and be able to meet honestly. Perhaps I only think that because I want so very much to think it."

And there was a postscript. "The golden dress is lying on the floor. Do you know some other Cinderella who needs a golden dress? I'm through with mine. It was an armor but it was an armor that failed me."

Much later that morning Claudia came down to breakfast.

"Those 'friends of yours' may be perfectly all right," Claudia said, "but they're rather rude, aren't they? They didn't even say good night to me."

"I saw Miss Remsen say good night to you."

"Oh, yes! But not the other one. What's her name?"

Christopher didn't think it necessary to name her.

"Well, don't ask me to ask them again," said Claudia.

Christopher fondled the note in the pocket of his jacket. "I shan't," he said grimly.

"And, Chris, I can't stick Brooklyn much longer. I'm going to sail two weeks from now. You know I promised the Bedfords to meet them in Antibes in July. And I'll have to be in Paris a few weeks getting some things."

Chris thought of Mary's urgent plea. "I'll sail with you, Claudia," he said.

Claudia didn't look altogether pleased at that. "Oh, you don't have to, you know," she said hastily. "I thought you said those people insisted that you economize. And you don't seem to mind Brooklyn what with the Remsens and your other friends."

"Economy be damned!" said Christopher. "I think the only decent thing for me to do is to—to leave Brooklyn."

THAT summer John Christopher Blake gave the newspapers their final fling at his escapades. "Blake Reported to Have Lost Two Million Francs at Deauville." "The John Christopher Blakes Most Lavish Hosts at Antibes." And then—"Mrs. John Christopher Blake Seeks Divorce from Young American Millionaire."

After that, silence. For, after that, John Christopher Blake was reported missing and the Blake fortune gone. Nobody was interested in an eccentric young millionaire when he had ceased to be a millionaire and remained but an eccentric.

IT WAS another spring on Brooklyn Heights and the waters of the Harbor were dazzling in the sunshine. Late in the afternoon a freighter docked at one of the piers far below the formidable line of mansions on the cliff above and still later a man disembarked and very slowly climbed the steep rise of Montague Street to the Heights above.

He stood for a while on the parapet that overlooks the Harbor and then he turned to the left and walked around to the doorway of the old Blake house.

A maid, instead of the former butler, opened the door.

"I wonder if your master will mind if I go out into the garden for a little while?" he asked. "I used to live in this house."

Christopher's smile was as engaging as ever and the maid smiled back at him. "There's no master here," she said, "but I'm sure my mistress would not mind."

Christopher walked down the path lined with precise rows of suave tulips to the edge of the cliff. The air was sweet with evening now and over the water was flung an opalescent veil in which the lights were caught like muffled gems. Christopher stood there and thought of many things and presently he felt himself trembling a little and he felt, a little, with shame, as if he wanted to cry. And then he turned and saw Mary Quin coming down the path.

"Is this—is this a miracle?" he stammered.

"No, not quite, Christopher," she said, and she came and stood close to him. "I bought the house. When I read about—about things abroad—I thought that some day you might come back to it. Oh, my dear, you have been so long coming. Where have you been?"

"All over the world, Mary."

"But now you're home, Christopher."

"Yes, home to work. These useless hands must be useful at last, Mary. There's very little left," he said somberly.

"There's work left and life and—perhaps there is love left," she said.

He dropped to his knees and clung to her. "Oh, Mary, if I'd known you were waiting here, I'd have climbed the hill like this, on my knees, to you."

She touched him lightly on the shoulder. "Silly darling! Get up! After all, I've been waiting for you all my life."



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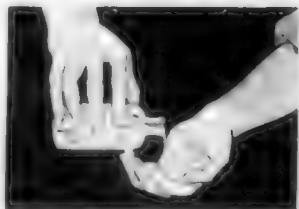
They are caused by germs in the mouth which get the upper hand when body resist-

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"Speedwriting? What's that?"

For answer the girl handed the big business man her note book.

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"Yes, surely. That's how I learned it so quickly. *Anyone* can learn Speedwriting. There are only a few easy rules. There are no hooks or curves; every 'character' you use is a letter you already know—one that *your hand*—no special training to make."

"Well, that's the most remarkable thing I ever heard of. I could use that myself at board-meetings and a dozen other places. You can write it rapidly too!"

"One boy I know who studied Speedwriting at his own home, took court testimony at the rate of 100 words a minute after 15 hours of study."

"Miss Baker, where can I get some literature on Speedwriting? I really believe I'll take it up myself!"

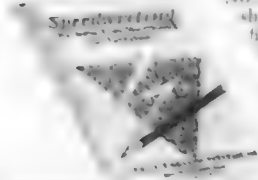
Two months later Mr. Chapman and all his stenographers were *Speedwriters*.

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So This Is Thanksgiving!

[Continued from page 29]

triumphantly. "I know how we can afford it."

"Yes," I said.

"We'll get an egg and raise our own turkey," she replied with the light of all the great discoverers since Leif Ericson in her eyes.

"There isn't much time," I suggested. "and besides, who would we get to sit on the egg?"

"We could rent a turkey to do that," she replied. "There must be lots of turkeys who just do nothing else."

"I don't remember having heard of any," I said.

She waved me aside with an annoyed gesture and walked into the living room where four large volumes had been deposited by the Telephone Book of the Month Club.

"What would it be under?" she asked, picking up "Manhattan and the Bronx."

"Try 'Turkeys—Maternal,'" I suggested.

She thumbed through the pages abstractedly.

"I tell you what," she said, seriously. "It really might be an awful lot cheaper to buy a live turkey."

"Cheaper than what?" I asked.

"Than a dead turkey," she replied.

"And how," I demanded, huskily, "would—?" And I made a significant gesture across my throat.

"You would," she replied.

There was a moment's silence.

"If it's much cheaper?" she pleaded.

"Well," I said but without much enthusiasm. "we'll see."

We saw. And three afternoons later I found myself, somewhat to my surprise and considerably to my embarrassment, riding up Park Avenue in a taxicab of which the other two occupants were my wife and a rather large, rather unpleasant, turkey.

I DON'T think that the turkey really meant to be unpleasant. He had probably never ridden very much in taxicabs and the whole thing must have got a little bit on his nerves, especially during the numerous traffic delays when strange people poked their heads into the cab and grinned at him. I know that it even began to irritate me a little and I have been riding in taxicabs all my life—that is, all my life until we began to economize.

"Take it easy, old boy," I suggested soothingly. "We're almost home now."

But that didn't seem to do much good and after a brief struggle, when I succeeded in getting his neck once more inside the cab, I tried other pacifying tactics.

"Ooo look!" I exclaimed. "See the big policemen. Big policemen arrest little turkey if little turkey doesn't behave."

That was a failure, too, so I attempted something a little more mature.

"The building on your right," I said impressively, "is one of the most costly apartment houses in New York City. It is a well known fact that the annual rent of a twelve-room apartment in that building is something over fifty thousand dollars. Is that not true, Mrs. Bradley?"

My wife nodded gravely.

"Indeed you are right, Mr. Bradley," she agreed, and at that moment we almost crashed through the front door of the Ambassador Hotel owing to an unexpected attempt on the part of the turkey to bite the ear off our driver, a Mr. Claude Lefkowitz.

"Hey, fer—" yelled Mr. Lefkowitz, grazing a truck, two limousines and a uniformed doorman before he could stop the car.

"Sorry," I apologized, smilingly nervous.

"The little fellow just wants to play."

"Yeah?" commented Mr. Lefkowitz, rubbing a mittened hand over a sore left ear. "Well, youse kin play somewheres else. I ain't runnin' no grocery wagon."

A crowd had begun to gather.

"Oh, now look," I urged. "We're almost home. You wouldn't want me to walk on Park Avenue with this—"

I became panic stricken at the thought. "Here," I gasped, offering him what I hoped was a one dollar bill.

"Well—" relented Mr. Lefkowitz, taking the five.

WE PROCEEDED amid cheers from the assembled populace, and fifteen minutes later we pulled up outside our apartment building. The doorman opened the door and stood unsmiling outside. I tried to be cheerful, remembering that our first economy had been the elimination of all tips.

"It's a turkey," I explained, with a slight beam.

"I see it is," he remarked.

"We aren't going to keep it long," added my wife, and at that the turkey suddenly pricked up its ears.

"Shh, dear," I cautioned. "We must be careful what we say in front of it."

"We're going to k-i-l-l it," spelled out my wife.

"For T-h-a-n-k-s-g-i-v-i-n-g," I added. The doorman remained doubtful.

"Well, I don't know," he said. "There's not supposed to be any pets—"

"But it isn't a pet," pleaded my wife. "Honestly—we hate the beast."

"Go wan, let 'em have it," said Mr. Lefkowitz. "You was young yourself wunst."

This unexpected and convincing argument carried the day and we entered the elevator—after paying Mr. Lefkowitz \$3.65 @ 15c the first ¼ mile and 5c each additional ¼ mile.

I won't say that the turkey was particularly well behaved in the elevator, either, especially as three people got on with us. But eventually we reached the fourth floor and with a sigh of relief I dropped the bird and sank into a chair. And our turkey, without a moment's hesitation, walked over to the window and jumped up on to the sill.

"Hey," I yelled—and pulled down the window just in time.

"Oh dear," said my wife. "He doesn't like it here."

"He's going to like it here," I announced, and taking off my coat I sat down and had a heart to heart talk with that turkey. I told him that I realized that things didn't look as well as they might, and that he was probably accustomed to much more elaborate furniture and many more rooms. "But," I said, "the place is clean—and I think that you will find my wife and myself congenial."

"The goldfish have been with us for three months," added my wife, "and we haven't had a single complaint."

I THEN went on to explain about our campaign for economy. "The food will be simple," I said, "but good. If you have been accustomed to rich pastries, foie gras and such, you won't find them here. Personally, I think a person's better off without them."

"I lost six pounds last month," put in my wife, without thinking. I took her aside.

"Darling," I rebuked. "The object of this turkey's stay with us is not exactly the reduction of his weight, please."

"Sorry," she murmured, and I returned to our visitor.

"The main thing is," I continued, "that

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I smiled encouragingly and held out my hand and the turkey promptly bit it. I started forward with a snarl.

"All right, you blankety-blankety—"

"Darling," cried my wife. "A little patience, please. It's only ten days—"

"I apologize," I said. "I must have forgotten myself."

"We all do," added my wife pacifyingly, and then, in a whispered aside, she said, "I think he's probably tired from the trip and everything. Don't you think that perhaps a little nap—" and she motioned towards the door. I took the hint, and we both tiptoed quietly out to the kitchen.

The turkey began his nap by knocking over the Venetian glass lamp which had been given us as a wedding present, and after that came the goldfish globe. Then we decided that perhaps the bird wasn't really as sleepy as we had imagined, so, after a brief but intense struggle, we tied him by one leg to the kitchen table and went in to pick up what was left of our furnishings.

SO THE experiment went on—and Thanksgiving approached. The turkey (which had come to be known as "Wallace") grew fatter—and no wonder. I'm not sure what turkeys eat on the farm, but Wallace certainly had the gourmandizing tastes of an old New Yorker who has spent most of his life in Paris.

"It's only two days now," encouraged my wife, "and think how happy we will make cousin Egbert and uncle Julius."

"And aunt Harriet," I added, unenthusiastically.

"And besides," she said, in a whisper. "Tomorrow you can—"

She glanced significantly at Wallace.

"Tomorrow?" I gasped. "Oh, now, dear—"

"Tomorrow," she repeated, firmly, and I saw that her mind was made up. Wallace was to have no reprieve.

All that night—and it was a long night—I pondered the question of how to kill Wallace. The thought of chopping off his head was singularly distasteful to me. I had never made a practice of chopping off heads, and I didn't want to begin. There was the danger that it might become a habit. Lots of men wouldn't be drunkards now if they hadn't taken their first drink—and pondering along those lines I more or less abandoned decapitation as a way out.

Hanging occurred to me and was finally rejected as old-fashioned. If nothing else, this execution was to be up-to-date. Park Avenue had its standards. That left electrocution, lethal gas and shooting. For a long time I weighed the relative merits of each, and then decided to ask advice.

My wife is a sound sleeper, but I finally aroused her.

"What do you think of electrocution?" I asked.

"Dandy," she replied rather non-committally and sank back on the pillow.

I saw that it was hopeless, so I returned to my own bed to work the problem out for myself. I must have dozed off at last, for when I awoke the sun was in my eyes. It was a lovely morning and I started to get out of bed with a song on my lips. Then I remembered—

It seemed such a beautiful day—not at all the kind of a day for what I had to do—and I suggested to my wife that we might postpone the execution until the morrow. She was adamant. She was worse than adamant. She was sarcastic.

"Of course, if you want me to do it—" she suggested.

I drew myself up proudly.

"The electrocution will take place promptly at eleven," I announced.

"Oh, goody," she cried and with that she ran to the telephone.

"What are you going to do?" I demanded.

"I'm just going to ask a few people up for it," she replied. "Just Janie and the Sanfords and Bert and Flora—"

"I'm not going to turn my apartment into a Roman holiday," I replied. "And besides, the telephone is disconnected on account of our not paying our bill."

"Oh, shoot," she said.

"That's just what I may have to do," I announced. "I have a feeling that electrocution is not the way."

MY FEELING was justified. Possibly my knowledge of electricity was at fault, or possibly Wallace was a non-conductor. At any rate, with one wire attached to Wallace's left foot and with the other around his neck, and with my wife behind a screen holding excitedly on to the tasseled cord of our one remaining lamp, I gave the signal—and nothing happened.

"Pull it again," I called.

"I think we've blown out a fuse," was her reply.

She was right—and I admit to having been somewhat relieved. I had almost begun to have a great deal of affection for Wallace. I wanted to call him "Wallie" and buy him a drink. He had been fairly decent about the whole thing. If only the day after tomorrow wasn't Thanksgiving.

"Well," said my wife cheerily, "I guess you'll have to shoot him."

"I suppose so," I agreed. "I wonder where I can borrow a gun."

"Billy Shepard ought to have one," she suggested. "His wife has had lunch with Cedric Whitely three times this week."

THE Billy Shepards lived in an apartment in Sutton Place and as it was noon, I found them asleep.

"Billy," I announced, as soon as he had got a crimson bathrobe and some slippers on, "I want to borrow a revolver."

I must have seemed a little excited, for he looked at me a moment rather sympathetically and then said, "Say, I'm sorry as the deuce, old man. Is he anybody I know?"

I shook my head.

"I want to kill something for Thanksgiving," I replied.

"Oh," he said. "For Thanksgiving. When is Thanksgiving, by the way?"

"Day after tomorrow," I replied.

"Say, I must remember that," he said. "Say, Margaret—" he called down the hall. "Next Wednesday is Thanksgiving."

There was no response.

"Thursday," I corrected.

"She's still asleep," he said. "Will you have a drink?"

"Well, if you don't mind," I replied. "I've been under quite a strain."

I had a drink. In fact, I had several. And under the warming influence of Billy's Scotch the whole story came out. I told him about our debts and about our economies.

"And you want to shoot a bill collector?" he interrupted. "Why, sure—wait, the revolver's right in my room."

He started up, but I held him back.

"It's for a turkey," I explained.

"What's his name?" he asked.

"Wallace," I replied.

"Gee, I don't know," he said doubtfully. "I had a brother named Wallace."

"Oh, it's just a name," I explained. "I'll call him Percy if you want."

"Maybe that would be better," agreed Billy, and he went out to get the revolver.

"Will ten bullets be enough?" he asked, handing me the gun.

"One will be enough," I replied, proudly.

Not afraid to smile



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We shook hands at the door and I started on my mission of death. The revolver bulged from my overcoat pocket and with a feeling of guilt I cautiously butted it to my hip. That was uncomfortable, so I tried the side pocket of my inside coat. My hands were perspiring and I was trembling. I had never carried a revolver before—and I never want to carry one again. I almost decided to turn back to Billy, and I was just about to rap on the door's window when the thought of my wife occurred to me.

"After all," I murmured, "I owe it to her."

My thoughts turned to Wallace, and once more I weakened. Poor bird, what had he done to deserve such an end? Perhaps if I just fired the ten bullets into the air my wife would think I had done everything possible and that Wallace had been spared by Providence for better things. Perhaps.

The cab slowed down and I prepared to alight. And then, across the street, I noticed a crowd of people gathered around a tree, looking up. My gaze followed theirs—

"Hey," I yelled, knocking on the window. "Stop. I want to go over there."

The cab swung around and delivered me on the edge of the crowd. I jumped out.

"See?" I called to a policeman who was slowly plodding down the tree. "That's my turkey."

It was my turkey. It was Wallace. It

was Percy. It was the cause of innumerable hardships and the fruit of thrift.

The policeman reached the ground and winked at the crowd.

"Yeah?" he remarked.

"It is, too," I cried and started forward to grab it. And then an unfortunate thing happened. Billy's revolver dropped out of my pocket on to the ground.

"Come here," ordered the policeman, grabbing me by the arm. "What are you doing with that gun?"

"Nothing," I replied. "I was just going to shoot this turkey."

The crowd roared with unbecoming laughter. The policeman tightened his grip on my arm.

"Hold this turkey some by here," he commanded, and when he had been obeyed he blew his whistle. And when he blew his whistle several other policemen appeared. And that was all there was to that.

Except that I am now out on two thousand dollars bail on account of breaking what is known in New York as the Sullivan act. I don't know who Mr. Sullivan is, but his act relates to the carrying of firearms without a permit, even for the purpose of shooting turkeys. The fine, I believe, is around one thousand dollars.

So, taking it all in all (and haven't I, though?), I am certainly through with thrift. And I really haven't much time for Thanksgiving.

Your Skin is Your Fortune

(Continued from page 89)

identifies and expect them to take care of themselves. Not long ago I met a girl whose make-up was a bit too extravagant. I asked her frankly why she used so much powder and rouge.

"But," she replied, "my pores are enlarged and my skin texture is rough and lines are forming. What else can I do?"

"Be brave," I advised. I told her a lot more, too, but "be brave" was what I meant.

IF YOUR skin is coarse, if it's beginning to sag a little, don't be ashamed to admit it to yourself. Get busy. Buy the best creams you can for the condition and pat that skin up and up and up—regularly, without fail. Use mild astringents frequently. Keep in a good humor. Yes, there's a lot of bad downward "pull" in facial muscles and skin in a long period of the "blues."

If you treat coarse skin or enlarged pores according to schedule right from the start, you won't have to cover up a lot of ugly discolored skin with excessive make-up all your life. Make-up, nowadays, is not on the principle of covering up your skin, anyway. It's much more transparent than it used to be, and based on the perfectly healthy idea of bringing out the best in your own natural skin.

We'll never be able to get away from the charm of lovely skin. Girls with fine normal skin—not too dry and not too oily—have an advantage. But the girl who really wants to be beautiful can be! First of all, see that you are healthy. Never cover up little blemishes or lines that should be attended to. Exercise enough to keep the blood lively, as it were, right out to the ends of your fingers and toes. If your skin breaks out go straight to your doctor and let him prescribe for you.

This is about as good a place as any for me to remind you that it is extremely dangerous to fuss around with every little pimple or blackhead that shows up on your face. If you are very gentle and use anti-

septic cotton and antiseptic lotions, it is possible to remove a blackhead by bathing it with warm water and pressing it out, then swabbing the spot carefully with an antiseptic. But don't keep dabbing at the spot. A blackhead is a more complicated affair than many people think. I've heard dozens of people say that it is just a little accumulation of dirt. It isn't exactly. It is often caused by dirt, true enough, but the blackhead itself is the accumulated oil from one of the tiny oil ducts that has become clogged. When the skin is sluggish, and especially when it isn't kept clean, the oil ducts may get stopped up. The oil remains, collected in one spot. Bacteria multiply in it. The oil turns black. That's what a blackhead is, and it's not so very nice, is it?

A lot of girls, I'm afraid, go only half way with their beauty care. The daytime half! Or the party half! They forget about that important third of their lives, the hours that are slept away. Sleep is a restorative. The skin, in the morning, should be as refreshed as the rest of the body. That is why it's so important to remove every speck of make-up before going to bed.

All day long our faces collect bacteria. If these bacteria are left undisturbed the chances are that eventually the complexion will be marred by some minor infection. It's not unusual for a minor infection to lead to a worse one. And that's not all. Even if the bacteria were not there at all the skin would suffer from loss of stimulation, from clogged pores, from a whole list of bad conditions caused by neglect of cleansing.

I'd like always to see the American girl a little better looking than any other girl in the world. She will have to guard her skin and keep it fresh and young. It will take patience, common sense and good humor. The scientists will help her. In a way the beauty experts are now doing for our beauty care what for all these years other experts have been doing with our diet—improving our habits.

Tip, Tip, Tip

[Continued from page 73]

a journey of an hour or two but make it twenty-five cents for a longer ride. If it is an over-night journey, never give less than twenty-five cents. Many people give fifty. If he has done extra service for you, such as sending telegrams, posting letters, or buying sandwiches at midnight at a way station, add a few small coins to his fee. It is customary to tip at the end of the journey but if you want him to dance attendance, give him a small fee in advance.

Tips in the dining room car run slightly higher than in the average restaurant for service is infinitely more difficult. For a meal of a dollar or less leave fifteen cents. If it is more than a dollar, leave twenty-five cents. For meals above \$2.50 the ten per cent tip may be applied safely. Tips should be paid at the end of each meal. The head dining car steward is not tipped on the average short run, but if on a journey of several days he has given you particular attention, it is customary to give him a dollar at the last meal.

Tips on ocean voyages are inevitable, nor should they be paid begrudgingly for nowhere else in the world do we get so much service for so little money. Steamship companies pay their stewards and stewardesses a scant minimum wage. On the tips of the passengers they serve depends their livelihood.

The type of ship on which you travel determines the size of your tip. On the great de luxe liners it is more than on the one class cabin ship and on tourist third it is less than either of these. The figures quoted here are for tips on the usual trans-Atlantic voyage. On the longer trans-Pacific journey tips would be much larger; to Bermuda or Havana much smaller. If you travel first class on a medium priced ship that takes from seven to ten days for the crossing, a blanket tip of \$5.00 should be paid to your cabin steward or stewardess and the same to your dining room steward. But if you have suffered mal de mer, with the stewardess in constant attendance, she must be much more generously compensated.

The minimum tip to the bath steward is \$1.50, or as the English say, a shilling a bath. The deck steward gets from \$1.50 to \$2.50, in addition to the rental for deck chair and steamer rug. But if he, like the stewardess has given you extra attention, has served many of your meals on deck, his tip should be doubled. If you have used the library or the smoking room a great deal, don't forget to tip the attendant in charge, anywhere from one to three dollars. Tips are given at the end of the voyage, directly to each steward.

In cities, the taxicab driver is tipped. He wants ten per cent of the fare and if the fare is only fifty cents he wants a dime, not a nickel, and if he handles your luggage, he wants to be paid for that too.

The long arm of the tip has spread even to the beauty parlor. Your favorite barber wants a tip, and not a stingy ten per cent one. For a dollar hair cut he wants fifteen cents and if the bill comes to two dollars he will not be pleased to see you next time unless you leave him twenty-five cents.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Do you feel embarrassed when you are in social gatherings? Are you at a loss, when traveling, because you don't know what to do or what to say? Or are there any problems of etiquette that weigh heavily on your mind? If there are, write to Miss Helen Hathaway for advice. Address her in care of SMART SET Magazine, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



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nation, there comes the flower fragrances of Cheramy's floral odeurs—touching your whole being with a delicate allure, inseparably associated with the sparkling vitality of the smart Parisienne.

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The Old Lady Reaches Broadway

(Continued from page 27)

He lifted his hat and disappeared into the agent's private office, followed by his companion.

Would she mind waiting? The old lady laughed. She would wait all night if necessary. She pinched herself as she walked back and took up her stand. Could it be really she? She, who had never played on Broadway, whom Tillson himself had asked to wait? Had asked if she minded waiting! What might it mean? What mightn't it mean? She trembled and clung to her market list. "Half a loaf of eggs, a dozen milks and a bottle of bread," she repeated resolutely.

IT WAS five o'clock that afternoon, when having gone through the ranks of leading men, leading women, second women, ingenues, and what not, Tillson finally asked for character women.

"It's a great part, but I have to have a certain type," he told the agent. "It will be a hard part to fill." Unfortunately he had forgotten all about the old lady. Not that he was to blame, with a new production on his mind. She had put in, on the whole, a comfortable day. By the time she was too tired to stand any longer, somebody had vacated a chair; and when the staving power of the crackers and milk was gone, and floor and walls began rather terribly to mingle, a handsome young man, who would have made a beautiful "Romeo," came back from luncheon at the "Lambs" and brought her a large chicken sandwich!

"Most all white meat. I did want to bring it home," she told father, "but he was watching. It beats all how kind people are, especially young men!"

At last the agent came to the door.

"Everything is filled," he announced, mopping his face. "If there should be any changes we will let you know."

The old lady looked up bewildered. She was sure she hadn't heard him. She got down off her chair, and hurried to the railing behind which he stood. With his damp face and untidy hair, he gave a rather curious impression of being at bay.

"No—no—" said the old lady. "Mr. Tillson wanted I should wait. He said so."

"You didn't see Mr. Tillson," said the harassed agent. "He doesn't want to see anybody else. The cast is full."

"I did see him. I did," insisted the old lady desperately. "He told me to wait; you ask him."

The door behind the agent was ajar. Through the crack she could see him, with the minion behind him gathering up papers and putting them into a brief case. They were getting ready to leave. If he would only turn around and see her! He must turn around! He did! The old lady's round frightened eyes sought his through the crack of the door, and suddenly he remembered.

"Oh, hello," he called. "Yes, I want to see you. Just a minute," he told the agent. "Ask that old lady to come in, will you?" The old lady scurried in and the door closed.

"You've been on the stage quite a while. I expect?" said Tillson, putting her into a large cushioned chair.

"Forty years," she told him. "But," she added—it was better that he should know the worst right off—"but I never played on Broadway. Mostly stock—father and me together. We could always get stock together. It isn't so easy if you play on Broadway."

"I'll say it isn't," agreed Tillson. "Now about this part. It's a great part, and I think it ought to suit you. As to salary—" the old lady opened her mouth—"it will

only carry a hundred and twenty-five dollars—" she shut it again—"We have to keep down expenses. It's a big cast. If you'll work for that—"

"Yes, oh, yes," said the old lady a little crazily. "I—I will."

"That's fine," said Tillson. "Please give your name and address to Tompkins, here—"

She gave them to Tompkins, who wrote them down in a little book, told her rehearsals would begin in a week, and she would be notified. Tillson shook hands with her and opened the door. "If I'd played on Broadway all my life, he couldn't have been nicer," she told father—and the old lady walked out on air, through golden halls, to an elevator set with precious stones, and took a silver chariot home.

"IT DON'T seem like it's me, yet," said the old lady, three weeks later, while she and father sat at dinner at the black walnut parlor table. "Rehearsing right here on Broadway! You wouldn't believe, Father, how different it is from stock. So—so stylish! Everything has kind of an air. All the young ladies fixed up like they were all ready to start off for church. Wearing their best dresses every day, and my, so polite!"

"None of 'em look any better than you. I'll be bound," declared father.

"Just a mite, maybe," admitted the old lady, "but you can't think how glad I am I fixed up that hat from Sioux City. Just in time, too. What with learning the part and rehearsing, and doing a little bit around the house, I'd never have got to it for land knows how long."

"It beats all," said father. He was still a bit dazed, although he always thought the old lady would make good if she ever got a chance. Now it had come, it put more life into him than all the doctors.

"I declare," he told the old lady. "I wouldn't wonder if I got me a part on Broadway too, before I'm through!"

"Of course you will," she agreed. "You got more color today than you had yesterday. I been telling Mr. Tillson if he ever gets a part like 'Uncle Tom'—"

"Seems likely Mr. Tillson's got more on his mind than old actors out of a job," he admonished her. "I don't want you should pester him—"

"Why I don't pester him," she said mildly. "He's come and talked to me of his own accord three or four times. I'm kind of worried though, Father. I don't know's I ought to be but I am. Sometimes I can hardly sleep for thinking about it. I—I wish he'd tell me if I play the part the way he wants I should—"

"He'd tell you fast enough if you didn't!" said father, the wise old trouper. Nevertheless there were bad moments.

"Don't think I'm not much obliged, Lord," she said in private conference the day before they opened. "I don't know as I can ever be obliged enough. But we're show folks, and You understand how it is with 'em. You'd prob'ly never have got me this part if You wasn't going to give me gumption enough to play it, but starting in right here—they call it 'opening cold'—it scares me. I might just as well tell You. I declare I get real riled. Here I been wanting to play on Broadway all my life, and now You've fixed it for me, I'm all of a shiver. No need, because You see if they don't like the way I do, and give me my notice, I'll still have two hundred and fifty dollars, and that's a sight of money. And I can always say I played on Broadway. But still, there it is! Could You please let me not be scared? Amen."

The crash of applause on the last curtain was the biggest yet. Tillson took five calls, and then they wouldn't go until he made a speech. From the box office to the lowliest scene shifter they said "Tillson's put over another wow!" and settled down to reap the harvest. The applause boomed on. Tillson called for the company, and sent them on again. And still in the mysterious region out in front they clamored. Tillson was frantic.

"Where the blazes is she?" he called, but nobody answered.

Finally the applause died out; the foot-lights went off; the house lights went on; and the audience went home. But the old lady knew nothing of all this. Even on young nerves and bodies, the theater takes a heavy toll. She was seventy, and she found a Broadway first night a heavy thing. In fact it had taken all her forty years of showmanship to go through with it at all.

AS THE last curtain fell, she gathered up the woolly white shawl that was to become her famous prop, and labored up the fifty steps to her cubby-hole dressing room, for the higher you mount in the theater, the lower down you dress. It was a long way, even for a person who looked only sixty-one. But the old lady toiled on, feeling her seventy years. She was nervous and tired and frightened, and she wanted to go home to father. She was so worn out she almost didn't care if she never played on Broadway again.

She panted up the last flight, and opened the door of her cubicle. The warmth of lights and the beloved reek of grease paint and powder rushed out to her. Whether in Sioux City or on Broadway, their magic was the same. She would have hugged them if she could. She sank down on the crazy chair.

"I'll rest me a mite, and then I'll take off my make-up," she said to herself. The floors below hummed with activity. Sudden warm bursts of song, friendly hails from room to room, reaction, prosperity. Then suddenly the voice of Tillson. It cut through the great weariness that wrapped the old lady, and she lifted her head.

"Where is she? Up another flight? Disgraceful!"

Disgraceful! She got tremblingly to her feet. Tillson thought she was disgraceful. Too old for Broadway. That was it. She ought to have known better. There was a knock on the door. The knob turned. Tillson, still in his make-up and last-act togs—Tillson, like a god, stood on her threshold!

"What was the matter?" she asked. "What was the matter?"

"Matter?" He laughed, and opened his arms.

"You—you said 'disgraceful'—"

"I'll say it again!" He came in and shut the door. He caught her and lifted her high; it made her quite dizzy. "Sticking you way off up here! It's enough to give you the heebie-geebies. Tompkins is an ass. I'll have you moved down next to me tomorrow and that will be that. Where in thunder were you?" he rattled on. The old lady couldn't get in a word. "Didn't you hear them calling for you? Don't you do such a trick again. I'll bet we'll be here two years! Take off your make-up and get dressed. I'm going to drive you home to father before I go to supper. Can't let you run wild, your first night on Broadway."

"I declare—how you talk—" stammered the old lady—"what ails you?"

"You're the hit of the show," Tillson told her enthusiastically. "You want to cut out the modesty stuff. It doesn't pay—not on Broadway."

Then he stooped down and kissed her Tillson—the great Tillson—Tillson himself!



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Women at Sea

(Continued from page 95)

the words spoken in the little sitting room at Heathfield that reminded her of old lace and lavender, and tapestry. "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

Probably she would be able to go through with it and make a good job of it. It might not seem so awful when one was up against it. The Head had said things never did. And it would be everything to know her mother would be settled and happy and could become a little day again.

The engagement was given out the following morning, and every one was charming about it, except Charles. As people had long ago given up expecting Charles to be charming about anything, and were grateful out of all proportion when he was even civil, nobody listened to him as he growled away in a corner.

"Why did no one consult me? It's a foolhardy affair. We know nothing about the young fellow. Picked him up at Monte Carlo. I know nothing about him. Rosie knows nothing about him. You are bringing it on yourself. This hurrying into anything is a mistake."

Jacko was all that a prospective husband should be. He was gentle, affectionate and generous. He gave Maris some expensive presents, and was polished in his attitude towards his future mother-in-law. Maris began to think that perhaps after all she was the luckiest girl in the world. She hadn't contemplated marrying any one with a foreign accent, and it still, occasionally, gave her a little shiver down her back. But she told herself she'd get over that.

THEY were married at St. Peter's Eton Square and Delia came up for the wedding.

Aunt Rosie was able to give the reception for her from Charles' town house, as Charles conveniently had an attack of influenza and knew nothing about it until he read the accounts in the papers, whereupon he sent his sister a little word to let him know.

"But I don't care," said Aunt Rosie. "One can do as much as that for one's own sister."

So Maris drove away amidst showers of paper horse-shoes and mock rose leaves, in the Isotta, to that halcyon life where every one, she supposed, lived happily ever after. She was not yet seventeen.

They went to Paris. It was all very amusing and very surprising, but she was terribly homesick and wanted her mother. Jacko teased her gently.

"You will not always want the old girl about. You wait and see. You will be content with only me."

She said quite firmly, "But mother's got to live with us always. Always." She very nearly said, "What else do you think I got married for?" but saved herself in time.

"Plenty of time to talk it over," said Jacko, lazily.

At Cannes the garden was already full of yellow mimosa. She would have enjoyed Cannes quite a lot, for she was settling down now to the oddness of it all, if it had not been for the extraordinary thing that happened.

Jacko came to her one day and asked her for some money.

"Money, why Jacko, what for?"

He stood smiling at her, those wonderful eyes of his lit with an expression she could not understand.

"To pay bills, my sweet."

She grew cold. Her lips were stiff with fright, and she could hardly speak. Terror knocked at her heart, terror and a dawning understanding.

"I haven't any money, Jacko."

"Your good mama gave me to understand

that you had lots and lots of money."

The look in his eyes deepened. She remembered then her mother's words about never letting him know he was poor. About how much more it was to a girl if her husband knew she was not quite dependent on him. She muttered, "I haven't any money. Mother did not want you to know—she thought I'd be happier."

Jacko threw back his head, suddenly, and laughed a queer, hard, excited laugh that frightened her.

"That's funny," he said. "That's very funny. You have no money. And I, I also have no money."

TERRIBLE days followed. Maris had no idea what she ought to do next. It only there was some one she could have gone to for advice. She looked round the Hotel. There was no one amongst the hard-faced women with their painted lips, and the men who looked at her so strangely. She could not write to her mother. Mrs. Templeton must never, never know. It would break her heart. A queer loyalty to Jacko kept her from confiding in Delia. After all she was married to him. She did not want to go blazoning it round the world that he was a fraud.

She took the brooch Aunt Rosie had given her as a wedding present, and her mother's necklace of real pearls, and sold them. This brought her fifty pounds. She gave it to Jacko.

"It will get us home. Let's go home, Jacko. You can get some sort of work. I'll help you. We'll manage all right."

"Well," he laughed. "You do not see that I have married you for this reason, my sweet, that I do not like work."

THEY returned to London. Jacko took a house in Jermyn Street. He started the Silver Firmament Night Club. There was dancing, and drinking, and baccarat all night long, in a hidden bar downstairs in one of the spacious cellars. They made five thousands pounds in the first six months. By dint of careful evasion, Maris kept the true state of affairs from her mother, who thought that the luxurious flat on the top floor, was all they had of the big house.

Jacko was running around with several other women. Sometimes Maris suspected they paid him to take them to dances. He certainly had some other means of income she knew nothing about. Of this she was certain. At times he spent money recklessly. Tidying up his dressing room one day, she came upon a packet of white powder lying at the back of one of his drawers, behind his handkerchiefs and collars.

She took it into the sitting room and put it on the mantel-shelf, meaning to find a bottle for it. But she forgot and there he found it when he returned, in one of his black moods.

"What in the name of heaven—" he began.

"Oh, sorry, Jacko. I meant to find a box or something. It was making such a mess in your room."

His eyes burned at her, red with rage. He hit her over the face.

"You little devil, you'd get me jailed, if this were found around. Suppose some one had come in! You keep your fingers off my belongings, see? I don't want you tidying around the room that is mine. Understand? You start meddling and I'll give a good dose of it to you."

She said, "Oh, hush—Please—mother—"

Mrs. Templeton came in, very elegant and frail in her black silks—like a Dresden China widow—"And now you two turtle doves, am I intruding?" she asked.

"No, darling. You've come in the nick.

of time to comfort me. I've just given my face such a knock on the mantel-shelf. Look how red it is."

Of all the tears that beset Maris, the worst one was that one day her mother would overhear Jacko in one of his black moods, or find him hating her. Or see him in one of those other moods that were even more terrifying, when he was vivacious, and excited, and drank too much, and sang terribly.

Meanwhile, in her bed sitting room at the other end of the flat, various tears had begun to dawn on Mrs. Templeton. With all her ability for thinking things were bound to come right in the end, it only one kept on pretending they were not wrong, he had up to date refrained from asking any questions. But at the back of her heart there lurked a dread that one day Maris would tell her Jacko was not kind.

What eventually happened was really much worse. They were raided by the police. A report of the whole proceedings appeared in the papers, with photographs. Mrs. Templeton had been in bed with a sharp attack of lumbago, and heard nothing of what had occurred, until she found a paper one afternoon, in the sitting room.

"Notorious Night Club Raided by the Police. License Suspended. Heavy Fine. Beautiful girl, niece of well known peer, is said to have acted as decoy. Pseudo Maris." Pictures of Maris! Pictures of Jacko!

Mrs. Templeton staggered to her feet. All the castles she had built in the air came tumbling round her feet. Her last stronghold was gone. From the beginning of her life to the end, she had been entirely wrong about everything she had done. She called in a broken, frightened voice, "Maris! Maris!"

LATER, sitting beside her mother on the bed Maris was saying, "It can't be helped, darling. Don't you worry. It's not nearly as bad as it sounds. Life is difficult. It's been too much for us both. Things don't turn out as we want, but we'll manage for all that. I've got lots of plans. We'll go somewhere together, France or Italy, and live very quietly. We'll find something we can do to make money. It's not your fault, darling. Stop crying at once. Let's laugh at it. Go on, laugh at once when I tell you."

"Maris, I brought it on you. It was my fault. And now the police court—"

"The magistrate was a perfect darling. Really, he was. Police courts aren't at all bad. He told me he had a daughter of seventeen, and he looked at me so kindly. There is still lots of fun in life, darling, and people are ripping, even in police courts."

"I ought to have had more sense. But oh, how easy to see that when it's too late. Of course, he's a brute to you. I've feared that for ages."

"He can't help it, Mother. I didn't mean to tell you, but it's something he takes. I believe it's cocaine, but I'm not sure. I wasn't going to say anything, but Mother, I think he sells it, and he really ought to be stopped, somehow."

Mrs. Templeton sat up suddenly, clutching at her throat.

"Oh, no, Maris, darling. Not that. Don't tell me that. Why, darling, it's impossible."

She fell back and lay quite still.

Maris got the doctor at once but he could not do anything. Mrs. Templeton's heart, he said, had been in a bad way for some time, and she must have had some sort of a shock.

Maris sat up with her all that night. Jacko was off on some private carouse and did not return at all. Towards dawn Mrs. Templeton opened her eyes and said, peevishly, "I've been cheated, and if you talk from now until tomorrow morning you won't persuade me any different."

Then she smiled suddenly, and said in her friendly cooing voice, "Why, Leonard," and

When an older friend speaks frankly



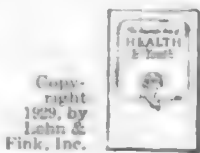
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stretched her hands towards the dawn. Maris looked round, almost expecting to see the little colonel, suddenly unfaded again, amongst the chimney pots of Jermyn Street.

JACKO returned half an hour later, very drunk. He was most unpleasant about the funeral expenses. That was the first time Maris saw him take a dose of the white powder. He slept without waking for thirty-six hours after it. Maris collected all the remains of her jewelry and personal effects, and sold them. So Mrs. Templeton was buried with a dignity suitable to the state of life to which she had always supposed herself to be called.

Maris had found things bearable while her mother was there to be shielded and looked after. Now they simply weren't. Nor was there any reason for her to stay there.

She wrote to Delia, telling her the whole story.

Delia was married to a man much older than herself, and they were stationed in Bareilly. She cabled at great length to Maris, telling her to come out as soon as ever she could. "We'll look after you," said Delia.

After the funeral, Maris had fifty pounds left out of the money raised by selling her things. It would take a hundred pounds to get her to Bareilly.

She remembered the fifty pounds she had given Jacko at Cannes. If he would give that back to her, she could manage. On the strength of it, she booked her passage.

But Jacko would not give her any money. He told her to go and make some for herself. Maris lay awake at night, dreaming of what she would do when she got away from him, back to the old, clean life that knew none of the horrors she had come up against since Jacko took her. Where people did not do things that landed them in the police courts. And the longing to be gone grew to madness. If Jacko would not give her the money, she would take it. It would not be stealing. He owed her fifty pounds.

The difficulty was to get it. He kept all he had in a safe in his own room, and never parted with the key. When he lay in one of his drunken stupors on his bed, she could see it sticking out below his belt.

JACKO came home one day in one of his black moods. He found her in the sitting room, adding up her pass book, in the vain hope of finding it more than when she last looked at it. She knew he had been drinking, and that something had gone amiss with him, for he was very cross. He told her to go out and get him some champagne. While she was putting on her hat, she heard him fumbling with the drawer where he kept the cocaine.

She ran out of the flat with no fixed idea in her head but to remain away until he fell asleep. He usually fell asleep after he had taken cocaine, and provided she kept out of his way until he was safely off, they avoided a scene.

She crouched outside the door, listening until all was quiet. She heard him fall on the bed, and then silence descended. Once he got up, and went back to his collar drawer again. Wild hopes crept into her heart. If he took an extra large dose he might fall deeply enough asleep to let her get the key.

She waited there half an hour. When she went in Jacko was lying on his back. He had torn off his collar and clothing lay scattered around in the usual untidy fashion he had. He breathed in a strange way she had not heard before, and she bent over him a little anxiously. He would be all right. If only he would sleep for thirty-six hours as he had done after Mrs. Templeton's death. That would give her a chance to get away.

He never stirred when she took the key. Fifty pounds, which was hers by rights she

removed from the safe, and did not take a penny more, though there must have been more than a thousand pounds there in notes. She locked the door of the flat and put the key in the letter box. She took the night train to Marseilles, and caught the S. S. Royalshire bound for Rangoon via Ceylon, where she could get the train to Bareilly.

She felt stunned and miserable, and spoke to no one on the voyage. She had no spirit left in her to make friends. When she discovered her attitude was put down to pride, she smiled wryly. Little they knew, she thought, as she watched them all—Jean Adair, Mrs. Duvesant and Fenella, and Miss Champneys—of how she had been humiliated until there was no spirit left in her.

An old passport, taken out in her maiden name in happy days when they had talked of going to Paris for shopping, enabled Maris to travel under her maiden name. She lay in her chair with closed eyes endeavoring to make a plan. She knew she could divorce Jacko several times over. That would be the only possible plan, although even now, she shrank from it. Delia would advise her.

At Suez the Royalshire was stopped by wireless. Captain Grace in answer to enquiries said, "Some one coming aboard. I've no idea who it is. A last minute passenger who has been held up somewhere."

MARIS was on deck when the Royalshire took Captain Belton off a private launch. Tall and fair, he was, with very blue eyes and broad shoulders, and a quick white smile. And she knew from the moment he set foot on the deck, that he was aware of her. Saw him watching her covertly, with the interest she felt for him, who so closely resembled her girlhood's ideal.

He spoke to her the next day. The decks were deserted after the ringing of the lunch-gong. She opened her eyes to find him standing beside her.

"May I sit down?"

She beckoned him to the chair next her own, with a little smile. Life suddenly looked a pleasant thing again. Was she to find a friend in her most desperate hour?

He spoke very quietly.

"Mrs. de Sansecourt, I have a most unpleasant task to perform. Probably you can guess what it is."

She stared at him. She was travelling as Miss Templeton. How did he know who she was? For all the breathless heat of the day, her hands went icy cold.

"I've been sent aboard to arrest you for the murder of your husband."

She said "Jacko! Dead! What rubbish! He was only asleep."

"He was found, locked in his flat in Jermyn Street. The safe had been tampered with, for the key was in the lock. He died of poisoning."

"I didn't do it," she said, dully. "I knew he had had too much. But he's done that before. I don't see why he died."

He rumbled his hair, looking at her with sympathy.

"If you only hadn't run away."

"I wouldn't have run away if I'd known he was going to die. I wouldn't have had to."

"I'm sorrier than I can say. But I've got to take you back from Colombo."

She said, "I didn't do it. I never even thought of doing it, though I rather wonder now why I didn't."

He looked away from her, steadily out to sea as he said, "Stand to your guns, and face it. Things will come out all right. I know you didn't do it. I knew, as soon as I saw you."

People were beginning to come up from lunch, and to pass, eyeing them with interest. Laura Champneys, the faded spinster who was going out as a hospital nurse, caught Captain Belton's last sentence, and looked back, wistfully envious.

Maris thought, with a swift smile, "My one flirtation!"

Ladies Prefer Blonds

[Continued from page 45]

he is enjoying the knowledge: revelling in life itself.

When Rudy Vallée speaks of his work, you see him change. The in-the-eyes-of-the-public young man disappears, and you meet a well-read, educated gentleman, who talks far too quickly, as he tells you about that Algerlike career of his.

I watched him, as he stood among his men, on the raised platform that is erected at one end of the dim room. He picked up his megaphone and commenced to sing. The women applauded with smiles. Silent applause, but the most effective kind. He sang on and on. To use a vaudeville term, "They ate it up!" He possesses the happy faculty of being able to make each member of his feminine audience actually imagine his songs are sung just for her. His movements on that little stage were easy, slow, fairly deliberate. At times, graceful. He played softly on a saxophone. He caressed a clarinet. He murmured into a microphone. And as he faced the cold metal disk, his eyes, his expression, his attitude was romantic.

I continued to analyze his attractions. Yes, his voice is important. To the elderly woman it brings the tones of the son she might have had, and to each impressionable girl it portrays the speech of her ideal man.

In this age of talking pictures, the man with the voice wins. But other men have romantic vocal chords. Other men. I looked once more at Vallée. I thought of Lindbergh and the Prince of Wales. He resembles both. But the Prince of Wales is too far away for the average girl, and there is something cold about Lindbergh.

It was several hours before the truth dawned upon me. The key to the secret.

Granted, his voice is the personification of romance, but that is not enough reason for his sweeping-this-country popularity. The root of it all probably begins with Valentino. There had to be a reaction from that craze. Lindbergh nearly caught the rebound. Still, no pun intended, he was not down-to-earth enough. But Vallée . . . Vallée means the modern Prince Charming. The fact that over a year ago he impulsively married Leona Cauchois McCoy, ex-wife of Frank McCoy, also heiress to the Cauchois coffee fortunes, and that subsequently the marriage was annulled, only enhances his attraction.

Vallée fits the young girl's fancy because he could be JUST ANY YOUNG MAN. There is something so plausible about him. There are millions of Vallées. All over the United States. In every village. In every city. He looks like anybody else, like scores of other boys. And—don't you see?—the average girl gazes at her best beau—the one who has been taking her out every Saturday night for the past six months—she stares at him, and suddenly realizes that he resembles Rudy Vallée. Maybe it is his nose, the nose that could be shorter. Or his eyes, the eyes that don't quite match. Or the unruly way his hair curls.

Vallée is reflected in nine-tenths of America's swains. Foreign sheiks and imported stars shake their heads at his popularity; renowned orchestra leaders sneer at his tiny band; musical favorites with powerful lungs wonder at his small voice.

They do not understand. He, himself, cannot see the reason. And it is quite obvious. When they say there is nothing extraordinary about his looks and mannerisms, his critics are correct, but their very criticisms reveal the secret of Vallée's success. Of course there is nothing extraordinary about him. He is just the most fascinating of all humans . . . A TYPICAL AMERICAN BOY!



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Ten-Minute DESSERTS

By Mabel Claire

Decorations by ANN BROCKMAN

MOST of the desserts I am giving you this month may be made very quickly, but I would like to give you a few others that every one wants to know how to make whether they try them often or not. They are for the times when you have a little extra time and want to go on a cooking spree, or add to the list of your cooking accomplishments.

So many of you business girls have written me to say that you are going to be married and have never taken an interest in cooking, and how you regret it. The words of one girl voices the sentiments of all of them. "I do so want to make a success of my home, and as far as cooking is concerned, I am an excellent stenographer."

So perhaps the rest of you would like to practice up against the time when you will wish you did know all about cooking. For whether you do your own cooking or have servants to do it for you, the knowledge you have of the art will make the management of your household easier.

I will give you the quick desserts first. Here they are.

Pears with Grenadine

Heat 2 cups of grenadine in a saucepan. Drain 1 can of pears. Cook the fruit 8 minutes until it is a rich red. Place the pears on a decorative dish, preferably of a contrasting color. A rich green or dull blue plate is effective. Pour the syrup around them. Serve the pears, hot or cold, either plain or with cream. They may be served with ice cream, one to each portion.

Angel Pudding

Soak 1 tablespoon of seedless raisins in 1 tablespoon of the liquid from maraschino cherries. Chop 4 maraschino cherries fine. Chop 1 slice of candied orange peel fine. Whip $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of heavy cream. Add the fruit to it. Cut angel food into small cubes. There should be 3 cups of it. Mix with the whipped cream. Heap on a decorative plate. Dress the top with maraschino cherries. Chill and serve. Candied mint leaves flanking the cherries add to the attractiveness of the dessert. This will serve 6 people.

Orange Compote

Peel and slice 1 orange for each portion you wish to serve. Arrange on dessert plates. Over each portion put 3 tablespoons honey and 1 tablespoon orange marmalade. Decorate the top with 1 tablespoon of preserved cherries.

Date Pudding

Chop or put through a food chopper, 1 cup of stoned dates, and 1 cup of walnut meats. Add 1 cup of powdered sugar and 2 well beaten eggs. Mix and add 5 tablespoons of flour and 1 teaspoon of baking powder. Spread $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick in a shallow pan. Bake in a moderate oven for 10 minutes. Cut into narrow strips 1 by 3 inches. Roll in powdered sugar. These may be eaten as cookies. If used for pudding they should be broken into pieces and mixed with sweetened, flavored whipped cream. Serve piled in sherbet glasses.

SMART
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Jumbles

Cream $\frac{3}{4}$ of a cup of butter with $\frac{1}{4}$ of a cup of powdered sugar. Beat 1 egg into this. Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of flour, alternately with 1 tablespoons of cream. Beat between each addition and add 1 teaspoon of baking powder. Flavor with vanilla. Drop in tablespoonful onto a buttered, floured baking sheet. Bake 10 minutes in a moderate oven. Watch them carefully as they burn easily. Frost the jumbles while hot with frosting made from 1 cup of confectioners' sugar blended with 4 tablespoons of cream. Flavor with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of vanilla. Chocolate jumbles are made by substituting $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of cocoa for $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of flour.

Brownies

Beat 1 egg light. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of cream. Sift into a bowl $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of cocoa with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of flour and 3 teaspoons baking powder. Beat the liquid into the dry ingredients. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of shelled broken pecan meats. Spread $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick in a shallow pan that has been buttered and floured. Bake in a moderate oven for 10 minutes. Dust with powdered sugar and cinnamon. Cut into squares, while warm.

Apple Compote

Heat 1 cup of water in a saucepan. Core 4 red apples. Slice them into rings. Drop the slices into the water which should be boiling. Cook 5 minutes. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar. Cook 2 minutes. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of orange marmalade and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of stoned dates. Cook 1 minute. Remove from the fire and add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of loganberry juice. Serve hot or cold with cream.

Loganberry Pudding

Put 1 can of loganberries in the top of a double boiler. Mix 2 tablespoons of cornstarch with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar. Add to the fruit. Stir well. Cook over hot water for 10 minutes until the juice is thick and transparent. Stir occasionally while cooking. Chill on the ice. Serve with cream. Any canned fruit may be used to make this dessert.

Frosted Angel Food

Beat the whites of 8 eggs until frothy. Add 1 teaspoon cream of tartar and continue beating until the whites are stiff. Gradually add $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups of sifted sugar, beating hard while adding it. Sift the flour 3 times. Measure 1 cup of it and fold it into the egg mixture a little at a time. Add 1 teaspoon of baking powder. Put into an ungreased tube cake pan. Bake 40 minutes in a moderate oven. Turn the cake pan up-side-down on a wire cake rack and let the cake cool in the pan.

Frosting

Sift 2 cups of confectioners' sugar into a bowl. Add 8 tablespoons of cream and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Stir well. Add the fol-

lowing ingredients after they have been chopped fine: 1 slice of candied pineapple, 1 slice of candied orange peel, 1 thin slice of citron. Stir into the frosting. Spread on the cake. Smooth the top with a knife dipped in milk. Decorate with candied cherries cut in thin slices, and water like slices of citron or green angelica cut to represent leaves.

Chocolate Cake

Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of butter. Add, slowly, beating between each addition, 1 cup of sugar. Add the yolks of 2 eggs. Beat hard. Sift together 1 cup of flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of cocoa, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons of baking powder. Add the sifted dry ingredients, alternately a little at a time with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of milk. Beat well between each addition. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Bake either in a loaf or in layers in an oven that is rather cool at first and gradually gains heat.

Frosting

Put $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of sugar into a saucepan. Add $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon cream of tartar and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of hot water. Stir until dissolved. Boil the syrup without stirring until it will spin a thread when dropped in a thin stream from a spoon. Beat the whites of 2 eggs until they are stiff and dry. Pour the syrup in a thin stream onto the egg whites, beating hard and constantly. Beat until the frosting is thick enough to spread on the cake. Frost the cake. Melt $\frac{1}{2}$ cake of bitter chocolate over hot water. Cover the frosting with a thin layer of chocolate.

Ambrosia Cake

Cream $\frac{1}{4}$ of a cup of butter. Add slowly, beating between each addition, 1 cup of sugar. Add the yolks of 2 eggs. Beat well. Sift together $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of flour and $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons of baking powder. Add the sifted dry ingredients to this mixture, alternately with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of milk. Beat well between each addition. Fold into this the stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Bake in a loaf or layer in a moderate oven.

Frosting

Beat 3 egg yolks until lemon colored. Add 3 tablespoons of cream and 1 tablespoon of orange juice. Stir this into two cups of sifted confectioners' sugar. Beat well and add 1 cupful of shredded cocoanut. Frost the cake. If the frosting needs smoothing use a knife dipped in milk. The cocoanut may be omitted. This cake makes an attractive one for a Halloween party. It might be decorated for the party with appropriate designs for the occasion done with melted chocolate put on with the tip of a spoon.



EDITOR'S NOTE:

Would you like a group of special Halloween recipes? They are suitable for any refreshment need, and they can easily be adapted to any autumn or early winter party. If you're interested, a stamped envelope will bring them to you. Simply address your request to Mabel Claire, in care of SMART SET Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, N. Y.

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SMART
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The Party

of

The Month

Hallowe'en

By Edward Longstreth

(Who will be glad to help you plan your parties. Address him in care of Smart Set)

Decorations
By
L. T. Holton



THE main idea in giving a Hallowe'en party is to offer the guests as much excitement as they can stand. Keep them moving, worry them, harry them, make them laugh and make them shriek. For after all, Hallowe'en is the night when ghosts walk and witches fly about.

Everything that pertains to autumn and witches is appropriate for the decorations.

But the main thing is the spirit of the occasion. Keep the lights dim; cover them with shades of orange paper. Try to give the place a spooky air.

For general excitement, there is nothing better for this occasion than an application of the tournament idea. This gives full scope to all the usual stunts and for novelties, and yet it affords an organized way to sum up the events and award a grand prize. Without a grand prize there can not be that spirit which puts the whoop in whoopee.

Each guest must have a score card with his or her name on it. Every time she wins an event she gets a score. She must try each and every event. The first try is the one scored. The highest total wins.

THE usual Hallowe'en events, which one expects as matter of course, thus take on some added significance and new things can be added to them. There may even be the usual apple hung by a string in a doorway. It hangs about on the level with the average mouth. Each player is given two minutes to bite this apple. If he succeeds, he scores 5 points.

The apple bobbing should take place in the kitchen where splashes will not hurt the floor. A large pan or tub about half full of water with an apple floating in it, is the equipment. One by one the boys must try to pin the apple against the bottom of the tub, bite it and bring it to the surface in their teeth. Hands must be clasped behind the back. Three minutes are allowed for this and the winner scores 8 points.

If an apple a day keeps the doctor away, Hallowe'en is the year's health resort. Oh, of course it's childish—but the best people do it!

Another good event which is novel, is to get a piece of compo board, or corrugated cardboard, or heavy wrapping paper, cut about 3x4 feet, and on this base to draw, or paste cutouts about 6 inches high, of a black cat, a ghost, an owl, a bat and a grinning pumpkin, repeating these themes if necessary but not crowding them together too closely. In the center is a witch.

Each player is then given four little bean bags about 4x6 inches, and made to stand four paces away from the chart. He tries to make a score by throwing the bags at the figures on the chart which is lying on the floor. If it touches two figures it scores half the sum of the two.

The cat counts 5; the ghost 4; the owl 3; the bat 2; and the pumpkin 1. But the witch is a curse and is a minus 5 from the score. A bean bag which touches any other figure or any other bag but also touches the witch, scores only a minus 5. Any bag not on the chart scores minus 1.



Waiting is Helping

(Continued from page 44)

lack of cowardice when any one so astonishingly nice had been dropped in Vine Haven.

Peter took Janey home after the dance. He had to, Eda's car having developed difficulties when very near her own house but over a mile from Janey's, and considerably more than that from the hotel that sheltered Peter. Janey found herself a bit awed by the sole company of a nationally feted young hero. What did one talk about when one couldn't talk successfully on his preferred subject? But he didn't seem anxious to introduce his own subject.

"Do you mind walking back the longer way by the sea?" he asked. "I've never been by the sea except in the kind of marble mausoleum that my former guardian keeps on Long Island, or else in camps in Maine, and this place rather gets me."

And after that, the companionable silence into which they fell as they passed along the respectably sleeping streets in the cool darkness, so sweet and fragrant after the stuffy brilliance of the country club, didn't seem to call for clever conversation. It's odd how few people there are with whom you can keep quiet and not feel that there is something wrong. Janey reflected, as they turned into her own street where grandfather's rambling old clapboard house nestled among its lilacs and rose bushes. But when Peter did speak, she wished most passionately that he hadn't.

"I don't think I ever met any one who was so exactly like her name," he said. And though it was dark in the shadow of the trees, she could tell by his voice that he was smiling. "Did you know it?" And to her boundless astonishment, Janey, who usually took life so calmly, felt sudden tears of helpless rage stinging her eyes.

"If you think you are telling me anything new, you aren't!" she answered. And prayed that he wouldn't notice the quiver in her voice.

IT WAS strange how completely a rather quiet young man and two not especially large airplanes could dominate a self-contained and self-respecting village. Time and again, even the earliest of risers were awakened by the droning overhead roar that was a more efficient alarm-clock than the fussiest of roosters.

The great stretch of hard-packed beach beyond the wharfs became a rendezvous for every one in the neighborhood that wanted a little excitement. And not just from the neighborhood, either, but from all the big shore resorts for miles around. There was something about take-offs—short take-offs—and loads and head winds that Peter was studying. Going up in particularly unfavorable weather formed an important part of his investigations. Landing in the water when it was rough, another.

But Janey never went to watch him. The mere sight of Florence or Sarah—for such were his private names for the planes otherwise designated with large numerals and letters—swooping low over the houses or, worse, fading out of sight over the water, brought her heart to her throat.

Every evening she found herself listening for the increasing roar that meant that the ship of the day was coming down—down—louder and louder . . . dying at last into peaceful silence. After a while there would be the sound of his footsteps ringing on the uneven sidewalk—for he never drove the two miles or so that separated the landing-field from the hotel.

Janey hadn't noticed that his way lay past her house until after the night he escorted her home, but apparently that was his route, and every evening after supper,

which was much earlier under grandmother's regime than the hotel's, she found herself involuntarily listening for the rapid footfalls which proclaimed the fact that nothing had gone wrong—so far.

She always welcomed the days when the skies were silent and empty, for on those days Peter was safely on the ground with the mechanics, engaged apparently in transferring portions of the vitals of Florence to Sarah and vice-versa, and whatever else might happen, they couldn't fall!

By the time he had been there two weeks all the girls but Janey had been up with him. Most of them admitted—privately, never to Peter!—that they didn't like it.

You could get him to take you up, the girls explained to Janey, if you were on the field either when he was finishing his morning's work, or beginning the afternoon's.

"You're a perfect it, Janey, to be such a grand cat!" argued Eda. "It's the only way we can have any fun with him at all except at the country club dances. The way he's snapped up by all the lion-hunters and millionaires for a hundred miles around is disgraceful!"

"I know it," agreed Janey miserably, "but I'd never live through it, Eda, and that's all!" Yet, even as she spoke, there was borne deep in Janey's heart the hitherto undreamed-of thought. "I wonder if I could?"

SHE couldn't go to the next Saturday night dance with the summer party, for a selectmen's meeting called grandfather out, and grandmother had not been well. The evening had been unwontedly still, for nothing had roared and swooped overhead since before four o'clock. Until then the roaring and swooping had got on Janey's nerves, for the plane of the moment had seemed to be doing nothing but going up—coming down; going up—coming down; over and over again until it had suddenly winged away into silence—a silence which Janey found most awfully unpleasant as the gray seashore twilight fell.

It was after nine o'clock when Janey, from the shadows of the vine-covered porch, heard the familiar crescendo roar. She hadn't realized how important a part of the evening's routine it had become until it ceased with the landing of Florence or Sarah and she found herself relaxing from a strain that she hadn't known was there. And as the time approached for the sound of footfalls in the distance, Janey suddenly remembered a letter that she ought to mail at the corner letter-box.

When she did hear the footsteps overtaking her on her way back there was something different about them—they were slower than usual, and heavy-sounding as though the spring had been taken out of them.

"Hello," he said, as he fell into step with her. "Why aren't you at the country club dancing with the crowd?"

"Why aren't you?" retorted Janey.

"Can't." And his voice sounded heavy too. "Every darned thing's gone wrong today that could go wrong. I've been over to Old Orchard to see if they'd go any better there—but they didn't. I've put in four hours extra on the chance that they might."

They were passing a street light, and Janey looked up at Peter in surprise. There were tired shadows under the dark eyes that were usually so clear and smiling, and he looked—well Janey called it frazzled when she herself looked that way after one of the days upon which the third grade had apparently banded together to do everything the wrong way around. And, airplane or third grade, the effect is probably much the same.

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"Come in," said Janey as she pushed open the gate. "And have you had supper?" she added practically.

"Didn't want any," replied Peter wearily, "and I'm too dirty." But he went in nevertheless.

"You sound," reproved Janey, "as though you thought the native huts didn't sport bathrooms—and anyway, there's the kitchen pump!"

Peter chose the pump. And Janey made sandwiches and lemonade with plenty of orange in it, and there was a fat black chocolate cake, freshly baked.

"I don't feel nearly such a dead loss," said Peter as he dropped down beside her on the big canvas porch swing. "Mind if I smoke?" The request so startled Janey that she nearly forgot to reply. Summer men expect you to give them one of yours—supposing you have them; and as for asking permission—"No," she managed to answer.

AFTER a while he explained that he had been having difficulty taking off and landing in short distances. There was an improvement that should hurry up the process—a life-and-death matter in forced landings—a device that ought to work, that must work, if you once got it figured out just right. But no matter how you slaved over it, thought you had it sure this time—it slipped up.

One needn't be up on matters aeronautical to understand that! And suddenly something made Janey think of Selectman Joram's Alice and her long division. You scolded Alice; you entreated her; you fairly prayed over her—for Selectman Joram was a trustee, and his opinion of your efficiency as a teacher depended on the dents you could make in Alice's gray matter. You kept her after school, and explained and explained till you were certain that she understood—till she actually worked one for you, right under your eyes—and the next morning, she had them all wrong as usual.

At the recollection, Janey laughed.

"I'm not unsympathetic, really," she giggled. "Anything but! But you see—And she told him about Alice. "And the point is," she finished, "Alice got it at last!"

Peter laughed then, though he hadn't even smiled before.

"I'll have to change Sarah's name to Alice," he said. "It was Sarah that was acting up so."

But when he rose to go, he had to spoil everything by saying, "Do you realize, Janey, that you're the only girl here who hasn't been up with me? Are you never coming?"

"I—I don't know," stammered Janey. And then and there she registered a vow that if he asked her—she would!

But Peter didn't ask her. In fact, for a week she hardly saw him. And then, one day he suddenly appeared in the doorway at noon.

"I've lost ten pounds this week, but Alice has her long division!" he announced, with a grin so infectious that grandmother invited him to dinner on the spot—though both she and grandfather wondered what this famous person could have to do with the teaching of arithmetic. And after dinner Peter performed an astonishingly successful piece of repair work on the radio, which was grandfather's special joy in life.

"You just loathe the poor Florence and Alice, don't you, Janey?" he asked, when he was ready to go. And Janey was honest. Why try to be anything else?

"It isn't just Florence and Alice," she answered. "It's all of them!" And she spent the long sweet August afternoon in her room having a headache—that kind of a headache. For it's hard to have to admit that you have allowed yourself to fall most foolishly in love with a man who is said to have reduced every girl he meets to a state of abject devotion and with whom you

can't hope to have even the least bit of a chance. For if you aren't dashing or daring, or sparkling, or boyish, as all girls are supposed to be these days, and if you can't simulate even the most lukewarm fondness for what is the breath of life to him—Well, she would at least go up with him. She would—she would—she would! No matter if it did kill her, vowed Janey as she reached for another handkerchief—if he asked her, which he seemed thoroughly disinclined to do.

HE FINALLY did ask her, however. He couldn't very well have helped himself, it must be admitted. Janey had given her own little party, as she always did at the end of the summer, an old-fashioned supper party of seven couples—the six girls from the "cottages" with their men of the moment—and Peter. After supper they cleared the big best parlor and danced to the music of the radio which went so oddly with the Windsor chairs and the banjo clock. And then, when midnight was rolling past and they were all cooling off in the dewy freshness of the moon-silvered garden, Eda had her inspiration.

"Can't you take us up now, Peter?" she asked. "Girls, just imagine going straight up into that moonlight!"

Janey felt her heart slipping from its proper moorings, down—down—into some bottomless chilly pit, as a chorus of delighted squeals drowned Peter's assent. Janey always had to close her eyes coming down in an elevator, and she supposed that the descent of a plane would be a more gruesome version of the same thing. But she had sworn to go.

"Are you coming with me this time, Janey?" asked Peter as the others made a rush upon the two cars standing before the house.

Janey raised her gray eyes to the dark ones above them. They were not smiling this time, and there was a queer look in them that she couldn't fathom, as though her answer were for some unaccountable reason a serious matter. Peter was doubtless not used to being treated in this fashion. She had sworn to go—but there is no use in swearing that you will be a sport when you just aren't one. If the mere thought of trying to be one makes you feel numb and sick all over, what will the reality do?

"Thought you wouldn't," said Peter in a peculiar tone, an "I-was-right" sort of tone—with something else in it too that defied analysis. And he turned and made his way out to the waiting car, while Janey crept forlornly to the shelter of the big canvas swing hidden among the wavering shadows of the vines.

SHE knew that she should go in and set the parlor to rights, and go to bed, not sit there in the darkness with that unbearable desolate ache in her heart. And it wasn't the prominence of Peter; it wasn't that he had talked with the President and kings and queens; it wasn't that he was, to quote Eda "too good-looking to be true," and had more money than that any one could possibly use—It was simply and solely that he was Peter; a Peter to whom no one could give anything, least of all Janey herself. If Peter were only a young farmer with his way to make and the mortgage to pay off, or a young doctor, or a young—anything in the world but what he was.

The distant roar of a rising plane at last. Up and up—closer and closer—right over the house. Was it Eda and Geoff first? Or Adela and Barry? She wouldn't look—she wouldn't!

Five times more. But Janey didn't look again. And finally the silence of the small hours settled over the sleeping village. The silence which should have been shattered by the roar of her own ascent with Peter remained unbroken and deep as she curled up miserably among the soft cushions of

the hammock. And next week he would be gone, and the autumn skies would be just—skies; empty deserts without Florence or Alice cavorting high in the sunshine, bringing one's heart to one's throat with fear for Peter; the evenings without that blessed moment when one might see him pass the house, erect and good to look at, tanned and fit and safe!

The footsteps were ringing now through the silence, bringing Janey's heart fluttering to her throat, as they always did. Very rapid they were this time. And they didn't pass. The gate was flung open with a force that caused its venerable hinges to creak a reproachful protest.

"You are!" was Peter's extraordinary greeting as he entered the shadow of the porch. "Janey." And his voice had a queer breathless sound, as though he had been running. "Janey, I can't wait any longer to know. Is it only planes that you don't like, or is it me?"

Janey looked up—very far up, for she was sitting and Peter was standing. Through a break in the vines a shaft of moonlight fell directly on Peter's face—and what she saw in it made every fairy-tale that she had ever read come suddenly, beautifully true.

"It isn't you, Peter," she answered softly. And as she felt Peter's arms around her, she found herself crying a little as people will when they are too happy.

"I'll do things so much better, Janey,"

said Peter when coherent speech was again possible, "when I know that you're waiting for me to come home. I've never had any one, you know—and nobody plays a lone game as well as he might. But now, with you to help me—"

"Help you, Peter?" repeated Janey in credulously.

"Of course!" answered Peter as though that were an entirely self-evident matter. "You don't want your wife poking into danger with you, with the same cut to her breeches, and a shorter cut to her hair. You want to know that she's safe for you to come back to, whatever happens to you. I didn't want you to come up tonight—I wanted to know that you were here, so that I could pretend that you were waiting for me to make things right if they went wrong, the way you did when I couldn't work out that take off."

"I've played that game every night since I first met you, Janey," he added, a little huskily. "I knew then that there could never be any one but you. It's much further to the hotel this way, but I could see you here through the vines, and I'd pretend that you were waiting for me—"

"I was, Peter—dear," said Janey simply, as she gazed undismayed down the vista of the years in which she was to know peace only with the sinking earthward of a homing plane, "and always will be."

Your Own Room

[Continued from page 74]

orchid or a deep violet, or any tone in between, they must all be tested carefully under artificial light.

Pale pink walls and orchid organdy curtains make a dainty room. Or you can introduce a third color—apple green. With that as a background for the chintz curtains, use a deep strong orchid for the trimming, of the same material as the bedspread. A soft purple tone for the rug will complete the room.

As you work out color combinations you will find that three different tones blend together even better than two, and you can introduce still others, either closely allied or full of contrast, for the accessories, here and there. One lovely room I know is bluish-green, yellow, and peach. But that is not all, for there is one small chair of deep purple that silhouettes charmingly against the green wall. One chair is soft rose red, both colors taken from the linen that is used for the overdraperies and the bedspread. This linen has a peach background and many tones of green, rose, cream, and purple in the pattern. Yellow glass curtains give the idea of sunlight and make the green walls seem less cold and formal. The same quality of yellow light is carried out by night for most of the lamp shades are yellow. The two on the dressing table are deep cream chiffon by day, but a yellow interlining gives a warmer light for evening.

The rug is a warm sand tone slightly darker than the French walnut furniture, and again helps to balance the room, and prevents the green wall from being coldly obtrusive. On the dressing table the accessories of silver and green are sparkling and bright, and the odd pieces of amethyst and rose glass give the necessary contrast.

Against the green wall over the beds are two lovely flower prints with pale lacquer yellow frames. Fine lines of color—green and peach—outline the picture inside the mat. You see it takes more than two colors to make a really interesting color scheme.

Suppose you're the type that likes red.

Then that is what you must have in your own room. But with great discretion, for large amounts of red are not easy to live with! Soft cool walls, a French gray, or a gray-green, one that is nearer gray than green, or even a pale gray-blue. Then use your red for the draperies, whether you select damask or satine or semi-glazed chintz. Use a rich red that has nice lights in it, one that does not tend to be orange. Use gray or green, depending on your wall color, for the bedspread with a cording of red. One chair, not too near the curtains, can repeat the color, but not necessarily the material. In a room as daring as this, you must be exceedingly careful with your accessories. Just anything won't do. Black and silver are best. A bit of ruby glass on the dressing table with the silver toilet accessories and possibly a black lacquer box.

The bedroom on page 74 has been built up around tones of yellow, green and red. The blended gray and yellow wallpaper gives a faintly designed background. The short linen curtains, so well selected for this room with dark maple furniture are bluish-green and cream with a taffeta ruffle on the edge of the clear green. To tie it all together there is a narrow piping of red between the linen and the ruffle. The gay chintz chairs combine all the color tones. The draped dressing table is the plain green taffeta, and just for complete contrast the little rush bottomed chair is bright red. Such a simple color scheme—and such a charming room!

The Directoire bedroom on page 74 is unusual. Ivory wallpaper with a red design, ivory taffeta curtains trimmed with cherry red ribbon. The striking note is the bedspread and the upholstery of the little bed, a famous old blue and ivory toile de Jouy.

All of these color schemes have been thought out with care, not just haphazard selecting of this or that because it was pretty. Plan your room and then work it out thoughtfully. If you cannot do it all at first, plan it anyway, and work toward a definite end. It's such real fun.



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Second Dreaming

(Continued from page 54)



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"Something like that. And I've never been so happy."

Carvl smiled at the implied compliment. She had been a long way from the circus with all of the year before who had won the Duke Wilson with the adoring eyes of youth dreaming for the first time only to have him break the engagement at the last moment of trouble.

Well," she said, "Dunc's not to get over his flinders' time. It comes to us all, and at last, doesn't it?"

"Maybe," agreed Slim with a backward look into his own past, "but there's no law compelling you to administer the bitter cup."

"No law, perhaps, but a certain quirk in human nature. You see, I couldn't hurt a man like you, Slim."

Slim Weston suddenly hardened with that ineffable righteousness of male standing up for male.

"Listen here, Carvl Hilton," he declared, "you needn't imply that Duke Wilson wasn't justified in breaking his engagement with you last year. I know it hurt. But don't try to play injured innocence after that raw deal you got mixed up in."

"Awfully raw, wasn't it?" said Carvl, her temper rising. "That's very appropriate from a man like you who's always been noted for wearing the lily-white ribbon."

"Oh, I know," said Slim. "I'm no tin god on wheels. And this isn't a sermon. Load a ten-ton truck with gin, if you want—and drive it from coast to coast. If you get away with it, I'll give you a cheer. But if you get caught, don't try to dodge the consequences. Be a good sport."

Carvl toiled with the long streamers on her magenta flower.

"Being a good sport," she said, "is a lot of collegiate nonsense. When it comes to a pinch, nobody's a good sport. Suppose you read Hume's ideas on human nature."

"Suppose," said Slim, "you go to the devil."

MUSIC from the next room called them, and they passed back through the French doors into the living room where black witches rode their brooms across the mantelpiece and ghost-eyed pumpkins glowed in the dim corners. All Saint's Eve! When the goblins, the elfs and the malicious sprites come out of their haunts.

Almost anything can happen on Hallowe'en—even a man like Dunc Taylor can fall in love. Dunc smarted under Carvl's rudeness, but he came back for more.

He cut in again and again and again. And each time Carvl gave him just enough encouragement to make him think the prize magically golden but heart-breakingly beyond reach.

You drive a man to madness, like that. He ends by dashing his brains out—figuratively, at least—or by composing a solemn ode to your faithfulness.

But Dunc Taylor was not the type to work off steam in sonnets. He clutched great, impotent fists, and dug the nails into his calloused palms while Carvl flitted from partner to partner with the cool, self-possessed beauty of a languid butterfly. Her cynical blue eyes were a challenge. And her lips, drooping in irony, were an impossible promise.

Klaxons squawked outside, presently. And ancient four-cylinder engines raced in an endeavor to warm up.

The Delta Psi Hallowe'en party was over. And Carvl Hilton found herself driving home beside Slim Weston, her alluring lips poised. She was smiling, Carvl.

Two brief, breathless weeks drifted by, somehow—weeks which for Carvl were

crammed with every conceivable sort of collegiate excitement. Dance music every night—the low, plaintive sobbing of soprano saxophones mingled with the crooning obbligato of the strings... Blues, wild and barbaric! Shadow waltzes soft as the breeze in a Spanish garden. Afternoon meant long drives through the autumn country-side. Every hour bubbled over.

Two breathless weeks!

Ashley beat Georgia.

"Boys, we've got a team! A team!"

And then for a terrible interval of two days, Ashley wondered. Tom Bradley, who had come back to stagger Georgia with his field goals and defensive punting, fell on the old ankle during practice. Out! Just like that! And a season's success again in the balance!

Then there came rumors from training quarters that this man Dunc Taylor looked pretty good. Only—oh, there was always a string attached somewhere—only the chances were that by Thanksgiving he'd be on probation for studies and ineligible! All of which was doubly maddening because Dunc wasn't the usual type of brainless beef. Why should a man who had made a consistent B minus average for three years fall down at the precise moment when Ashley needed him?

Why, indeed?

ONE night toward the end of these two weeks Dunc Taylor drove Carvl home from the Blue Moon. It was his only reward for having taken her there. She had spent the evening dancing with every one but Mr. Duncan Taylor.

"Carvl, listen," he pleaded, "won't you tell me where I stand? It's this uncertainty that's getting me down. I can't concentrate on anything. I can't study. I can't do a thing. If you'd come right out and give me the gate, I think I'd be better off. I'd at least have something to work on."

Carvl surveyed the anguished earnestness of his face.

"But Dunc," she said most innocently, "how can I tell you where you stand when I don't know myself? One day—" like a cat, playing with a mouse, she reached out to pounce upon him—"one day I like you a lot. And the next—" she allowed the mouse to start away—"the next I like somebody else."

His utter crestfallenness at this last remark showed her that she had let him escape too far. She hauled him back again.

"After all, Dunc, you've got to admit two weeks is a pretty short time for a girl to make up her mind."

And so it went on.

SLIM WESTON called on her, ten days before the Thanksgiving game with Rutland. And his usually genial face wore the look of a thundercloud. College men take their responsibilities pretty seriously at a time like that.

"Carvl Hilton," he demanded, "you've got to do something about Dunc. He's down in his work, and unless a miracle happens he goes on pro, next week."

Carvl pursed two thinly amused lips.

"And what would you have me do? Write his mathematical reports for him?"

"I'd have you give him the gate," said Slim promptly, "for his own good. Then he could settle down."

Carvl shook her head.

"But you, yourself have said Dunc's a nice boy. Why should I hand him the atmosphere?"

Slim ground his teeth. "Then accept him."

"But what if I don't want to marry

him? The chances are that I don't." "Accept him, anyway—break the engagement after the game."

"I see—for dear old Ashley."

Slim grinned his satisfaction at getting a point across.

Caryl smiled reflectively. "Well, I'll admit the scheme has elements of Machiavellian brilliance. And I've been thinking of pulling just such a stunt, all along. The only trouble is, I'm not ready for it yet. After I've tortured him for six months—yes. But not now. It takes time to disillusion a man properly."

Slim took a deep, nervous breath.

"Good Lord, Caryl, haven't you any college spirit?"

Caryl shook her blond, bobbed head.

"I'm afraid I haven't," she said quietly.

"I'm afraid all that died when they kicked me out a year ago."

Then she laughed suddenly.

"College spirit! It's a lot of mawkish, sentimental applesauce. I'm playing a lone hand, Slim Weston. And if you'd only be fair to yourself, you'd admit that you and Dunc Taylor and everybody else in this world plays a lone hand, too. Survival of the fittest, sonny. And don't let Tennessee kid you into thinking Darwin wasn't right. Eat or get eaten!"

And as she spoke, her eyes flashed with the cold brilliance of blue ice.

Slim watched her in silent disgust for a long second. Then he picked up his hat and coat, and strode out to his antique flivver. This girl was too much for him. And he left her, feeling baffled and beaten.

TWO more days passed and Ashley resigned itself to praying for an honorable tie with Rutland, on Thanksgiving. The sporting pages analyzed the two teams as being pretty evenly matched, with Ashley having a slight advantage, if—there was always that if—if Dunc Taylor played. Nobody in Rutland had booted the ellipsoid between the goal posts to convert a touchdown, this season. And there—precisely there—lay the thin margin between the two teams. Rutland possessed no punter. Ashley possessed a good one who might or might not play.

And for the second year in succession Caryl Hilton held the outcome of a football game in the hollow of her hand!

The following day, Dunc Taylor appeared at Caryl's rooming house.

It was one of those occasions when she thought it expedient to play her come hither game a little. So she smiled as he stood there, groping wordlessly to express himself. He got that way, always. Her presence overawed him, and made him tongue-tied.

She held out a golden bait.

"I have a date tonight, with John Tower for the Sig barn dance," she said. "but if you like, I'll break it, and you and I can go out to the Blue Moon."

She had the artistic grace not to add that Tower had just telephoned to say he was in the infirmary with an attack of grippe.

Dunc continued to survey her in silence for several moments. He was hatless, today, and unshaven. The usual sartorial elegance he mustered in her honor was lacking. His blue eyes burned from dark hollows.

Then, abruptly, he blurted it out.

"Caryl," he said, "I'm not going to see you for ten days. I'm going to put you out of my mind. From now until exams, I'm going to cram like the devil. I sat up most of last night, and I'll be up most of this. I'm going to pass everything, and I'm going to play on Thanksgiving!"

"Win your letter instead of your girl?" taunted Caryl.

The blue eyes smoldered.

"I don't care a hang about my letter, but I do about Ashley."

Dunc took a deep breath, and went on. "But after the Thanksgiving game, I'm coming back. And then—" You were in a moment conscious of the man's great force, of his towering strength, and his power for good or evil. "Then,"

he added passionately, "there'll be a showdown."

And there was something almost ominous in Dunc's manner as he turned on his heel and strode away.

Caryl stood there on the porch, the sharp November breeze whipping her short skirt

about her trim, pert knees. And for a long moment she watched him as he swung along, down the street.

He did not once look back. He walked with the sure stride of a man who knows what he is about.

SHE smiled to herself as she went back upstairs to her room. Well, it had been a good game, this cat's paw stuff. And if he had beaten her at it, it was, after all, part of the battle. When Thanksgiving was over, she'd have to tell him definitely that

she didn't want him. No more trilling. No more door-mat attitudes or willing slave business. The worm had showed its strength. The docile amoeba had emerged a giant.

He had escaped before she could sink her claws all the way into him.

And yet—yet you rather admired a man who had the strength to pull himself together!

In spite of herself, Caryl thrilled a bit at Dunc's action, even though the improved chances of Ashley's football team left her cold.

For a moment she seemed to sit alone on a lofty pinnacle which pushed its head up through the clouds and from whose solitary summit she surveyed the tiny world moving at her feet. College—football—the Thanksgiving game with Rutland which preempted the thoughts of three thousand mad, cheering students. What would it all matter in

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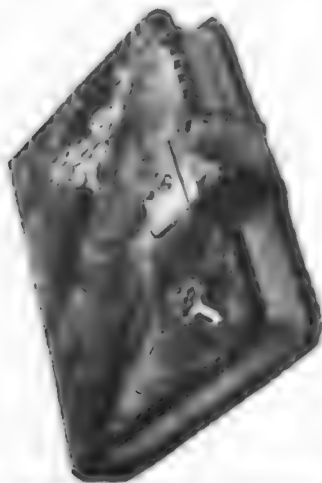
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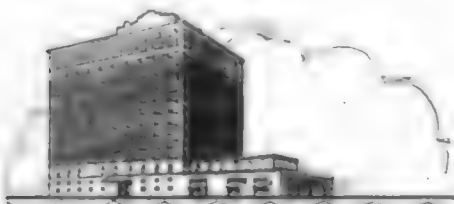
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a hundred thousand years from now?

Did anything matter when you viewed it over a course of time and through a flux of changing events? Eat, drink, pretend you're being merry. Tomorrow we die.

Love, perhaps? Did love matter?

She had a momentary twinge. Lilac time, two years ago—when she had had all her faith and her high, futile hopes. Our first dreams die hard. And as old memories swarmed over Carvl with their faint odor of orange blossoms and bittersweet intermingled, she wondered.

She took from her trunk her diary and surveyed the confession of her present faith, written there in the lonely hours of a summer night, a few months before.

"Once in the golden years, I dreamed
I shall not dream again.

For all there was in me to dream.

Dreamed then."

Dreamed then—and kept on dreaming. And she continued to wonder. Our first dreams die hard. For we build our first temples of heroic proportions. So heroic, that after the presiding deity flees, the altars remain. And empty, though they are, something in their very presence demands the old, votive garlands.

And yet—yet Dunc Taylor had had the courage to cease laying garlands on his own empty altar. For ten days, at least.

CARYL HILTON had not purchased a ticket for the Thanksgiving game. Partially because it meant nothing to her, anyway. And partially because there was always the chance that some love-ensnared swain might ask her to it.

Up until two days before Thanksgiving, however, no such love-befuddled youth had presented himself. Possibly because Ashley held Caryl Hilton temporarily in disgrace. Ashley remembered that for two successive years, she had apparently done her best for a Rutland victory.

Two days before the game, then, Caryl commenced to wonder whether she had adjudged her emotions correctly in refusing to attend.

And Thanksgiving morning, she managed to get a ticket. How, it didn't matter. But she accomplished the miracle.

Those who knew her had two explanations. (Nobody for a second imagined even faintly that college spirit had anything to do with it. And doubtless they were right.) Some said that she wanted to cheer Dunc on to victory—to make it appear that she had had something to do in getting him into the line-up.

And some—those who had known her from the year before—said that a certain announcement in the Ashley Times might have had something to do with it. Duke Wilson, hero of the year before had graciously condescended to act as head linesman.

AT ANY rate two o'clock of Thanksgiving afternoon found her somewhere in one of the top rows of the Ashley stadium.

And when the bands quieted down, when Rutland had given its tiger, and when the long locomotive of Ashley had died away, Carvl bent forward eagerly, her flushed and excited face cupped in her hands.

Duke Wilson made a little bow and a short speech which didn't carry. Ashley applauded. The teams tossed. Ashley won, and chose to receive.

Rutland made a characteristically bad kick, and Ashley rushed the ball back to the thirty-five yard line. A plunge through center for one yard. Time out. Somebody hurt.

Dunc Taylor hadn't started in the game. Ashley was saving him until the play demanded a punt. You saw him now on the side lines. He had got up and was glancing at the coach. No, he wasn't to go in

for Brown. Brown would be all right in a second. Just a little wind knocked out.

Dunc strolled up for a word or two with Duke Wilson. A photographer hurried up to get a picture of the two champions.

And then—nobody even in the first few rows could swear to just how it had started, but Dunc and Duke were fighting! The two huge football heroes were wading into each other with the pile-driving tactics of a couple of bowery sluggers.

It took a dozen men to pry them apart, and at last they dragged Dunc, kicking and clawing, into the dug-out.

The Ashley stands held their breath!

But the officials called for the game to go on. The two teams settled down again. Ashley rushed the ball to Rutland's twenty-five yard line. Rutland held three times. And it became the logical time and place for a try for a field goal!

"Dunc," cried the Ashley stands, "Put in Dunc!"

But no Dunc appeared.

Ashley made a final, futile lunge at the Rutland line. And it became Rutland's ball as they untangled the pile. First down, ten yards to go.

After that, rumors came in swiftly. No one knew, of course, for the scene had not been public. But somebody told somebody else that Prexy had sent Dunc back to the locker building. Dunc had provoked the fight, and could say nothing to defend himself.

Ashley made a touchdown, and there was no Dunc to kick. Brown failed to convert. Another touchdown by Rutland in the final minute. A long, terrible moment of gnawing uncertainty. And then an ecstatic sigh of relief. Rutland likewise failed to kick the ball true.

But then you didn't expect Rutland to make the try. And Ashley had gone deep into the family sock to bet on Dunc. Dunc could have converted! Dunc could have made the point which meant victory!

AND meantime a feminine figure was gestulating wildly at the door of the locker building. And Mike, the genial Irishman who rubbed out charley horses, was explaining earnestly.

"But bejabbers, ma'am, you can't come in here. It's where the men undress!"

And then a tall, blond young man wandered up to see what the argument was about. He stopped rather short, and he seemed to become tongue-tied.

"Dunc, tell me what on earth happened."

He hung his head. "Aw, nothin'."

But gradually, she wormed it out of him.

"It's this way, Carvl. I'd been thinking and thinking for a long time, and finally it came over me that the reason you'd never tell me where I stood was because you hadn't quite given up hope Duke wouldn't come back. You loved him a lot, I guess."

"A lot!" Caryl's face went pale. "I loved him as I thought I'd never be able to love another human being," she declared.

Dunc nodded. "Yeh, I know what it's like, loving like that. It's tough. So when I saw Duke here today, I stepped up to him, and suggested that he run up and see you." Dunc flushed. "He said something so nasty about you that I forgot the game, I forgot Ashley, I forgot everything. I waded in and socked him."

For a second Caryl stood there trembling. A world where you played a lone hand, was it—when a man made a sacrifice like this for you? Yes, Dunc Taylor knew what it was to love. And when you love, sacrifice is easy. She knew.

"Dunc," she said gently, "I did love Duke. I loved him with all my heart and soul, even after he broke the engagement, and all through this year, and everything. And although I tried to get him out of my mind by hurting some one else as he hurt me, I still kept on thinking of him and worship-

ing him. Our first dreams die hard, you know. We make a fetish of them. And we go on dreaming them after we know they're turned to ashes. But it's wrong. It's just romantic self-pity.

"And Dunc, you showed me the way out of my difficulty when you had courage enough to give up your first dreaming. It made me see that I'd be better off, giving up mine."

"And now, Dunc," she smiled at him with wistful blue eyes, "now I'm ready for my second dreaming."

He had her in his arms in a second.

And then the shouts of the returning players disturbed them. And Caryl saw the expression which crept into his face.

"Dunc," she said, "you'd give a lot to join them out there, next half, wouldn't you?"

The look in his eyes was all the answer she needed.

"Dunc," she said, "I didn't tell you all my story for fear it would make me out too ridiculous for you to love. But the night my car crashed I wasn't alone. Duke was with me. He said he had a package to deliver, and asked me to take him. The package was the gin, of course. Though when we set out I didn't know. Well, when I came to, Duke had slipped out of the wreckage, and left me there."

Dunc's great fists contracted, and under his breath he muttered, "The cur!"

Caryl smiled faintly.

"But I hated so much to give up my dreams that I invented an explanation. I said that naturally he didn't want to get mixed up in the scandal because it would cost him his degree. I said that his degree meant a lot to him, because he wanted to get a good job and marry me. And I really believed it at first. Then as time went on, I didn't have the courage to ad-

mit I'd made a mistake—just as you kept coming round to me when I treated you like dirt under my feet.

"Now—" and her smile brightened—"shall we tell all that to Prexy? Maybe he'll see your battle with Duke in a different light."

Two figures moved swiftly off to the president's box.

And the second half saw Dunc back in the line-up kicking the long field goal which gave Ashley the victory.

Sporting writers, the next day, commented on coach Flynn's sagacity in keeping back his star performer for the pinch. And they said that an erroneous report had got out during the game that Dunc had been sacked. They also carried the announcement that he was not going into professional football because marriage demanded a career with a future.

As for Duke Wilson's injuries, nobody seemed to know. But he boarded a New York train, that night, with two black eyes and his wrist in a sling. Duke's only explanation was, "Automobile accident." He did not add—"Of a year ago."

THE skies of Ashley glowed red with bonfires that night, but the hero of the occasion was absent.

In a parked coupe, somewhere out on a country road, Caryl was saying to him:

"Second dreaming is different from first. With first dreaming, you create an illusion but with second dreaming, reality is too overpowering."

"Let's forget big words," said Dunc. "Let's just look at each other."

So they stared in mutual wonderment, while the red flares gradually died. Ashley's holiday was coming to a close.

But for two young people, life's holiday was just commencing.

Do Women Get a Chance in Business?

[Continued from page 72]

enough to support herself and some other people and she could not afford to work for nothing as an experiment. So for nearly six years she took jobs as a secretary. She did not like the work, but it paid her well.

After six years, when she had saved a very small sum of money, she threw up her job and went to Europe as a free lance.

Things went well at once. Her explanation is that she was lucky. But other newspaper people say she proved she had a nose for news. And I say she has a remarkably good head on her shoulders.

Anyway, according to her own modest account, she ran into a number of important events and wrote about them. The newspapers bought the stories. Having thus proved at her own risk that she could do newspaper work she was given a regular job as foreign correspondent, but at a very small salary. She asked for more money though not as much as men were getting.

The newspaper asked, "Why should you get more money?" This question was so foolish that she made the most foolish reply that she could think of. She said, "Because I have luxurious tastes." They laughed and raised her pay.

After that she got her raises rapidly until she was making as much as a man. But she had to prove her ability step by step as she went along. And the point is that if she had been a man they would have taken some of it for granted. They would have given her a chance—they might even have thrust an opportunity into her hand.

Of course not every woman wants to do executive or creative work. There are many people in the world who prefer to have some one else take the responsibility. If you prefer to work that way, do it with a

clear conscience. It is not a duty to take charge of things.

Have you ever realized that if the woman who is the boss and the woman who takes the orders got the same pay—most people would prefer not to be the boss? I myself never have understood why the boss should get more than the subordinate, because to the good executive there is so much fun in running things that she ought to consider that fun part of her pay.

But if you are a woman who prefers to take command, to do creative thinking, to run things, remember that you will have to make your own opportunities. This doesn't mean that you have to be aggressive in manner.

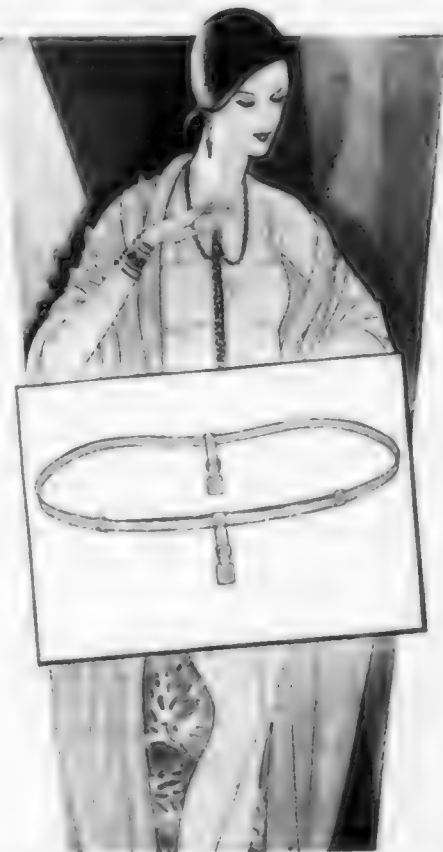
To the woman who is keeping house for a husband and children—the difficulties of doing anything additional are, to my mind, stupendous. She can't seek opportunities—she can't even take them when they come.

You can't invent a new dishwasher when the laundress is asking for blueing and you can't write a great novel, when the dumb-waiter bell is apt to break in on the first paragraph. So I have a special admiration for the women who do accomplish something while they are doing housework.

The stenographer to whom I am dictating this article spends her days at a busy secretarial job—does housework and cooking for herself and her son, and takes dictation like this after her regular hours. The amount of ability and energy she uses to accomplish all this would make her an important person if she were a man. And then no one would expect her to cook and do housework.

Oh, yes, it's a lot easier for a woman in business than it was twenty years ago—but we've a long way still to go.

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series of small dressing rooms. These are equipped with cosmetics and perfumes that would make the heart of any woman leap with joy. The perfumes are a kind most women hear about only at Christmas time. A bottle containing one ounce would be too expensive a gift for the average young man to make to his best girl. There are no strings to the quantities the guests can use.

I did part time secretarial work for Mrs. Blaketon. She is a woman of about fifty, but appears much younger, thanks to efforts of a corps of beauty specialists. She has the manners of a great woman of the world—a studied ensemble of poise, chic and cleverness. No woman I have ever worked for dresses as smartly. To see her in her perfect fitting clothes of exquisite taste you would call her beautiful. That's the way the world knows her—as a gorgeous lady.

My duties took me to her before she was out of bed in the morning. One glance was sufficient to show the difference a few cosmetics make. In spite of a nightgown of pale rose crepe de Chine trimmed with ochre lace, over which a dainty breakfast jacket of the same beautiful ochre lace is worn, she was anything but a thing of beauty.

She lay in a Louis XIV bed hung with rose velvet curtains and covered with rose satin quilts. Pillows of the finest handkerchief linen and rare lace were stacked behind her so that she might rest comfortably in a semi-sitting position. The bed stood on a dais in the centre of a room done in the French period style. At its foot was a four panel mirror screen. A rose velvet chaise longue in one corner was heaped with beautiful pillows of all sizes and shapes. Scattered about the room were lovely little tables and chairs in perfect harmony with the period scheme. A French dressing table with a looking-glass top contained toilet articles in solid gold with monograms of rubies.

IT WAS always on the dot of quarter to nine when I arrived. I could be there neither earlier than that nor later, but simply then. Mrs. Blaketon was a Tartar on punctuality. There were others in the room who had also reported for work on a strict schedule. Many attendants were fluttering about the bed. At the lower end a chiropodist was diligently at work. One of her personal maids was manicuring her nails, another swathing her face in cold and hot cloths alternately. In between bandages she would puff on a cigarette which she held in the fingers not engaged by the manicurist.

Meanwhile two other personal maids were at work in another manner. Momentarily one of them would appear from behind the mirrored screen and hold up silently for Madame's approval bits of the daintiest, most filmy lingerie a woman could lay eyes on. Madame would nod yes or no, meaning that this or that particular article was to be included in the things she would wear that day! There was no spoken word. First one maid and then the other would step from behind the mirror screen, now offering for inspection a step-in of the sheerest georgette crepe and again a chemise of ecru lace of sheerest texture to go under a wisp of an evening gown. The maids never erred in interpreting the meaning of their mistress' nods. They didn't dare.

It was a dressing ritual such as I had never seen before. While it was going on I would sit at one side of the bed and take dictation from her. She had much correspondence. There were many invitations to accept and regret. There were instructions to be sent to various servants, and reports to be written up regarding different charities.

My adieu as visiting secretary to Mrs. Blaketon came about in explosive fashion. One morning when she was especially flustered with the many-sided activities taking place at the same moment, I failed to understand a certain word. At the end of the dictation I asked her what it was. A

storm of cyclonic dimensions at once broke loose. It hit nobody but me. And it hit me a terrible smack.

"You little fool," the human typhoon raged. "Are you deaf? Are you dumb? Do you understand English? No wonder you have to work for a living. Idiot! Imbecile!"

She was so genuine in her estimate of me, so emphatic, that any one to hear her including myself would have believed she was right. The others looked pityingly at me.

There was a small black onyx and bronze ash tray, with figures of little nude ladies in bronze, on a bedside table next to Madame. When her stock of verbal epithets had been exhausted she reached for it. I saw her slim yellow arms shoot out toward it.

Something told me that the next phase of the tempest would be a shower of missiles, beginning with black onyx and bronze ash tray. Not knowing the habits of black onyx ash trays in flight, I thought it better to seek cover. I ducked. It was wasted energy. The black onyx ash tray did not come in my direction. Instead it went straight for the mirror screen. When black onyx meets glass, there's no contest. One panel of the screen broke into a thousand pieces. It may have been more than a thousand pieces. I didn't stop to count. In the momentary cessation of the hurricane I fled. I never stopped until I reached the street. And I never went back to Mrs. Blaketon again.

DIFFERENT women of great wealth have their own ceremonials for selecting the gowns they are to wear each day. I once worked for a woman who is the wife of a great international banker. In her closets and cupboards were more clothes than most women have during a lifetime. Each morning her maid would go to her boudoir with a large book containing water color illustrations of every article of apparel in her wardrobe. With each new purchase, the book was kept up to date by an artist.

As the maid turned the pages, her mistress would designate the articles which were to be taken from the wardrobes and laid out for the day. Morning raiment, sport clothes, afternoon gowns, evening dresses, and wonderful gowns for the Opera—everything from the skin out including the harmonizing pieces of jewelry and all accessories, cigarette cases, and lip sticks was picked from the illustrations.

That was the last thought she would give to the matter until the next morning. As she redressed from time to time during the day to keep her various social engagements, the gowns, lingerie and jewels previously chosen were in readiness for her to step into them. A staff of three secretaries and many personal maids saw to that.

There is no standardization of the number of times a society woman of immense wealth may change her dress in the course of a day. It depends largely on her engagements and her own whims. I have known a few who don't make dressing much more of an event in their lives than does the average woman. A sport frock often carries them through the day until time to change into evening dress, and they are perfectly content. Not so the two I have described in some detail. They changed four, five and six times a day. Each time the change was complete from lingerie out. As quickly as each set of lingerie was removed it was sent to the laundry. The other articles were gone over to see if they required attention. If they did, they went to the cleaner. If they did not, they were restored to the closets, after the maid had gone over them thoroughly.

The next installment will deal with my experiences as a social secretary to a man of great wealth, showing that masculine idiosyncracies are just as numerous as those of the fabulously rich society woman's. It is infinitely more difficult and exciting to work for a man of great wealth for it requires more tact than working for a woman.

Smart Styles for Small Incomes

(Continued from page 67)

One excellent New York shop I saw some charming sleeveless cotton blouses with a delightful ruffled frill down the front retailing for the unbelievable price of two dollars. Jersey will also be very smart and, being a wool fabric, naturally much warmer.

With all the emphasis on sports clothes, shoes will have to stay simple to be in character. The reptile leathers are still smart but the extreme color vogue seems to be quieting down a little.

FINALLY, let's consider underwear. If you are one of those girls who just can't stand lacy underwear and just must be tailored, there's nothing much to be done about you. You can still wear your plain little brassieres and scanties. But if you crave femininity in lingerie, this winter ought to break your bank roll without any sort of a struggle. Never have I seen sweeter models than the lingerie counters are currently sporting. Naturally their lines have



Velvet ribbon—which is drawn through felt and ends in a flaring point—gives smartness to this close fitting black hat

Courtesy of Gage Bros.

all gone princess to conform with the princess dresses—for goodness knows we can't have bunches of underwear clustered about our hips and waists, no matter how frilly—but the use of dark lace, of cunning pleats and inserts is enough to drive a girl who has to count pennies mad.

The sum of all this is that it's a lovely and very new mode this winter. It takes careful planning and careful buying to get the most out of it. It will be refreshing in that we will all appear like changed characters compared to our last November appearance.

Next month I will talk to you about fur coats, Christmas costumes and things of that character. For this month, let's just remember that it is always wisest, no matter how much or how little we have to spend, to assemble one costume at a time. Suit, hat, blouse, shoes, bag, gloves and accessories. Get a complete outfit of them all matching each other in shade, design or feeling. If you will proceed this way, you can't go wrong.

They gave me the "ha-ha" when I offered to play ... but I was the life of the party after that



THE first day of Dorothy's house party at the shore had been a huge success. After swimming, boating and golfing all enjoyed the wonderful dinner that followed.

"Well, folks," said Bill, as we left the table. "I'm all set for a good dance."

"Fine," cried Dorothy, "Dick has his banjo, now who'll play the piano?"

All looked at one another foolishly.

"Jim, you play, don't you?" asked Dot.

"Yes, I'll play 'Far, Far Away,'" laughed Jim.

"Well then, Mabel, will you help us out?"

"Honestly, Dot, I can't play a note."

It certainly looked like a flat party.

Then I Offered to Play

"If you folks can stand it," I offered shyly, "I'll play for you."

The crowd instantly burst out laughing.

"You may be able to play football, Jack, but you can't tackle a piano."

"I've never heard you play a note and I've known you all your life," cut in another.

I strode to the piano, chuckling to myself as I thought of the surprise in store for them.

They thought I was about to make a fool of myself.

Then—I struck the first snappy chords of that foot-loosing fox-trot "St. Louis Blues" and Dick, dumbfounded, picked up the rhythm and strummed away like mad on his banjo.

The crowd was all dancing in a jiffy—with rests few and far between.

After a good round of dancing I decided to give them some real music and began a beautiful Indian love lyric.

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Finger Control
Piano Accordion
Italian and German
Accordion
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5-String or Tenor)

The couples were now sitting quietly, entranced by that plaintive melody.

No sooner had the last soft notes died away than I was surrounded by my astonished friends.

"How wonderful, Jack! Why haven't you played for us before?"

"Why have you kept it a secret all these years when you might have been playing for us?"

"Who was your teacher?"

I Reveal My Secret

Then I explained how I had made up my mind to go in for

something besides sports. I wanted to play—to entertain others. But when I thought of the great expense and long study and practice required, I hesitated.

Then one day I saw an announcement in a magazine of a new, quick and simple way to learn music at home, without a teacher.

I was a little skeptical but I sent for the free demonstration lesson. The moment I saw it I was convinced and sent for the complete course.

When the lessons arrived I gave a few minutes of my spare time each day. And what fun it was. No monotonous scales—no tedious exercises—no tricky methods—just a simple, common-sense system. And I was playing my favorite numbers almost from the start.

Anyone can learn to play this easy, no-teacher way—right at home—the piano, or any other instrument. Over half a million people have learned to play by this method in less than half the time of old-fashioned methods. And the cost averages only a few cents a day.

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The Loyal Lover

[Continued from page 79]



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to be as she told it. Mildred, loving unselfishly the man held in bondage, felt such a warped viewpoint incredible, but she was forced to accept the fact that it was convincingly Lola's.

"Then," Lola's voice went on more bitterly, "I saw what life really was. It was my gentleness and trustingness that had made life what it was for me. I have tried to be less trusting—even less merciful. No one has ever given me mercy."

"Not Hugh? Not your daughter?" Mildred wanted to cry. But she kept silence.

"Not that I can ever make myself really hard," went on Lola's self-pitying voice. "When my second husband died I grieved for him. When Lewis died, too, three years later, I was even sorry about that. And then I met Hugh. And I learned that I had never loved any one before."

Mildred tensed herself to stand this without wincing. She was glad of the dusk. "This time I'd learned my lesson," Lola said, an unconscious fierceness leaping to the surface of her voice. "I knew people would try to set Hugh against me. But I forestalled them."

"How?" asked Mildred, curiously excited. "I gave him," Lola said slowly, with satisfaction, "a reason for love and loyalty that I knew would hold, if anything could." "What reason?" Mildred demanded. Her heart raced. If Lola would only give her the key—

But Lola would not.

"Never mind. He loves me as much as if—as much as—more than anything in the world. He worships me, and Billy loves me you've seen how much. I've learned to make even Billy see things as I want her to: as she must. If I'd told Billy things about myself as most women would, my enemies would have wrestled them into a lie. She has Lewis's Puritan ideas, poor child. But if you went to her this minute and told her that I left Lewis for another man she would laugh at you. She's been told it a dozen times. She doesn't believe it because I've told her it wasn't true. It's my proof of her love."

Mildred, on her side, wondered how much more of this she was going to have to stand. "I must go now," she said abruptly. She did not wait for Lola's answer, nor to call to Ranulf. She had suffered all she could; she had only a blind impulse to flee.

She hardly knew how she got home; she must have run along the trail, alone, in the dusk, not knowing where she went or what she did.

MUCH later Ranulf tapped at her door, and asked her in a concerned voice what had happened. She told him she had had a headache.

She undressed, but that was as near as she came to sleeping. Finally, after hours of lying awake, she gave up trying. Perhaps exercise would quiet her. She put on a bathing suit with a thick coat over it, and stole down to the canoes.

It was a wonderful night. All black and silver, with a high, round, shining moon. The world had a look of being private, relaxed. You could let go; you could stop being brave. The rest were selfish and careless and primitive, snatching for their own,—why not she?

No. It was too late. She had been this kind of a person too long. Not even now, not even here, alone in the heathen moonlight. She must hold on whether she would or not, as Hugh was holding on, yes, as poor little Billy was holding on—

She had been paddling slowly and idly, but suddenly she sat upright, as if she had heard a command. She began to paddle

fiercely, straight ahead, as if she were racing with something. Harder, harder, as if there were something she must reach and overtake for some important reason. She hurried round a bend, and then a gust of wind, rising suddenly, swept her along. She slowed down then, smiling at herself, even, for her own wild haste. And then she saw that all she had gained was to lose solitude, for another canoe was on the water.

Her first feeling was half annoyance, as of one intruded on. Her next was surprised recognition.

And then she saw Billy, who could not swim, deliberately stand up in the canoe, deliberately overbalance herself, deliberately drop over the side. It was no accident, no trick: Billy was trying to drown herself.

After the first moment of horrified incredulity, Mildred thrust her own canoe close to the place where Billy had gone under. She dropped her coat and shoes, laid her paddles in the bottom, slid herself into the cold water and waited for Billy to come to the surface again. When she did, Mildred grabbed her by the shoulders. She tried to struggle but Mildred struck her hard enough to stun her and finally deposited Billy's limp figure on the shore.

By the time the girl came to Mildred had fastened Billy's canoe behind her own and was steering back toward Hollidays.

"Where are you going?" Billy demanded.

"To Mac's cabin. It's quite near, and I can get you a dry bathing suit and coat to go home in. There won't be anybody there, and it will be warm. You'll freeze if you try to walk all the way back—or even paddle home in those wet clothes."

Billy said nothing more.

Mildred spoke presently.

"What made you do it, Billy?"

"You know," said Billy drearily. "You heard Lola. She boasted that she'd lied to me. She traded on my loving her," said Billy in that dreadful crushed little voice.

"You've been the most wonderful daughter I ever heard of," Mildred told her, trying to say something that would comfort her. Billy began to pour out a nervous flood of words, as if she had never talked before and must say everything now.

"I thought she had to fool other people, because everybody's so hard on her. But she always said I was the one person in the world she could be honest with. She could trust me, she said. She didn't trust me. She didn't play fair."

"Billy, don't take it so hard!"

"I never saw her, you know, till grandmother died. But I used to steal the letters she wrote grandmother and read them. They were my fairy tales, the only romantic, exciting thing I had; grandmother Bartine wasn't unkind to me as Lola says she was to her, but she was poor, and she couldn't give me any pleasures like other girls."

"Then I went to Lola, and she was as lovely and fascinating as I'd dreamed, and I could help take care of her. If you're my kind you have to love something awfully, and I gave all I had to Lola. I thought she was wonderful, and that everybody said catty things about her because they were jealous. I was all there was between her and a lot of hateful people. Even when she'd go to pieces and take it out on me I thought it was because her nerves had been smashed. And now—I heard her... well, there isn't my Lola. I've done everything since I was eleven years old for something that never was there."

There was nothing much to say. Mildred was surprised to find that she was not glad that Billy had found Lola out.

They finally reached the cabin. Mildred found a dry bathing suit of Mac's for Billy, and put her under blankets on the nearest bunk. She was shivering still. Mildred got into another bathing suit herself and touched off the kindlings in the wood stove. Then she put water to heat for hot cocoa. She was bending down to pick up the lump of mottled green stuff which was Billy's wet trock, when the door opened softly. Billy sat up, her sandy hair ruffled all over her round head, clutching her blanket around her in fright. Mildred turned too, her hands full of wet silk things. But it was only Mac. He did not see Billy, first.

"Good evening, Mildred," he said cheerfully. "Moonlight bath? Why—Billy?"

He let the door shut behind him and stood still, staring at Billy on the couch.

"How did you know we were here?" Mildred demanded.

"My good girl, there's a small bell attached to a cord at the foot of my bed. When this door opens, it tinkles. When I heard this spot I thought it was so valuable I burglar-alarmed it. What ails Billy?"

At mention of her name Billy burrowed farther under the blankets, and Mac came closer to her.

"Did you fall in?" he asked her, dropping his pretense of lightness. "Sweetheart, what's the matter?"

"I fell in and Mildred pulled me out," Billy said sullenly. "Don't look at me—the—mascara's off my eyes."

He sat down by her, holding her closely.

"The mascara isn't what I love you for," he said. Mildred, watching, felt envious, but she could at least help Mac, though her own happiness was past praying for.

She laid her hand on his shoulder to attract his attention.

"I'll tell you if she won't," she said. "Billy overheard Lola telling a lot of things. Lola was the only ideal she had believed in. When she lost that she tried to drown herself."

MAC swept Billy, blanket and all, on his knees, and held her there like a child.

"My poor little girl!" he said. "But you'll forget about it, darling. We'll get married and I'll get a job and everything will be all right."

Billy shook her head.

"Do you mean that you've been pretending you cared for me all this time and merely using Lola as an excuse for keeping me off?"

"You know better. No. It's this business of money. You know I have three thousand dollars a year that I get monthly. It's all Lola and I have to live on."

"She had some of her own, I thought."

"She has no idea of the value of money. She spent most of her capital coming back to America last year. She thought everybody would make a fuss over us if we seemed to be prosperous. You know how she is—" Billy still spoke of her as if she were a child who needed protection—"she has to have every one love and admire her. She spent the last of it taking the Gordon Camp without telling me. She depends on my money."

Mildred took a hand again. She was desperate to help Mac.

"She quarrelled with Hugh, Mac, and broke her engagement to him. So she took the Gordon place to be near him—or so she told him."

Billy gave a little furious cry, pulling herself about to face Mildred.

"You might have left me that one thing to believe in!" she exclaimed. "I hate you, Mildred Putnam."

"Hush," said Mac tenderly. "Mildred's going to be your cousin, and you have to be decent to her. Don't be an idiot all the time. Lola and Hugh are going to be married; Hugh makes a good living and he's all right now. Let him look after her. Or

pass her over your fool money for all I care."

"I can't. It belonged to my father's mother, and she fixed it so I can't give Lola a thing. I can only get around it by living with her and paying for things."

MILDRED went into the deep closet, and began searching for an electric pad for Billy under all the things piled over shelves. As she hunted, she heard the cabin door open again, and Janet's clear shrill voice.

"Molly and I saw a light through the trees. Came over to be in on the party—why, what's Billy doing here?"

Molly's little light laugh, like Janet's but shriller, broke into the sentence.

"Oh, Janet, the superior and stainless Wilhelm! Petting Parties Secretly Staged!"

"Be quiet, you—" Mac growled. Janet interrupted him in her turn.

"Molly, you have no business to talk like that. Can't you see her clothes were all wet? She's fallen in the lake."

"It's going to be my best story next winter," said Molly lightly.

Billy's arms were flung around Mac's neck, and he was too busy soothing her to reply. At this Mildred came out of the closet with the electric pad.

"Janet happens to be right, Miss Doran," she said, facing Molly. "Please go out. Billy still has a nervous chill and this won't help."

Molly was not brave. Her satellite had turned on her for once and Mildred's presence had effectually contradicted her story. She achieved another light laugh and moved into the shadows outside.

Mac looked to Mildred gratefully.

"You're a fine sport, Mildred," he said gratefully. "I'll never forget this."

Mildred merely smiled. She was feeling a queer detached exhilaration, partly over-fatigue, partly excitement. She seemed to be walking a foot above the ground, in a vague place where painted images with voices said things which meant something, but conveyed nothing to her. The necessity of answering pulled her together for the moment.

"Your sister is a good sport, too," she said. The words echoed back and forth in her own mind. She must mean something by them—oh, yes. That Janet was better than she had thought—nearer Uncle Martin's ideal. Mac had always been all right. Poor Ranulf. Poor Mildred. She was sorry for Ranulf—sorrider for Mildred, though, because she knew Mildred better—Carry on, though—be a sport, as they said in this queer unreal place full of far-off dolls.

"Mac—Janet—catch her. She'll fall!" She heard a voice cry shrilly. She felt herself clutched and lowered to the floor, and that was the last she knew.

"IT ISN'T anything serious," Mildred heard a man say. She opened her eyes, and saw Dr. King, the stocky, bearded man in knickers who went fishing with her uncle. "You shouldn't have let her get up after the shock of getting lost. Ethel, that's all. You say she got up and went fishing, walked and paddled a good deal, and finished by a cold plunge at midnight. Nervous collapse—perfectly natural? All she needs is to be kept quiet."

Mildred looked around. She was undressed and in her own bed.

"Where's Billy?" Mildred inquired with curiosity.

"She had breakfast with us, and then went back home," said Aunt Ethel.

"Can I have breakfast?" Mildred asked both to change the subject and because she was hungry.

"All you want," said Dr. King cheerfully. "if you stay where you are till noon, and on the veranda the rest of the day."

Mildred asked no better. She felt very



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weak and listless, though she ate with an appetite. After that she began to wonder what the end of everything had been? Did the rest know that Billy had tried to drown herself, she wondered? She looked at Janet with interest when she came to get the breakfast tray.

"Molly's going," was all Janet said.

"Molly! Why?"

"Oh, she wants to, and I'd just as leave she did. Always saying snooty things about the family, and teasing me for being silly."

This was something new, and Mildred's interest increased.

"What happened?" she inquired.

Janet turned a violent scarlet.

"Nothing. I—a girl doesn't have to think the same way all the time, does she?"

"If you're the girl it depends on who's the person with the most influence over you," Mildred said inwardly. Aloud she merely said, "Of course not." Janet escaped with the tray. Something had happened, there was no question of that. Mildred suspected rightly that it was Ranulf's influence, but she did not learn exactly how far things had gone for some time. Other things were more important.

ONE of them, the Billy situation, was settled very soon. Mac came in almost as Janet went out.

"Tell me about Billy," Mildred demanded.

"Nobody knows she jumped in on purpose," Mac said. "Keep it dark like a good girl, Milly."

"And—are you going to marry?"

Mac's cheerful brown face and blue eyes turned suddenly unhappy.

"Things are almost as bad as ever. I walked down the trail this morning and had it out with her; she won't say aye, yes or no, till her mother is actually married off to Bannard. And the worst of it is, I'm afraid Billy had the situation sized up correctly. Lola's worn out Hugh's affection for her. She has any amount of charm, and all that, but hang it all, any woman who goes into those insane rages and calls a man everything she can put her tongue to—it would finish me off in one round, as far as loving went."

"I don't know," Mildred said mournfully. "He and Billy both feel a strange loyalty to her that I think she has built up by those intense scenes. She has a sort of claw in their souls, and they can't pull it out. Oh, Hugh says he doesn't love her, but I don't know—the claw's there—"

She stopped herself because she was choking up. She had said more, in her weakness, than she meant to. Mac leaned forward and stared at her quivering face. She turned and hid it in the pillow.

"Mildred, do you mean—you too—you and Hugh! Oh, my lord, what a mess!"

"You needn't be afraid of Hugh not marrying Lola," she said piteously. "The claw holds him as fast as it does Billy. It's loyalty and honor, or so he says." Her voice was bitter for the moment. "No matter what she does, he thinks he has to go on with it. He believes he hurt her spine lifting him once in one of those shell-shock collapses—that he owes it to her to marry her to take care of her."

They were both silent for a little while, Mildred lying back and staring at the sunlight on the water, Mac staring down at her and frowning.

"We can't either of us do anything," Mildred said listlessly at last.

"Of course, even if a merciful Providence sent a competent bear—as big a bear as Ranulf hopes for—to eat Lola," said Mac savagely. "It wouldn't straighten out everything. Dad makes a good income, but he can't save a cent. He's been awfully good to Janet and me. I have another year at the university, and three more at medical school. Crazy to be a surgeon. I'd have to chuck all that to marry Billy, and dad's not keen about it. Oh, well, never mind.

Let's not go into that, anyway. I'll just have to grin and bear it."

Mildred came to a sudden resolution. She could help this way, at least!

"Mac, hasn't it ever occurred to you that Uncle Martin might have left your family any money?"

He looked astonished.

"Why, no! We never thought he had anything to leave. People usually live abroad because it's cheaper. We thought that was what he did. If he had we'd have been told by the lawyers when he died, wouldn't we?"

"Mac, listen to me. Uncle Martin did leave a lot of money. He was romantic and old-fashioned, and that horrid old Whitney made him think all American young people had horns and hoofs. So he was going to come over here and see for himself if you and Janet ought to have it—and then he found he hadn't long to live. So he put the burden of decision on me. I wasn't to tell you, but I was to decide if you and Janet ought to have it. Do you hate me for being a sort of spy?"

"You goose, no," Mac said, bending over her and kissing her affectionately. "If worthy—was that it? Well, do I pass?"

She laughed a little.

"You know very well I wouldn't have the courage to tell you, otherwise. You weren't to get it till fall. I think this is fall! It won't help you about Billy, but it will about your career."

He hugged her. "Mildred, you angel! Pass it right over—got it in a bag under the pillow? Oh, I say—can I turn some over to dad now?"

"You can't, legally, till October first," she said. "Then it's yours without any restrictions. But don't tell yet, Mac."

She relaxed into her pillows with a satisfied sigh. Mac knew, now. He had a guiding clue in his hand. Perhaps he and Billy might manage to get married—Billy's determination might be relaxed if Mac continued to urge? And, oh, she was so tired!

"You poor kid," Mac said, "I've worn you all out."

"No. I feel better about things."

"I don't mind saying that I do too," said Mac. "Well, better luck, Milly! The Prince of Wales or somebody may come along and take a fancy to Lola, and you and I wear diamonds yet."

He gave her a kiss of brotherly gratitude, and strode buoyantly out as her aunt tipped in.

WHEN she was up once more, which proved not to be for a couple of days, things felt different, and as Mac said frankly, the decks were clearer. Not only had Molly Dorian scornfully departed, but there was no sign of Wally. To her polite inquiry Janet replied with an artificial casualness, "Oh, I broke the engagement long ago. Tired of him."

Mildred said no more. Something had evidently happened—and the only time when it could have happened was the morning Mildred had stayed in bed. Janet continued to be what Mildred supposed was the original Janet: a naive, rather silly, rather charming little girl. Her attitude toward Ranulf had become a rather apprehensive docility. Ranulf must have done something.

As a matter of fact, it was Janet she got it out of, but not for a couple of years, when Janet and Ranulf could laugh about it together. It had happened early the morning after Billy's ducking in the lake.

Ranulf, the only person who had slept through the night, was up as usual early the following morning. Molly was scornfully packing, not having done much going to bed. Excepting for Janet, everybody else was asleep. But Janet had not thought it worth while to go to bed at all. She'd had a cold bath and three cups of black coffee, and overstrung by these stimulants to a semblance of the pep she strove for

so courageously, she found herself break-fasting with Ranulf in a gust of wild excitement.

Ranulf's poetic and clean-cut features were bent over the Times. What attention he was not giving to the paper was absorbed by a high pile of flapjacks. Ranulf's usually excellent appetite had been made even better by the mountain air. He was frowning over the news when he was aroused by Janet's small childlike voice, which said, "I wish you liked me."

He looked up at her. Poets, when not engaged with poems, are less overtly romantic than other people. He replied absently, "I like you all right," and took the last three flapjacks.

"Not the way I want you to," Janet said sorrowfully, her childish, dusky face registering a wistfulness that was more real than Ranulf thought it.

"Why won't you like me?" she persisted. "I don't want to play with you because you're always pretending. Also you're spoiled," said Ranulf coolly. After all, she'd asked for it.

"Nobody ever said that before. People always liked me," she said, trying for arrogance, but with trembling lips.

"You're assuming a good deal," said Ranulf carelessly.

"I didn't want them to like me, then," she said.

"Then why," inquired Ranulf, showing signs of returning to his Times, "this demand on me?" He did not, even now, realize that anything he said to her mattered. But her head dropped, and she colored painfully.

"I—what you think about me counts, somehow. I never cared what people thought about me before."

"Oh, yes, you did," said Ranulf with a negligent mercilessness. "But, you consider that you have a right to anything and everything you want, and if people don't bring it to you kneeling you scream for it, or try to buy it, or coax for it. But you don't give anything in return, or suppose you need to."

"I do—to you," said Janet.

HE WAS giving her his whole attention by now. But it did not as yet occur to him that she was more than a spoiled child, piqued by lack of attention. He did not give her credit for her honesty and genuine feeling for him.

"Hang it all, Janet, you must know you're not playing the game. Haven't you seen that I want to marry Mildred? Poaching isn't decent."

"I thought that was why you came, at first," she answered with the childish directness that was the best thing about Janet. "But I supposed that by now you'd seen it wasn't any good. She and Hugh are simply sick about each other."

Ranulf stared at her. What she said was like a blow in the face. And yet it was the last piece of the puzzle, which made everything else fall into place. All the things which Mildred and Hugh had done and said, in the light of Janet's simple statement, were suddenly clear. He stopped eating, and reading, but all he replied was: "Nonsense. Bannard is marrying Mrs. Redding."

"Oh, that!" said Janet, contemptuously. Ranulf turned on her. The anger was partly because she had told him something he had tried not to know, though, manlike, he did not realize this.

"Janet, you and I see things so differently there's no use talking to you. You're not a thoroughbred."

He had pierced through at last. Janet stood up and stared at him for a long minute, her babyish face changed and frozen. She loved him, and this was what he thought about her.

"I understand you now," she said, in a voice so different from her usual one that

his attention was arrested, and he swung round to look at her. "I've been living in a dream where I was a child in a room full of playthings, thinking I could snatch or break anything. I'm not ashamed of having told you I loved you, because that was real. I wouldn't have told you if I hadn't been a fool child in a dream. But the fool child told you as if she were playing a silly game. I'm ashamed of that."

She turned to leave the room. Ashamed, he sprang up. The little figure in its fantastic orange silks and its tinkling jade chains was nearly at the door, when he detained her, a hand on her shoulder.

"Janet, it was I who wasn't thoroughbred, to talk to you that way," he cried. "Forgive me and let's be friends."

The natural childish, naive little Janet smiled doubtfully up at him.

"After all, I needn't have been so angry!" she said. "You expected something of me—nobody ever has, before. I suppose I ought to be obliged."

"Then," said Ranulf, who really was incorrigibly a dictator, "will you show you really forgive me by letting me tell you things now and then?"

"Oh, if you will."

"Then," said Ranulf, "sit down, and eat some breakfast. Yes, you must. You were up a lot of the night." He rang for Ito again, and Janet sank into her old seat.

"Now, tell me," said Janet adoringly. He laughed above the pain in his heart over Mildred. After all, Janet's open devotion was very soothing. He made her eat his idea of a good breakfast, and in spite of her desire to keep thin Janet did it.

THEN he went fishing, where he probably did a good deal of thinking, and Janet made her final break with Wally. That afternoon he too departed.

As for Ranulf, he rarely did anything in a hurry. He waited several days before he spoke to Mildred, who, meanwhile had come to her own final decision about Janet and Uncle Martin's money. Janet, as she saw her, was at best a rather useless and silly person. If the money went to Ranulf, all personal considerations between them aside, it would do actual good. It would go where it was needed; it would rebuild the Wycombe place and the Wycombe fortunes. Janet would only do foolish things with it.

She did not want it to burst on Ranulf melodramatically. She thought she had better tell him, as she had Mac. She was not prepared for what he said to her, casually, while they were out in a canoe together one afternoon.

"My dear," he said, "I'm not going to hold you to your word any longer. I don't think you'll ever love me as I want you to. If you think yourself there's any chance I'll wait forever. Otherwise I'll take as final whatever you say now. And—" she was about to speak—"don't worry about me. If this tour turns out at all well I can carry Wycombe another two years."

Then she told him that Uncle Martin had wanted him in certain contingencies to have the money, and that he was to have it.

"What about you?" was his first demand. "I have plenty."

"What about—see here, it's not fair to your cousins."

"Mac gets some."

"Not Janet?"

"Not Janet," said Mildred steadily. And so she told him the whole story, which meant that she had a hard struggle with Ranulf. Only when she reminded him of his duty to Wycombe he gave in.

SHE still faced the hardest part of the task Uncle Martin had given her. For, lying and thinking alone those two days after Billy's accident, she had seen that she must give Lola the money she wanted. It was the only way to free Billy to marry Mac. And Mildred did not want to do it



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It was a dark, windy day, with scarlet leaves blowing all around her, when Mildred went down to the Gordon Camp. Billy opened the bark-covered door to her, a Billy with no antagonism in her manner.

"Did you come to see me? How is Mac?" she demanded eagerly.

"Mac is well. Wasn't he when you saw him yesterday—or was it a guide he was off with all the afternoon?" Mildred asked.

"Yesterday's ages," said Billy. "He might have been bitten by a rattlesnake or decided he didn't love me since then."

"He loved you when I left the house," Mildred told her. "But I came to tell Lola something she wants to hear, Billy. I'm going to turn over to her the money she wants, a little more than your whole income now. And now, you obstinate little thing, will you go marry my cousin?"

Billy turned white.

"I never thought of that," she stammered. "Oh, Mildred, that would do it. And—Mildred, I've been such a beast to you! Mildred—" she gripped both of Mildred's hands. "I know how to make money go so far! Now Mac can marry me when his last year in college is done. He can go through medical school abroad, and specialize, too. Now I can use my own money. I won't be a burden on him at all. I can help."

"I know I'm not pretty, and I don't know the things other girls do. But I promise to take better care of Mac than anybody ever did. Even Janet won't be ashamed of me."

Her words tumbled out in eager humility, and Mildred kissed her impulsively.

BILLY kissed her back silently and violently, then without coat or hat fled out the door and down the trail. Mildred looked at her for a long wistful moment, and turned to conclude her business with Lola.

As Mildred came in the room Lola moved a little on the couch where she had been curled with a scientific review and a cigarette. Lola, as Mac said, was a brilliant woman.

"Why, how charming of you!" she said in the thrilling voice which could make banalities sound so moving. Then in the middle of it her control broke. "You didn't come just to call. Tell me—what is it?"

Mildred took up the challenge.

"You're right. I came to tell you that I'm doing what you want. I've decided to make over to you what amounts to an income of four thousand dollars a year, to be paid monthly, for your lifetime."

Lola's eyes filled with rapturous tears.

"Oh, Mildred, you darling!" her words poured out. "I knew I could trust you to be fair. I knew you'd understand me at last. So wonderful to be safe now. Oh, now I can do everything for Billy, my poor baby. You wonderful fairy-godmother person."

She drew Mildred caressingly over to the rustic desk in the corner. "I'm so foolish—I want you to write it out for me, just so it won't seem like an impossible dream when you're gone," she begged caressingly.

Having no intention of changing her mind, Mildred had no objection to putting her promise in writing. She silently wrote it out in a purposely legal form, and gave it to Lola. She could not help one little amused smile.

"I can scarcely wait to tell Hugh about it," Lola went on. "I was a little cross last night to him for being naughty. I told him he could come back and be forgiven this afternoon. Wait a little, Mildred! I want you to tell him. He'll be so happy."

"I'm sorry, I can't wait." Now the thing was done she could at least be free of the sight and sound of Lola. "Good-by," she said.

Lola followed her remorselessly, one gentle forgiving hand on her arm.

"I only want to tell you—I always knew your real nature, your better nature, would triumph, Mildred. And I want to tell you that I don't bear you any malice for the strain you put me under. The suspense of this summer's hope and fear for my poor baby as well as myself has done rather terrible things to my health, I'm afraid. But, you mustn't worry about it. And after all, if one can't forgive what are all life's lessons for?"

"You mean that you are forgiving me for—you mean that I am to understand you were perfectly well and sound until I caused you this uncertainty over Uncle Martin's money?"

"Why, yes," said Lola. And as her soft voice murmured it Mildred realized that if she had been charmed, like others, by Lola's magnetism, she would not have realized the preposterousness, the insult, of the forgiveness. As it was she scarcely felt or cared one way or another. She only wanted to get away before Hugh came.

BUT once again Lola's carelessness of being overheard was her undoing.

Hugh had come in, in the soft moccasins they all wore about the camp, and he had heard Lola's admission before she ran to him with a delighted scream of welcome.

"Darling, darling! Mildred's giving me the money I should have, after all! Your Lola won't come to you penniless!"

He stood quite still, holding her off a little; Mildred remembered in that moment her first impression of him, of a man-at-arms out of some medieval picture.

"Was that what you wanted to tell me?" he asked. His brows contracted still more.

"No," she said, laying one hand lovingly on his unmoving arm. "It was just—oh, never mind Mildred, we have no secrets from such a good friend—just that it's all right now. I love you, and I didn't mean the silly things I said."

"Yes, you meant them," he said. "And you're going to stick to them. Mildred's provided for you, and I heard what you said. If you were well this spring then I had nothing to do with your nerves. You've lied, and I'm free."

Mildred looked on half frightened. She had never seen this Hugh before.

It was on her that Lola turned violently.

"So that's why you did it!" she began.

"Stop that, Lola," Hugh said. "Mildred, go away. You can't deal with her."

He caught Lola's hands and held her, in spite of her hysterical strength, so that she could only scream and struggle. He jerked his head toward the door, and Mildred went.

SHE did not hear Hugh's step behind her. The first she knew his arms were about her as if he could never hold her fast enough.

When she released herself at last she looked at him, still half unbelieving that they could be happy.

"You did leave her—" she said.

"She'd lied. I'm freed," he said.

"I—I thought her spell would hold, even now," Mildred said. "I had been helpless against her—Mac had been helpless against her—so long!"

Even with his arms round her, strong and close, she could scarcely believe that the long agony was over, that Lola's goblin charm and goblin anger would rule and spoil no more lives dear to her. Suddenly Hugh spoke breathlessly; perhaps he, too, found it hard to believe they could have their happiness.

"What about Wycombe?" he asked.

Mildred answered honestly.

"I was never engaged to him. It was only that I—Oh, I'll sound like Lola—I loved you so, I wanted to hurt you."

"You darling!" He laughed out of the fulness of his happiness, and kissed her again. Then, hand-in-hand like children, they went on down the trail.

THE END

Paris Ideas on Party Clothes

(Continued from page 71)

of the blasé fashion writers and artists did, when it was displayed for the first time this week.

COCKTAIL jackets are still shown, but there is a later and a better version, combining—like the famous old advertisement—all the advantages and suppressing all the drawbacks of the familiar little sack coat. It is the tight little basque, usually made of brocade or lame with long tight sleeves. It buttons snugly up the front just like grandmother's, clear to your very chin. Or it is an over-the-head jumper with a tight hipline that makes a dinner frock into a useful sleeved dress. Sometimes this is finished with a tight girde, or a band of fur that emphasizes the new normal waistline that is now decidedly in.

Evening coats are taking to themselves a new shortness that makes them not much bigger than these little basque affairs, though their raglan sleeves stop the resemblance there. Sometimes they just come to the hips where they are gathered in tightly with the same fur which makes the collars and cuffs. Again, as in a lovely ensemble which Redfern shows, they extend halfway to the knees. This dress was of black georgette and across the back was a row of great red roses. The short coat of red velvet came just to the top of the roses, and appeared to be attached to it until the coat was taken off.

Another new note at Worth's was the satin knickerbockers that accompany many of the evening dresses. These are quite narrow and slim, and barely attracted attention, even under dresses of embroidered net, until the mannequins drew attention to them. Suzanne Talbot also makes a great point of these knickers with all sorts of dresses, and some of the houses are even showing pantalette effects. So general has been their use that they can no longer be called a novelty, and very practical they are as well as far more modest than these tremendous expanses of stockings that we have grown accustomed to seeing with party clothes.

Schiaparelli is a name to be conjured with in sports, and now that she is planning to be in America this very month. I think you will be particularly interested in these two new sweaters. The black and white mixed yarn features a vest and cuffs of pure white, also knit but very much finer in texture, while the second, which is pumpkin color, has a handkerchief design in green and black, all knitted into the pocket.

Schiaparelli has come out definitely for the blouse and the normal waistline when she uses in the same costume two shades of one of the materials which are knitted for her exclusively. The skirt matches the coat, and a bounce of a lighter shade is sewed on just below the normal waistline which is defined with a belt.

A clever scarf on one of her coats has a large square pocket at one end which is used as a muff, while in another, two smaller ones, on each end, serve the same purpose. She uses little scarfs of zephyr wool at the neck of tweed frocks and some of these plain little dresses have the lower part of the sleeve and the top of the bodice in the same hand-knitted wool in colors matching the frock. Or she uses long scarfs of plaid or striped silk, knotted at the neck and passing under the leather belt to fall low on the skirt.

Scarfs bring me to collars. Miss Fitzwater has sketched for you an unusual collar and cuff from Ardance. This was in black astrakhan on a green velvet ensemble, and you see the end can drop as a lapel or be tossed around the throat. Another new note is the collar which fastens with one big button around the throat, and which is not fastened to the coat, at all. Use it as you like and when you like.

Another attractive new throat finish for a frock is this tucked chemisette with a turn-over collar like a man's in faille. The little bow tie may be of any material. Ardance used it in red leather to match the belt on a beige dress. Another attractive notion at this house is the blouse made exactly like a man's vest with sleeves and fitting just as closely. Decidedly trick!

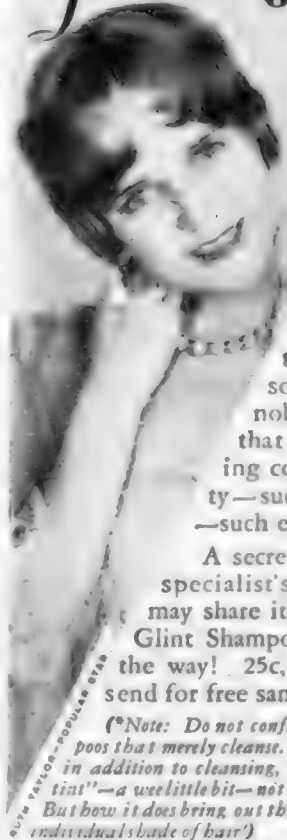
And speaking of blouses, Worth has a grand surprise of tuck-ins for sport clothes made of their new indestructible tulle. Hard to believe but very nice to look at. I like one particularly that was cut in three shades of the tulle, joined together in wavy lines, over a colored foundation that echoed the tone of the beige with which it was combined. This new net, which comes in all sorts of patterns, squares, and lozenges and checks, is used for all sorts of dresses. Afternoon clothes as well as evening.

Another note, which is decidedly useful in planning your wardrobe, chic again being practical, is the long, tight-sleeved evening dress which Worth has introduced. This has a deep back decollete and is most charming and unusual. Scarf or cape arrangements might easily be adapted to conceal the low neck in the back, and so make your frock practical for day wear.



A stunning two-in-one merger-costume one of black velvet with snug bodice and long sleeves; costume two, a charming lace frock worn either separately or as a lace underdress. Louise Shelby, designer

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D. Boone Went this Way

[Continued from page 21]

shriek of laughter drown out every other sound in your ears so that you could never stop to remember where you were going nor why. If ever any one stopped to think, she decided, he would instantly rush out to find a high bridge to leap off of!

In the facing of the fireplace there was a gray old stone which had letters carved on it. Ragged letters, very old and dim. Dedrich went closer and studied them—and her heart gave a queer startled jerk.

"D. Boone Went This Way."

D. Boone—why she was D. Boone! It couldn't be true. Yet there it was.

The man came in then, awkwardly balancing a tray.

"I've been reading this," Dedrich said. "It's the most extraordinary thing!"

"My great-grandfather found that rock under a spruce back in the early thirties," he said. "He built it into the house. It ought to be in a museum, of course."

"But the amazing thing to me is that I am D. Boone!"

"You are?"

"I'm Dedrich Boone. It's a little startling—like finding your own grave somewhere!"

"The first D. Boone carved that in 1775 to mark the Wilderness Road he was building. He led a hundred thousand people through this Gap into Kentucky." He poured tea into a blue cup. Masculine tea, she noted, very strong and potent. "Sugar?" he asked. He had made sandwiches too. Slightly crooked but valiantly thin and fruity with ham. Dedrich realized how long it had been since lunch.

"Do you entertain every one who passes on your Wilderness Road so royally?" she asked.

He melted a little. "Only ladies in distress—and D. Boones," he said.

"You haven't told me your name yet. And I don't see it carved around anywhere."

"I'm Richard Collier. One of my ancestors helped to build the Wilderness Road. Later his grandson came here and built this house."

"I remember your ancestor. He helped me a great deal—when I built this road. Do you live here—usually?"

He drew a match along the sole of his boot. "Isn't it a good place to live?"

"It's too good. It's theatrical! I'm expecting every minute to see some one leap down from a rafter with a pistol in each hand. But you haven't always lived here, of course?"

He looked at her levelly. He didn't like her, of course. That was obvious. He thought her cheap and rather pathetic. He knew how much her clothes cost and that the miraculous coloring she had was real, yet this, she suspected, only made him despise her more. Cheap people can be forgiven their cheapness, but not a D. Boone! And the heritage she had from her father lay in her eyes—a high, fine pride. The pride she had profaned that day because there were so few things left to do and life was so flat!

"I've lived in other places," he said, quietly, "but now I live here. Tell and I tend eight thousand apple trees on these knolls and down the valley we pasture four hundred sheep."

"And you don't regret the days when you played polo at Meadowbrook?"

His brows tensed. "How did you know I played polo at Meadowbrook?"

Her head went up. "I've seen the games at Meadowbrook." It had been a wild stab, of course, but she was pleased to have hit a mark. She set her cup down. "Thanks for the party. It saved my life. I suppose I'd better be on my way now."

"Where were you going?" he asked.

"I don't know. All I know about my destination is that when I get there I'll probably hate it."

"That's a state of mind."

"Not always. Sometimes it's just pressure. I thought yesterday that I wanted to go to the end of the world with Kerry Lewis. Today—"

"This married man?"

"You needn't compress so much contempt into a few words. I know how poisonous I am! But my life has been like that, you see—an accumulation and exhalation of noxious elements—the answer to me is the same as the chemical symbol for a dead fish lying on a beach in the moonlight!" She walked to the door. Tell following uneasily.

The man tamped tobacco into his pipe, looking at her speculatively as he snicked the match with his thumbnail.

"If you're a Boone you've something else in you," he said. "Something that goes back to the Wilderness Road!"

She looked out. A moon was lifting over the purple distance of the hills, touching the valleys faintly with silver. Collier crossed the room and stood beside her.

"They came up this way," he said quietly, "those women! They waded the creek—it was too wide for a footlog there—they followed their husbands and the packhorses through the cold water, carrying their children. They knew that back in the trees there were eyes that watched—watched and counted. Shawnee and Cherokee—jealously stalking the weak ones, ready to rob and kill!"

Dedrich drew a deep breath. "No wonder they were magnificent—those women! There was something to fight those days—something to conquer! Now there's nothing left. That's why I went with Kerry, I think—I wanted adventure. I wanted to be a scandal rather than to be nothing. Now I'll be a sobby joke. D. Boone—who lost her nerve!"

"It doesn't take nerve to do an ugly thing," argued the man. "You plunge in recklessly and then you can't get out. You carry on from bravado but what the world assumed to be gestures of defiance are really your struggles to get out of a trap!"

"Don't preach at me," flared the girl. "Do you think I haven't been saying things like that over and over to myself? How do you know what I've been through? You've never turned round and round in a little frustrated circle, hating everything—and then suddenly met some one who could thrill you a little when you'd never hoped to have another thrill again. You can't sympathize. You can't even understand!"

He puffed his pipe and stared at the stars. "Oh, yes, I can," he said in that slow way he had.

Dedrich looked at him. There was something of iron about him, even though he could not be much past thirty. There was peace in his eyes and a lazy, competent sureness, but between his brows a line was bitten, and taut triangles at the corners of his mouth betrayed how bitterly those lips had been stiffened.

"You can't understand unless you've beaten yourself to pieces in a trap like that!" she insisted.

"I have," he said.

"How did you get out?"

"I fought out. And then I came here to raise apples!"

She faced him, very white.

"I fought out too. I'm free now. I've nothing but this coat—and forty cents. What can I do? I don't even know how to raise apples!"

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He looked her up and down, analytically. "Can you sweep and scrub? I pay a woman every day to set my house in order. It's the only job I have to offer. You can have it if you want it."

Dedrich caught her breath, and bit her lip to keep back a torrent of angry words. But something in his face baffled her. He was not insulting her nor mocking her. He was actually offering her a job! Offering her a broom and a dishrag as a panacea against the disillusion of a world!

"You're actually suggesting that I might wash your dishes?" she demanded.

"It's all I have to offer. You might find something better at the Gap. If you don't want to go on—or go back—if you want to fight through—"

The moon crept higher. Light crept between the high, dark spruces, lighted the rutted footway of the Wilderness Road. Rocky and twisting and agonizingly steep, slashed through a savage and resenting land every step somehow made splendid with the courage of the people who had toiled over it, eyes straight ahead. And D. Boone had passed that way!

The girl drew herself up. "Where can I stay?" she asked. "Not here, of course. And shall I begin in the morning? I may as well tell you that I never touched a broom in my life!"

"I'll find you a room down at the Gap. Mrs. Perley will take you in. If you've got the grit to go on—well, I pay two dollars a day. And when I came here I had never picked an apple in my life—nor blistered my thumbs on pruning shears nor mixed a spray. We'll have to walk—I'm sorry. I won't be here when you come in the morning but the door will be open. Just speak to Tell. He'll remember. And the brooms and things are in the closet in the kitchen."

A SORT of exaltation upheld Dedrich Boone all the way down the mountain. It enabled her to accept the voluble Mrs. Perley and the clean, narrow cold little room which Mrs. Perley "rented out with breakfast thrown in," for four dollars a week.

When Richard Collier had gone back up the hill, she wavered and borrowing a sheet of tablet paper from Mrs. Perley began an appeal to Mrs. Brander Thomas Peel. But Mrs. Perley, who had volunteered to telephone to the Kentucky town for Dedrich's baggage returned with a message that stiffened her resolve and made her tear the sheet into bits.

"You said Room 543, didn't you?" panted Mrs. Perley. "Well the gentleman is still there and he says he'll bring the bags over himself in the morning."

Dedrich sprang up in panic. "No! no! I won't see him! He needn't come. He may send the baggage but I won't see him if he comes!"

The landlady's jaw dropped. "You leaving him, dearie? Then take my advice and leave him for good. Don't let him argue you round. My second husband tried that and in a week things was right back as bad as ever. Don't you worry, I'll tell him—and I'll tell him good!"

THAT had been at night and this was morning. An autumn morning aflame with orange and crimson and arrogant purple, draped with silver scarves of mist, kindled with the slow light of the slanting sun.

The climb up the mountain was steep and Dedrich halted now and then to rest and get her breath and look back. She had borrowed an apron of Mrs. Perley and she carried that, wrapped in a newspaper. A scrub lady, trudging to her daily toil! At least she was doing something. And when she came down again she would have earned two dollars! Dedrich Boone, who had never earned a penny in her life!

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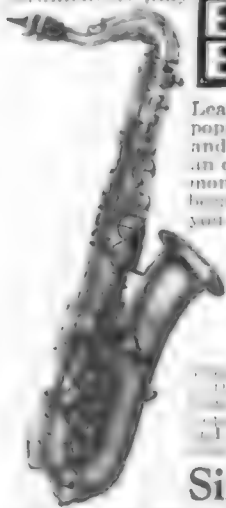
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The old log house was still, sun washed, deserted save for Tell who lay lazily across the door. He greeted her with thumping tail, rose gallantly and, lifting the door mat with his teeth, showed her the key.

Within she saw how much had been done to restore the old house. It was still quaint and crooked and fascinatingly ancient, but the kitchen had been made into a tiled and electrified triumph of efficiency and there was a newly equipped bath.

There was one bedroom, low and sunny, the room Richard Collier had left but lately.

Obviously he had done little to make things easy for her. Damp towels lay in wads; the breakfast table was full of dishes; cigarette ashes lay in the bottom of a coffee cup; bacon grease congealed on a cold platter.

How on earth did one wash horribly greasy things clean? Soap helped, she discovered after a wretched interval. Had they had any soap—those women who toiled over the Wilderness Road?

As Dedrich proceeded grimly with her task she was quite certain that she hated Richard Collier. She gave the broom a vindictive flit to convince herself, thereby causing Tell who had followed her wistfully from room to room to leap out of her way in consternation.

THEN the dog's hackle rose suddenly and his lips drew back. Through the window Dedrich saw a car approaching, inching along the rutted Wilderness Road. A cramp tightened her throat. She knew that car. Kerry! Kerry Lewis.

She drew back into the bedroom. "Keep him off, Tell," she said. "Don't let him come in!"

Tell braced himself in the door, his warning growl mounting to a throaty defiance.

Kerry stopped and opened the car door whereupon Tell flew into a frenzy. Kerry called to him, essayed to alight again, only to have a gray maniac with lightning eyes leap toward him. When Kerry sat still Tell crouched, watching, low growls rumbling in his throat. But if the man laid a hand upon the door handle the dog became a guarding fury. Dedrich, fascinated, watched the drama from her window.

At last Kerry gave it up. Backing the car slowly he turned it round and drove off. Tell came back triumphantly. Tongue lolling, eyes glowing with pleased excitement he lay down across the door.

Dedrich took up her broom again. Undoubtedly Kerry was seeking for her but how had he known where to search? She was certain that he could have obtained no information from Mrs. Perlev—her anti-husband complex was too deeply inrooted.

Somehow, awkwardly and with anguished toil, Dedrich wrought order in the house. Her back ached; her hair clung to her forehead in sticky rings; she was drab and nervous and perilously close to a tantrum when at last she took off the apron and rolled it in a bundle. She was too tired even to powder her nose when she locked the door, put the key under the mat and left Tell on guard.

At the gate she met Richard Collier. He was bareheaded, the pockets of an old brown jersey bulged with apples.

"Hello," he said. "Finished already?" He opened the door and went in, obviously expecting her to follow. She stood on the threshold hesitant. Was she supposed to wait until he dismissed her? Her answer came when he looked about swiftly and said, "You forgot to take out the ashes."

Every aching, outraged fiber in Dedrich's body suddenly flamed with fury.

"Don't use that tone to me!" she said, angrily. "I'm no servant!"

He looked at her levelly. "I'm paying you to do certain things. Don't you expect to do those things?"

"You haven't paid me yet," she flared,

"and you shan't pay for the pleasure of humiliating me further!"

"I'm not humiliating you," he argued. "I'm playing fair. I'm only asking you to do the same. People who fight through have to play fair. You've got to split hairs sometimes with cruel fineness. You can't leave a dead tree standing in your Wilderness Road, D. Boone. There'll be a kink in the road a hundred years afterward!"

Dedrich snatched off her hat. Grimly she marched to the kitchen, found a bucket and shovel, and knelt on the hearth before the gray, ancient stone.

"D. Boone Went This Way..."

Well—D. Boone was going! Bruising herself on the rocks, taming her spirit, fighting through!

The dust choked her; she coughed and her breath came in a rasping jerk. Then the shovel was taken out of her hands.

"I'll do this," said Richard Collier quietly.

"Let me! You shan't—Oh, I hate you!" Her voice rasped with the effort to fight tears out of it, to keep rage flaring so that she could keep on hating him.

"Oh, no you don't." He set her on her feet quite calmly, brushed the film of ash from her sleeve. "It hurts—that's all! Hurts like the devil—fighting out of a trap. But you've got the grit. It won't be so hard again."

"I'm not coming again," said Dedrich.

Collier looked at her gravely.

"You'll come again," he said, "after you've gotten over the desire to slay me. But in case you don't, I'll give you your two dollars."

"Keep it," said Dedrich, "to pay for your sandwiches and tea."

His eyes did not flinch. "You're a Boone," he said. "You aren't childish. Or small minded. Why do you pretend to yourself that you are?"

"I'm not pretending to be childish," she flared. "I'm simply telling you that I'm no longer in your employ! I'm not even asking for a reference. And since I'm not your servant I can tell you that I loathe and detest you!"

"You mean you're trying to. But you're not having much luck at it! But since you're leaving probably you'll be glad to hear that I saw Kerry Lewis waiting for you out on the highway. And the road, I believe, goes on to the other side of the world!"

BUT Kerry Lewis was not waiting on the highway. He was standing in the doorway.

"Why hello, Rick," he was saying. "Where in the devil did you come from?"

"Down, Tell!" ordered Collier sharply. "Hello Kerry! Come in."

Dedrich Boone stared at them. They were shaking hands like old friends and Kerry was grinning and beating Richard Collier on the back. Rick Collier! She remembered the name now. Rick Collier, who had been a sort of tradition two or three years since. She had never seen him but she knew that young blades who yearned to be thought wickeder than they had courage to be, admired him keenly.

"Haven't seen you for two years, Rick. Not since you ran off with Delphine Marsh," Kerry was saying. "She never will forgive you. What did you do to her? Spank her and send her home?"

"I put her on a train," said Collier, "when I sobered up enough to know how ugly the whole business was. I told her to go home to her husband."

"And not to be a fool. She reported that admonition," added Kerry. "Now I find you on a crag among the rocks and boulders, garbed in what the well-dressed apple knocker will wear. Got a match?"

He was a little drunk of course. Kerry was always a little drunk. Sober, he grew morose, edgy, unbearable. He never drank at home which was why his wife loathed him.

And yesterday, Dedrich was saying to herself, she had thought herself in love with him!

Kerry babbled on. "How did you happen to pick up my little playmate here, Rick? we were motoring—she tell you?—and she escaped! Most melodramatically! Didn't even leave a note on the pincushion."

Collier froze. "Miss Boone," he said, "is my guest."

"Apologize!" Kerry was bland. "Obviously then she's no longer my guest. Brought your baggage, Dedrich. Rang all the doorbells in Kentucky looking for a lost lady in distress. Find the lady—no distress."

He was so pulpy and yet so hard and casual. Insane to think she could have been in love with him! Love did not end like this, suddenly, in contempt. Now all she wanted was to hurry him away.

"I'm staying in the village, Kerry," she said. "If you'd take my bags down—"

"And what are you going to do?"

"I haven't decided. It needn't matter to you anyway."

"Well, I'm down. You needn't step in my face! I'm quite easy to get rid of. Just lead me gently to the door, place my hat in my hand. I'll grasp the situation. Your boy friend here won't have to beat me up. Beating people up is a specialty of Rick's I remember. Chan Marsh has a pair of eyes that don't track since Rick threw him down a flight of stairs."

Rick Collier's eyes were grim and steely. "That will be all, Kerry," he snapped. "You owe Miss Boone an apology, I think."

"What for? For making a fool out of me? I'm in a nice jam now—just because she wanted a thrill. Winifred will be yelling alimony and—"

"I said that would be all, Kerry. Don't go too far or you'll be sorry!"

"You'll make me sorry, eh?" Kerry laughed unwholesomely. "The situation becomes plainer every minute. Yesterday Dedrich wanted the Antipodes—today she's satisfied with apples!"

Dedrich gave a little cry as Rick Collier leaped to strike. Kerry staggered under the blow, swore, flung himself on the other man and the fight was on. Sickening punches from Rick, wild lunges from Kerry, both breathing hard, black terrible words snarling through their clenched teeth—two sweating, primal males, fighting—over her!

The affray was brief. Kerry was too soft, too unsteady from drink. There was the crunch of a telling blow and Kerry reeled through the open door to sprawl in the path. Tell stiffened to spring but Rick Collier had him by the collar.

"Lay off, Tell. This is a private fight."

Kerry was raging. "I'll get you for this!"

Collier hunched his shoulders coolly.

"I think not! I think you'll go your way and keep still about this whole business."

"You go to hell!" snarled Kerry.

"Thanks. I've been there!" Collier

lighted a cigarette. "Put those bags out and get along, Lewis. I'm letting the dog out in ten minutes."

WHEN Kerry had gone Dedrich looked at her defender wanly.

"Thank you—and I'm sorry."

"It was a privilege," he said quietly, "to do it—for you!"

"Even if I'm as worthless as Kerry is?"

"Don't be silly! Do you think I don't know what you are? I knew your father."

"You knew Roger Boone?"

"He fired me off the paper the year before he died. I was a drunken pup—worthless, idle but I worshipped him from afar!"

"That's what I do—" Dedrich choked

a little—was she going to cry? If only Rick wouldn't look at her! "I worship him."

"We've got that much," said Collier.

"from the Boones and Colliers who built the Wilderness Road. We can fight through. I've been pretty crude about it, I guess—but I wanted to help you through what I came through—"

"I know." What made her knees shake so? Her hands were like ice. "I'll go now. Thank you—for everything."

"Why—you can't go!" Something like consternation made his face blank. "You can't go now."

"I can't stay! I can't!"

But somehow, she was in his arms. Crying weakly against the old jersey. Revolting! The fragrance of apples very near—and lips near her hair.

"You're not going," he was saying. "You belong here—you know it. Your name's been carved on my hearth for a hundred years—carved on my heart as long as I've lived. And now I've found you—do you think I'm going to let you go?"

Madness—when she had known him less than a day! But what was a day—when they shared the Wilderness Road that had slashed the world for a hundred years?

"I've been pretty low," Collier went on.

"I ran off with another man's wife—"

"I ran off with another woman's husband."

said Dedrich faintly.

"Excellent arrangement! No family recriminations. Kiss me, D. Boone. Tell—for Pete's sake, beat it! This is a private party!"

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Murder Yet to Come

[Continued from page 49]

couldn't be a sufficient reason. What's the alternative?"

"That she had no reason at all."

"What do you mean?" asked Nilsson. "Everybody has some reason for what they do."

"Everybody," Jerningham assented briefly, "except the insane."

A DEADLY silence fell among the three of us. I fought back a rising impulse to cry out my protest, my dismay, my unbelief, at the thing Jerningham had voiced.

Nilsson sat like a block of granite, pondering the matter with a grimness that showed how deep an impress Jerningham's words had made upon his unwilling mind.

"Are you taking seriously her commitment to that 'hospital'?" he asked at last.

"Not as evidence," Jerningham replied. "She might really have been sent there for treatment. But it's not a very reputable institution, and the probabilities are that Malachi put her there to break her, as she says. Most likely of all, she went there sane, and came away with her mental balance destroyed, whether Malachi knew it or not. A mind as keenly imaginative and sensitive as hers, won't stand more than about so much mishandling. Six months of despair, and the overwhelming power of suggestion in a place like that, might unhinge anybody's reason."

Nilsson's face was dark with pity.

"I know," he said. "I admit she's had plenty to drive her insane. But I shan't believe it till it's proved."

Jerningham dropped wearily into the depths of the davenport.

"I couldn't prove that she's insane, even if I wanted to," he said. "The thing that convinces me is that she thinks she is herself."

"She thinks she is?" Nilsson repeated, with reluctance in his voice. "How do you know what she thinks?"

"She betrayed it half a dozen times," Jerningham replied. "Why was she so desperately unwilling, in the beginning, to tell us what threat Malachi had been holding over her head? If she'd been sure of her own sanity, she needn't have cared whether we knew or not. Why should she fanatically refuse to take advantage of the insanity defense? Unless she feels that the stubborn assertion of her sanity is her last barrier against despair. Why was she so pitifully relieved when I told her it was sleepiness that had blurred her senses and filled her mind with absurdities about toy balloons? Unless her own thoughts had given her an ominous interpretation of the same facts?"

He paused, reflecting.

"And why," he went on more slowly, "was she dismayed when I quoted David's belief that she couldn't remember killing Malachi? She turned quite white. Why should that theory distress her unless it struck home to the truth?"

"Just a minute," Nilsson interposed. "Are you contending that David was right? That she really doesn't remember? That she made up her story of the murder?"

Jerningham shook his head.

"I think most of her story is absolutely true," he answered. "But I do believe there's a gap in her memory as to some part of it, and that she filled in the gap by a guess as to what she must have done."

There fell another silence, which I, for one, did not care to break.

It was Nilsson who spoke first.

"You've said a lot, Jerningham, and hinted a great deal more," he said. "I'd like to be clear as to what you really believe."

You think that Linda is insane at times, and knows it?"

"Yes," Jerningham answered.

"And you think that shows such an insane determination to kill some one, that we must look for another attempt—that may not fail?"

A longer pause.

"Yes," Jerningham said at last. "But we can't do anything about it on pure guesswork. Whether I'm right or whether I'm wrong, I hope we find some proof before it is too late."

Nilsson was sitting buried in thought. Jerningham shrugged his shoulders as though to release them from a burden, and turned to me.

"Mac, you must be nearly dead," he said, with sudden concern. "You'd better go on up to bed, and get some sleep to make up for last night. I'll just give Nilsson a report on the things he missed—how we found the diary in the furnace, and how we got the rest of Malachi's will—and then I'll come up too."

Realizing, as he spoke, how desperately tired I was, I acquiesced willingly, and rose to go.

"And Mac," he said. "Go to bed in my room instead of yours. If you have any trouble in the night with your hand—or with anything else—I'd like to be there."

I DID not hear Jerningham come to bed, from which I judge he took great pains not to disturb me. For my sleep was not heavy. A slight sound would have waked me. And somewhere in the little hours, a slight sound did. All of a sudden I was broad awake.

I raised myself on my elbow and listened. The room was very still. There was no movement from Jerningham. I was just deciding that only the pain in my hand had roused me, when the sound was repeated. It was a stealthy knock upon the door.

This time Jerningham heard it too, and his response was instantaneous. I could see nothing of his movements in the dark, but all in the same moment I felt and heard the soft flop of covers flung violently aside, the creak of bed springs suddenly relieved of weight, and the clink of gun barrel against bedstead as Jerningham groped for his weapon in the dark. Then his whisper reached my ears.

"Mac?"

"Yes?"

"There's a flashlight under my pillow. Hold it at arm's length to one side of you and point it at the doorway."

I did so. As the yellow circle of light came to rest upon the door, Jerningham spoke aloud.

"Who's there?"

The answer came in a low voice, deadened by its passage through the closed door. "Nilsson."

I had my doubts. So apparently did Jerningham. For although he promptly unlocked the door, he stepped back out of the circle of light before he called. "Come in."

The door swung open. The man outside was Nilsson right enough. He blinked a little at the flashlight, then stepped into the room. But no sooner had we switched on the lights than it struck me that there was something strange about him—something wrong.

I glanced at Jerningham. He was studying his friend's face with an intent and puzzled frown. Then Nilsson spoke, and I realized that it was not the intervening door, alone, which had made his voice sound dead.

There was no warmth, no life, no feeling in it.

"I want the key to the library," he said. Jerningham looked a bit startled.

"All right," he said. "But why, old man?"

"I want it," Nilsson repeated, without inflection.

Jerningham's left eyebrow went up and the right one down. Without further comment he walked to where his clothes hung, fished the key out of a trouser pocket, and handed it over.

"And what's the combination of the safe?" Nilsson asked, still in the same lifeless tone.

Jerningham hesitated, then laid a hand on Nilsson's shoulder.

"Won't you take my advice and let it go till morning?" he urged. "I'd a lot rather tell you in the morning."

"What's the combination?" Nilsson repeated mechanically.

Jerningham dropped his hand from the other's shoulder.

"Bish," he answered, so low we could scarcely hear. "It's the name of that arrow poison."

"B-I-S-H?" Nilsson asked, his voice dropping too.

"Yes."

Without thanks, without a word, without a look, Nilsson turned on his heel and walked from the room, leaving the door open behind him. We watched him silently till his own room, at the far end of the long hall, swallowed him up. Then Jerningham shut the door and his eyes met mine.

"What's got into the man?" I demanded, in bewilderment. "Do you think he's drunk?"

Jerningham's frown was one of pure concern.

"No," he replied thoughtfully. "He was steady enough, and his eyes were clear. Besides, he never touches the stuff. He looked a little like a sleepwalker, but he wasn't. Sleepwalkers don't hold reasonable conversations or spell out combinations to be sure of getting them right."

He reached for his dressing gown.

"Are you going after him?" I asked curiously.

"I'm going down to the library," he answered. "Nilsson has the combination, and he's not himself. If he makes any use of it tonight, I want to be on hand."

"You gave him the key, too," I reminded him. "How will you open the door?"

"Skeleton key," he answered briefly, fishing something out of another pocket. "I bought it yesterday while I was in town. Didn't expect to have to use it tonight, though."

By this time I was halfway into my own dressing gown.

"Hold on!" he cried, when he noticed. "What do you think you're doing?"

"I'm going along."

"Don't be an idiot," he said hastily. "You know I'd take you along if I needed help. But I'd rather you slept. You had a nasty shock, and you lost a lot of blood, and you'll be a rag tomorrow if you don't get some rest."

NONE the less, I stayed awake. And before I had even begun to listen for Jerningham's return, I heard his familiar knock upon the door. I stumbled over my own feet in my eagerness to let him in.

"Did Nilsson come down?" I asked.

He shook his head.

"Then what?"

"Plenty—only it wasn't Nilsson who did it," he answered. "Somebody else walked in and opened the safe, and took the 'Wrath of Kali.'"

"Who?" I demanded.

"It was— No! Darned if I tell you, Mac! I want your attention on the abstract problem instead of on the thief."

"Then tell me at least what you've done with the flesh and blood thief!" I groaned.

"You think I should have caught him?" he asked.

"It would seem the natural thing to do, considering that he was walking off with the 'Wrath of Kali.'"

"But Mac!" he protested. "I don't care two straws about the 'Wrath of Kali.' What I want is to settle our doubts about Linda, if that's possible."

HE PERCHED himself sideways on the foot-board of the bed, one knee drawn up so that he could embrace it, the other long leg dangling.

"But here's the starting point," he said. "The thief opened the safe without any uncertainty or any false starts. He knew the combination. How did he know?"

"He didn't overhear it," I said. "because you spoke too low. You know you didn't give it to him. I know I didn't. He must have got it from Nilsson!"

"Check, so far," Jerningham agreed. "But how did he get it from Nilsson—within fifteen minutes after Nilsson got it from me?"

"Perhaps Nilsson wrote it down, and the thief found the slip."

Jerningham shook his head decisively.

"Nilsson never would have written it down. Didn't you hear what he said last night about folks who couldn't carry combinations in their heads?"

"Yes, but if you're arguing that Nilsson just up and told the thief what the combination was—that's not so plausible either."

Jerningham was frowning.

"Not unless he had to," he said.

"You mean the thief compelled him? Jerningham! He may be—"

"He's all right," he said reassuringly. "I went to see—the minute I came upstairs. I knocked, and I spoke softly through the door, and he didn't answer. I was getting right worried. Then I heard him snore—his own, particular, characteristic snore, that nobody could fake. So I stopped worrying."

"That's a relief," I observed. "But it's a weird business. Nilsson is the last man on earth I'd care to try to coerce into betraying a trust. And the last man on earth to play crooked. And yet he gave up the combination to the thief within ten minutes or less of getting it from you, and all without a fight or an outcry or even the sound of an argument."

Jerningham's left eyebrow went up in a twisted frown.

"I know," he answered. "And there was something awfully queer about his look and manner when he came in here. I'm wondering—"

"You're not suggesting," I said, horrified. "that he asked for it on purpose to give it to the thief?"

He nodded silently, and my mind ran over and around the things he had said.

"If you're right," I said at last, "your new scrap of knowledge boils down to this: Somebody in this house has a method of coercion powerful enough to make a man like Nilsson come and ask the secret of the safe from you and hand it over—without raising any alarm."

Jerningham looked at me for a thoughtful instant, then swung himself down from his perch on the foot of the bed.

He switched off the light, and I felt the bed springs shift and creak with his weight.

"There's one thing, though," I said. "I'm a patient man, Jerningham, but I don't propose to lie awake and suffer with curiosity while you sleep. Who was the thief?"

"Ram Singh," he said.

JERNINGHAM and I dressed hurriedly that Tuesday morning, and even so were some ten minutes late to breakfast. Nilsson was later than we, and the fact caused

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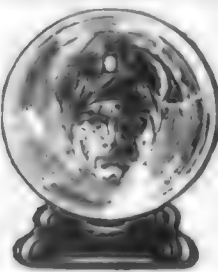
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me a few minutes uneasiness. But when he at last appeared, he was his alert and competent self.

"Jerningham," he said seriously, "I want to talk to you about this business of the 'Wrath of Kali'."

The words brought a tell-tale look of relief to Jerningham's face. If there had been any delusions the night before, at least Jerningham had shared them.

"You see," Nilsson went on, as we sauntered down the long hall to the library, "since we don't know who the stone belongs to—"

Jerningham shot him a startled glance.

"We don't?"

"We don't, till we find out if there's a will," Nilsson explained. "And the responsibility for its safety has begun to worry me a little."

Jerningham was listening with the most intense interest.

"What do you suggest?" he inquired, as we stopped in front of the locked door to the library.

"Why, I think," Nilsson answered calmly, "that you'd better take it out of the safe and put it in a safety deposit box somewhere in town."

"You think I'd better take it out of the safe?" Jerningham repeated.

Nilsson looked puzzled.

"Why not?" he asked. "Anyhow, hurry up and unlock this door. We don't want to stand here all day."

Jerningham turned upon him squarely.

"Unlock it? Where do you think the key is, anyway?" he demanded.

"You have it, haven't you?" Nilsson returned. "How should I know?"

"You ought to know," Jerningham retorted. "Seeing that you came to my room in the middle of the night and made me give it to you!"

"Use the skeleton key," I urged, in an undertone, "and let's get inside before we talk."

He acted on the suggestion, and we went in.

"Now!" Nilsson demanded. "What do you say I did in the middle of the night?"

"You knocked on our door," he informed Nilsson, "and then asked for the key to the library, and you got it. And you asked for the combination, and got it. And I asked for your reason—and didn't get it. Then you went back to your room."

Nilsson was listening with frowning concentration.

"That all there is to it?" he asked grimly.

"No," Jerningham answered bluntly. "Ten minutes later Ram Singh had the key and the combination, and used them both."

"Took the ruby?"

"Yes."

Nilsson's face looked suddenly gaunt.

"And I can't remember a damned thing about it!" he said.

He dropped heavily into one of the great chairs beside the fireplace, and stared at us.

"Rather knocks me out," he said, after a bit. "I'm not given to sleep walking—and I've always assumed I was of reasonably sound mind. I wouldn't believe it on anybody's word but yours, Jerningham."

he said heavily. "Ram Singh! Why Ram Singh? What do you make of it? I haven't anything to go on."

"Well, for one thing, I don't make such a calamity of it as you do," Jerningham answered. "You don't need to feel so down! The theft of the ruby is more my responsibility than yours, because I could have stopped it—and I didn't."

Nilsson's face did not lighten.

"It's not the ruby," he answered slowly. "It's realizing that—that I can't depend on myself, that there's no knowing what worse thing I'll do next time!"

"There isn't likely to be a 'next time,'" Jerningham consoled him. "There wouldn't have been a 'this time,' if Ram Singh hadn't

wanted something he could only get through you."

Nilsson straightened in the great chair.

"You mean Ram Singh made me go and get the combination for him?" he demanded.

"I haven't a doubt of it," Jerningham returned.

"But see here, Jerningham!" Nilsson was leaning forward now. "I locked my door when I went to bed last night, and it was still locked when I woke up this morning."

"No doubt," Jerningham conceded. "But—whose windows are over yours?"

"Ram Singh's!" Nilsson answered, and stopped short.

And then suddenly I saw the anger wiped from his face.

"By jingo!" he cried. "I've got something!"

JERNINGHAM leaned forward his eyes snapping with eagerness.

"What have you got?"

"Proof of Linda's sanity!" the big man answered. "Told you she was sane! Told you all along!"

He laughed in our astonished faces.

"Don't you see it?" He turned to Jerningham. "Last night you had me just about convinced that she isn't sane. And your proof was that she doubts her own sanity. But the reason she doubts it is that occasionally she does something without knowing it, or intending it, or remembering it! Exactly the way I did last night!"

Jerningham's face was alight.

"By George!" he exclaimed. "You have got it! Nilsson, I take off my hat to you!"

Nilsson shook his head.

"That's only half of it," he demurred. "Linda and I are in the same boat. We're not crazy—not by a long shot! But when we lose our memories and start doing crazy things—what's the answer?"

"If this were the sixteenth century," I said, "I could give you the answer in a word. You were bewitched!"

I saw an odd light in Jerningham's eye.

"We needn't resort to the supernatural this time," he said. "The twentieth century can solve Nilsson's puzzle in one word, too."

Nilsson leaned forward in his chair.

"What is it, then?"

"Hypnosis," said Jerningham.

Nilsson shook his head, unbelieving.

"There's no such thing," he scoffed. "Not outside of a magician's act in vaudeville."

"Oh, yes, there is," Jerningham returned calmly. "Ask any of the biggest psychiatrists—Freud, or Jung, or Adler. Hypnosis is as commonplace a tool in their work as a typewriter is in mine."

"I don't admit that," Nilsson said. "But in any case, I wasn't hypnotized last night. I didn't see or talk with a soul."

"You were hypnotized just the same, though. While you slept," Jerningham declared calmly. "It's the only logical explanation."

"But it's not possible, is it," I protested, "when the subject is asleep?"

"It's easier than when he's awake," Jerningham answered. "Bramwell cites a dozen authorities who have observed that natural sleep makes a person more susceptible to hypnosis, and who recommend the use of hypnosis during sleep for especially stubborn and resistant subjects."

Nilsson was unmoved.

"You always call me stubborn when you can't prove your case," he observed dryly.

"But I'd just as soon listen to the details of your theory even if they aren't proved. They might come in handy some time, if I should suddenly be converted to your views in an emergency. How much do you really know about hypnotism?"

"Only the fundamentals," Jerningham answered. "I've read a book or two on the subject, but most of what I know, I've picked up in talking with Esdaile. He uses

it right along in psycho-analyzing his most difficult mental cases."

"All right," Nilsson said. "What's this about resistant subjects being handled easier during sleep? You mean that Ram Singh couldn't have hypnotized me if I'd been awake?"

"Not if you'd opposed him," Jerningham answered.

"Well, that's one bit of solid comfort," Nilsson remarked, wryly. "So long as I see him coming, I'm all right!"

"Of course," Jerningham went on, "a man may be hypnotized without wanting to be, or expecting to be, or knowing what's happening to him, if he follows the hypnotist's instructions about fixing his eyes steadily on something—provided he leaves his mind open for suggestion. But if he actively resists, there's nothing doing."

Nilsson considered.

"Then the point of that," he said, "is—if Ram Singh asks you to look hard at anything, don't! But suppose he does succeed in hypnotizing you, then you have to do everything that you're told?"

"Pretty nearly," Jerningham answered.

"For instance, if Ram Singh had told me to come in here and shoot you two, I'd have done that?"

"Nobody knows," Jerningham returned. "Personally, I don't think you would. Hypnotized people will do ridiculous things, or dangerous things, but there seems to be usually a strong resistance against obeying commands that offend the subject's moral sense—providing he has any."

IT WAS Nilsson's turn to grin. "Then if I hadn't any moral scruples against shooting you, but had merely refrained hitherto from motives of prudence, I'd have obeyed?"

"Probably," Jerningham answered. "And if Ram Singh had removed your scruples by some deceit, such as telling you that the men you would find in our room were burglars, you would have believed him and carried out the order."

Nilsson shrugged his big shoulders.

"Then perhaps we're going to establish a new precedent," he said dryly. "The person we're dealing with now doesn't seem to be hampered by any objections to homicide! That is—if the same person who made me betray the combination, made Linda kill Malachi. I suppose you think he did!"

Jerningham nodded thoughtful assent.

"Now you're talking sense," Nilsson agreed. "And the designer of the pattern must be Ram Singh."

With sudden decision, Jerningham rose to his feet.

"I think we need some expert assistance—quick," he said. "I'm going to make Esdaile drop whatever he's doing and come."

He strode over to the desk, picked up the phone, and called Esdaile's office in New York. Listening in silence, we heard him arguing, appealing, bullying, in an effort to persuade Esdaile to take the next train. When he hung up the receiver there was a frown of dissatisfaction on his brow.

"What do you expect him to do for us?" asked Nilsson.

Jerningham's frown grew deeper.

"He says he can't be here till eight o'clock tonight," he answered. "And as for what he can do—he may prevent a murder or two, if he just gets here in time."

"Why wait for Esdaile?" Nilsson growled. "Why can't we prevent a murder or two ourselves?"

"We don't know what murders to prevent or how!" Jerningham answered. "We don't even know as much as we did last night. When I predicted that the poisoned arrow meant another murder coming, I honestly thought it was Linda and her insanity which we had to fear. Now that you've demolished the insanity theory, we don't know whom to fear. And Linda's in as much danger as the rest of us."

"All the more reason for action," Nilsson declared.

"What do you suggest?" Jerningham asked. "Lock up Ram Singh for the theft of the 'Wrath of Kali.' I doubt if he can hypnotize his way out of jail."

Jerningham scowled.

"I was afraid you'd want to do that," he confessed. "It's the logical, sensible course, and I haven't an argument against it. But I think it would be a mistake!"

"But why?" Nilsson protested. "When you've got the goods on a criminal, you'd better nab him before he can do any more mischief!"

"Not if nabbing him spoils your chances of proving anything," Jerningham replied. "If Malachi were killed by Linda while she was under hypnosis, it's going to be next to impossible to prove the real murderer's guilt. If Ram Singh is the real murderer, arresting him now for theft will put him on guard, and we'll never be able to convict him of the murder. If he's not the real criminal, arresting him will deprive us of our best lead in getting at the truth."

"But we won't get at the truth by just sitting around and waiting for the next crime," Nilsson objected. "What's your plan of action?"

Jerningham shook his head.

"Nothing definite yet. When Esdaile comes, I'm confident he can unlock the closed doors in Linda's memory, and tell us what they hide. In her normal state, she'll never remember what happened while she was under hypnosis. But once she's hypnotized again, she'll remember everything that has happened to her, sleeping or waking. We can find out from her then who hypnotized her, and what she was ordered to do. With that knowledge, we ought to be able to devise a way to make the criminal convict himself, whoever he may be. Always supposing we haven't upset the apple cart by betraying our suspicions."

"I don't like it," Nilsson growled. "You're proposing to give him a free hand till you're ready to strike. That's taking a crazy risk."

"We'll never agree on this, Nilsson," he said. "By all the rules, you're right and I'm wrong, and we ought to put Ram Singh into custody. But I don't want to do it. The issue's between your logic and my hunch. Which do we follow?"

"Well, if you put it that way, I guess we follow your hunch," Nilsson said. "If it weren't for your hunches, we'd never have come even this far. But I still don't like it."

"Why don't you two go out?" Jerningham asked suddenly. "Take a look around the place and see what you can see. I want a friendly talk with Ram Singh, if I can get it, and another with Mrs. Ketchum, and I'll probably do better if I see them alone."

We went gladly. There was not a great deal to see, but we studied the layout with some care. Cairnstone House itself, seen in the sunshine, gave no hint of the terror and tragedy it had harbored—and harbored still.

The spread of its wings gave it a somewhat rambling look, and dwarfed the height of its three stories. I looked with interest at the mansard roof, with its narrow ledge which, from the ground, seemed hardly to offer footing for a cat. It took a real effort of the imagination, in the midst of the placid, sunny morning, to picture the desperation which had hounded Linda along that perilous way two days before.

But one thing which I noticed in my casual survey, was to come back to me later. The ledge, as Linda had said, ran all round the house—with one important exception. There was no ledge across the front of the projecting central section of the building. Above the entrance door the wall ran up sheer into the broad gable of the roof, and the ledge came to an abrupt unguarded end at either corner. A few hours later I had occasion to remember it with despair.

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It was nearly noon when we completed our investigation and re-entered the house. We found Jerningham in the library, alone. "Did you get any new light from the interviews you wanted?" I inquired.

"Nothing at all from Mrs. Ketchum, except one lead which I plan to follow up after lunch. She happened to mention that Malachi's funeral ceremony this afternoon is to be performed by a minister of the wrong denomination, because—mind you—Malachi quarreled with his own minister, here in this house, last Saturday afternoon."

"Hm!" Nilsson commented. "Just about the same time he had the row with Linda."

"Exactly," Jerningham agreed. Mrs. Ketchum couldn't say what it was about, and I have a violent desire to know. Anybody care to go with me to the parsonage this afternoon, and investigate?"

"I do," I said promptly. "Then you two go," Nilsson said. "I'll stay here in case something turns up. Have your talk with Ram Singh?"

"Yes, and much good it did me!" Jerningham returned. "I thought I'd get a line on what sort he is, but I swear I don't know what to make of him. I started out by asking a few respectful questions about Kali, and he gave me an account of her cult and worship that was amazing. He spoke as one having both knowledge and authority—and a remarkable mind. So I began asking him about himself. He grew more reticent then, but he admitted that he's a Brahman, of highest priestly caste."

"He is?" I exclaimed incredulously, and then, remembered the clean-cut ascetic features. "Well, he does look the part. But if he's a priest, it's perfectly preposterous for him to be here as a servant."

"He didn't say he was a priest at all," Jerningham corrected. "He only said he belonged to that caste."

Nilsson shrugged the distinction aside. "Plenty of reason for his being indefinite," he declared with conviction. "He's a priest of Kali. We ought to have seen that before. He hired himself to Malachi because Malachi stole the 'Wrath of Kali.' And now he's got it back."

"It sounds right," Jerningham assented. "But in building up the motive, you've knocked the crime itself to pieces. It looks as though Ram Singh were merely recovering stolen goods instead of committing grand larceny. Perhaps we haven't anything on him after all!"

"We've got a lot more on him than grand larceny," Nilsson answered impatiently. "We've got murder. Remember what he said when we found Malachi dead? He called it the vengeance of Kali. I thought then it was nothing but a superstitious explanation of an accident. But it wasn't an accident and it wasn't superstition. He knew blamed well it was vengeance, because he had tended to it himself."

JERNINGHAM nodded slowly. "Yes, that fits in too. Vengeance for the sacrilege, and recovery of the sacred ruby. The picture looks complete. But the poisoned arrow is still unaccounted for, and that may be a part of a large design."

"Or part of the vengeance," Nilsson said. Jerningham looked up quickly. "But Malachi was already dead," he objected.

Nilsson jerked his head toward the corner where the statue of Kali had stood.

"Did you take a good look at her?" he asked dryly. "She's got a necklace of human skulls around her throat, and a sword in one hand and a human head in another. Her tastes apparently run to violence. Suppose she doesn't consider the death of Malachi alone sufficient vengeance?"

We shuddered at the implication in Nilsson's question but as it turned out he was right.

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You Can Get Away With Anything

[Continued from page 39]

in the emotions that lie behind a murder."

George Bondy laughed.

"Absolute tripe, Julius. If you'd ever been down and out as I have you'd know more about women. The primitive type of woman would do anything for a man who'd killed for her. She'd love him a thousand times more because he came to her red-handed."

Ann, with a curious expression Greville had never seen before, said to George Bondy, "You do understand us, don't you?"

WHEN the last race was over she drove him back to Seamore Place in her car. She liked doing what she knew she did well, and it amused her to fight for position in the stream of traffic. Back at the flat she went off to her room to change. Greville was left alone with his thoughts.

"I could bear this life for Ann's sake if I saw a little more of Ann. The trouble is I never have her to myself. She's perfectly delightful to me but we're never alone. She's just as happy with Bruce, or George, or Tom, Dick and Harry, as she is with me. Is it absurd to want to matter more than any one else to your own wife? I wish we could get away somewhere, only we never should be by ourselves. We inevitably run across some one Ann knows or I know, and then the whole pantomime starts all over again. I wonder if she realizes?"

He knocked at Ann's door. Her voice answered: "Who is it? Greville? Oh, come in."

He entered and closed the door after him. Ann was standing before a mirror polishing her nails. She glanced up at him, smiled and said:

"This is very nearly improper, Greville. What is it you want when a lady is changing for dinner?"

He took her in his arms and looked down into her upturned face.

"You," he answered, "and I never get you to myself. I'm always one of a crowd. Do you really care twopence about me, Ann, or am I just a decoration because it's the fashion for girls to possess husbands? If you do, why not come away somewhere and let's have a genuine honeymoon. Most of ours was wasted fooling about with people we knew in Paris and on the Riviera."

"Darling," Ann told him, "I think you're quite the nicest person I know, but we can't begin making love now, honestly. We're dining out and I still have to dress. Do go and change like an angel. And I can't go away for another honeymoon 'cause I'm so booked up. We're really quite horribly popular people."

He sighed, kissed her and went out. As the door closed Ann made a little face.

"I wish a husband needn't be so terribly possessive. Why won't he realize there's a great deal for me to like in other men and that one man can't possibly satisfy all sides of my nature? What's the use of being extremely good looking if only Greville is to look at me and talk to me? Greville's an excellent physical specimen; he plays games and dances amazingly well, but his brain is nothing like Julius's or George Bondy's. Besides, the number of men who enjoy my society is the only testimonial worth having. Greville's simply jealous and he must get over it."

For all that, being expert in masculine psychology, she leaned her shoulder against him very appealingly in the car and slid a hand into his.

In the morning Greville conceived a brilliant idea over his early tea and cigarette.

"The Red Gods are calling. I want the feel of a flexible steering wheel between my

hands and the kick of a racing car in the small of my back. We've got one of the Grand Prix cars ready for a test in spite of what George said the other day. I'll take her out at Brooklands. It'll do Ann good to suffer a little anxiety. You don't value a man till he takes a chance of being snatched away from you."

Wandering into Ann's room Greville broke the news to her. She stretched out appealing hands.

"If you want me to be widowed, my dear, pray have your way. I shall take Julius and three handkerchiefs down to Brooklands with me in case I have to weep over your mangled body. Nobody else would be so understandingly sympathetic if the worst came to the worst."

"I can never quite fathom this passion for Julius. After all, he's old enough to be your father."

"The fatherly attitude is indicated in the event of a possible tragedy. No doubt you'll come through without a scratch and then I shall embrace you in front of any press photographers who happen to be about, and provide an improving picture for the illustrated papers that will inspire thousands and thousands of wives. Greville, come here at once. You're so full of your own selfish pleasures you haven't kissed me good morning."

Greville kissed her a trifle absently, his mind being at that moment in a gear box.

"I'll get through after breakfast and tell them I'm going down tomorrow. There won't be room for three of us in the sports unless Julius freezes in the rumble seat. Perhaps you'd like to take him in your own car?"

"Not a bad idea. I rather wish I'd had a limousine now, only they're not so pretty to look at. We'll meet you at the field of battle then."

"Yes, about eleven. I'll pick up Dennis, the chief of the racing department, on the way down. You'd better wear a leather coat. It's chilly hanging about the track this time of year."

OUT at the track Ann and Julius found Greville in earnest conversation with Dennis and two or three picked mechanics, grouped about the super-secret racing model that looked like a small and slender gray beetle. He glanced at them, smiled briefly, said: "Hullo Julius! Good man to turn up. Glad you've got him here safely, Ann." Then he climbed into the driving seat, and went roaring away.

Ann and Sir Julius watched the car swoop up the banking like a fly clinging to a ceiling, streak into a blur of speed, increase in size as it approached them again and passed with a crescendo and diminuendo of noise, make a second circuit, and pull up at the sheds with a breath-taking skid.

Dennis and the mechanics ran up; Ann and Sir Julius approached more slowly. They saw a perfectly calm Greville, a new, decisive, sure-voiced Greville, making statements as dogmatic as the ten commandments.

"She wouldn't pull the hat off your head. The carburation's all wrong and so's the brake adjustment. Directly you touch her with the brakes she starts chasing her tail."

Mechanics began to toil over their beloved; Greville got out and pushed up his goggles.

"I'd ask you to come for a whirl, Ann, but she's running something shocking."

"Course that's quite usual. You can only tune them up on the track. Everything's as stiff as blazes anyway. My job's very like yours, Julius, all trial and error. Sorry we can't arrange a better show for you. I'm



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AGE 18 TO 55

afraid there won't be anything very exciting today."

"Don't worry about me, Greville," said Sir Julius. "I'm very happy. This air's a lot better than the air of King's Bench Walk."

"Come over to the car and bring Mr. Dennis," commanded Ann. "I've got a thermos full of cocktails. One each can't hurt you. And then, Greville, if there's really no excitement to be had I'll take Julius on to Wisley Woods or Leith Hill and we can lunch there. Frankly this place is a little macabre unless thrills are provided."

"Well, darling, if you wouldn't mind, it might be a good idea. We've got hours of work and there won't be much to see. If you brought a luncheon basket, carry on. I shall only have time for a sandwich."

SEVERAL weeks later Ann sat lunching alone in the panelled dining room of her flat. The perfect maid, wearing a frivolous musical comedy cap and apron over her uniform, moved to and fro with catlike tread.

"All right, Henderson," Ann said at last. "Fetch me coffee and cigarettes and then clear out. You might ring up the garage and tell Williams to bring the car around at two-thirty sharp."

When the maid had gone Ann leaned back in her chair.

"It is now May," she told herself, "and last May I was married to Greville, and this May I am married, and next May I shall be married and the next and the next and the next. What a prospect! That is to say, the intention of society, the Church, and my relations, is that I shall go on being married, but shall I really, to Greville?"

She flicked cigarette ash on to the carpet. "Greville's playing golf at Sunningdale. I daresay I drove him to it, but does life as it should be lived consist in driving one's husband to play golf so that one can exist peacefully without him? And now I'm free I'm at a loose end because some Commission's sitting and Julius has to give evidence before it."

"When desperate the best thing is to count one's blessings and buy a new hat. Why not telephone to Peggy and say I'll call for her? It's too fine a day for her to stick in what she calls her studio; besides, Peggy makes good money at last, and she's free to come and go as she pleases. Now marriage is my only profession."

She spoke briefly to a not over-reluctant Peggy, passed into her bedroom, renovated her complexion, descended to the street and returned William's salute with solemn mockery.

"Shan't want you, Williams. Going off on the loose. You'd better take the afternoon for yourself."

Ann flicked across the Park to King's Road, and tooted insolently on the electric horn beneath Peggy's window. When Peggy tripped down looking like a Dryad in a summer frock, Ann waved a languid hand.

"Hullo, Face," she said by way of greeting. "Sweet of you to come. Why do you still live in this den now you've struck it rich? Are there not plenty of worthy studios instead of that ungodly tenement? Must working women always grub while men surround themselves with luxury?"

"I like the gardens at the back and the river in front, darling."

Ann turned the car with the motions of one wringing a fowl's neck.

"I like the gar-dens and the riv-er," she lisped. "And I would wear a long skirt and frilly pet-ti-coats if I dared be-cause I am sweet and old-fashioned." Come on up West and buy the most devilish hat we can find. You need rousing."

Later in her own drawing-room Ann initiated one of those girl to girl conversations that strip away the skin and flesh of unreality leaving only the bare bones of truth.

"How's your affair going with Flint, Peggy?"

"Fair to moderate. We esteem one another with all the everlasting freshness of a hopeless passion."

"In Heaven's name why hopeless? What's the use of all this independence if you can't love whom you please?"

"No woman wants love for itself alone, not if she's got over the calf stage. She wants it to entail all sorts of consequences—marriage, or lifelong fidelity, or something else impossible. Nobody but a fool would marry Flint, even if he ever considered marriage for one second, which he doesn't. Any girl he falls in love with is just one more flower to pluck. You should never take a genius seriously. He's wedded to his particular form of genius."

"Flint wants me more than any one in the world, but he'd turn me out into the snow with my little child in order to buy paints and canvas if he had to choose between us and paints and canvas. He enjoys the luxury of a single mind. That's the price women pay for loving a genius. Like every other woman I want to be first. Better be first in a little Iberian village than second in Rome."

"Well, I tell you you're wrong. I'm first with a furlong between first and second, and I'm through."

"Not with Greville?"

"Yes, with Greville. Such love as I'm capable of doesn't survive marriage with Greville. A girl who intends marriage shouldn't have a brain. She should be born placid, admiring men as men, leaving aside their individual differences. I can't. I've got the fatal gift of criticism."

"I should have thought any one as beautiful as you are could have made a success of any marriage, let alone one with Greville who after all combines almost every advantage. He's rich, good-looking, a very decent sort and almost absurdly kind."

"I tell you I don't want to make a success of this marriage. I could go on fooling Greville, doing what's called making him happy, but I should get nothing out of it, and I'm not an altruist nor a Christian martyr. I can always dress myself on my marriage settlement and if a woman with any looks can dress herself the rest will be added to her fast enough."

"Yes, in a way, but hardly in the way you'd like. Anyhow, putting that aside for the moment, what's the trouble with Greville?"

"Simply that I've exhausted the first thrill of marriage. Greville has positively no mentality. He's just a charming lounge who supports me in luxury and decorates me when we go out together. It's a type I simply despise. If I were a man with Greville's opportunities, I'd make any girl, even one like me, sit up and beg. Greville just goes on doing what I tell him, jumping through the same old hoops, exactly as he did in the first month or so of marriage. I can't stand a nonentity even if he keeps a roof over my head."

"But Ann, he's not a nonentity. He's a trained engineer and a crack racing driver."

"Peggy, you make me want to scream. Greville has two ideas in his head: I'm one and the Greyhound car is the other. Can you conceive more appalling limitations? Failing me, he moons over these blasted racing models that are entered for the Grand Prix, and failing them he moons over me."

"Failing me, Flint moons over his next picture—"

"He does not! He only moons over you when he's exhausted himself on his next picture. He'd skin you alive, much as he loves you, if your skin were the only thing available to paint his next picture on. That's just the difference. Greville would melt down all his racing cars to make a saucepan to boil an egg for my breakfast, supposing I ate eggs for breakfast. I admire the Flint attitude as much as I despise the Greville one. Besides, Flint can talk of something else besides you and pictures; Greville

doesn't exist outside of me and his cars." "Flint's forty-eight and Greville's twenty-four."

"Exactly. Now you've said it. I ought to have married a man much older than myself, instead of becoming a cradle snatcher."

"And what," inquired Peggy, "is his name, if you don't mind my asking?"

A delicate pink ebbled into Ann's face beneath her make-up. She paused, and then shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, well, if I had to choose again, there isn't much doubt that he'd be Julius Bruce."

Peggy shook her head.

"My dear, Julius Bruce is a very well-known type, nothing more nor less than a gleaner."

"Well," Ann answered with a small private smile, "even gleaners as you call them, have been created by providence for an inscrutable purpose. Exasperated and sorrowful wives need comforting by some one, and if Julius is very experienced to whom else should they turn? Blame the husbands rather than him. He brings the knowledge of a lifetime to the job. He knows there's a time for embracing and a time for re-fraining. He can tell far better than I can when I want to be kissed and when I don't."

"That's very likely!"

"Peggy darling, don't be such a brutal young spinster. Remember that in your case you may do anything you please without having to answer for it. I've been cast out of that Eden by the Bishop of Mayfair in the presence of a large and distinguished company, who can witness that I made a number of absurd and totally unkeepable promises, because if I hadn't the proceedings would have been broken up. How did I know that marriage would turn into a case of jam yesterday, jam tomorrow but never jam today?"

Peggy got up and began pulling on her gloves.

"I must go, 'cause I'm dining out. No doubt you know your own business best, Ann, and as long as you don't make a face if some day your jam, as you call it, let's you in for a large dose of something less pleasant, I s'pose it doesn't matter. After all Greville's quite young and there are plenty of other women in existence."

"You'd think so, but Greville doesn't know it. He believes there's only me. How would you like to be married to a half-wit like that?"

AFTER Peggy had gone Ann sat dreaming with a pleasant sense of remoteness. In the calm of a summer evening the flat seemed very still. Beneath the weight of her alleged sorrows the irrepressible vitality of youth bubbled in a never ceasing stream.

The hall door clanged, and after an interval the room door opened and Greville appeared. "Hullo, Ann!" he said and tilted her head to kiss her. Gently, but inflexibly Ann put up her hands and removed his.

"Hullo!" she answered. "Don't paw, darling, it's too hot. Did you have a nice game, and take a mashie-niblick for your third shot at the umpteenth and all that?"

Greville moved very deliberately across to the window. "I had a most improving day, thank you. I trust you had the same."

"Satisfactory on the whole. I bought three new hats for one thing. No day on which she buys three new hats is entirely wasted for a woman."

"Probably not. What's the matter with you lately, Ann?"

"I assure you dear, I'm in perfect health." "Possibly, but I didn't mean that. The point is, I seem to bore you."

"Perhaps you do but it's of no consequence. Lots of husbands bore their wives."

"Curious," said Greville. "I've given you everything I can think of, done everything for you I can think of, always consulted your wishes before mine, and yet I bore you. Could you by any chance explain, why?"

"I suppose because you still seem to get a terrific thrill out of me and I don't get a terrific thrill out of you. To a woman that's distinctly annoying, and it bores one a little to be annoyed."

"Did you marry in order to get a terrific thrill?"

"Largely. Didn't you?"

"I married because I was very much in love with you and I supposed you were very much in love with me."

"Very likely, I was, but you can't stay very much in love with the same man forever, can you? It isn't human. You get to know him so well, that there isn't a shadow of surprise left. Without surprise there isn't any thrill. If you opened your cigarette case and found a centipede inside you'd get a thrill. If you just found cigarettes there'd be no thrill. Cigarettes are more useful but if one's a woman, one longs for the occasional centipede, just for a change."

"There are plenty of centipedes about, Ann."

"Daresay I shall find one."

"Do you mean that?"

Ann raised delicately groomed eyebrows.

"Supposing I did and you hadn't grounds for divorce, what would you do? Knock me about? Give me a black eye, so that I should no longer look attractive? Or would you beat me, Greville, more in sorrow than in anger, swearing it hurt you more than it hurt me? What do modern husbands do with emotionally inconstant wives?"

"It mightn't only be a question of you," Greville said.

"Oh, I see. You'd wreak your revenge on my centipede, horsewhipping him at the Embassy Club where he had taken me for a guilty supper, while I trembled and admired you. That would of course, be too wonderful."

"When you've done playing the fool perhaps you'll talk sense!"

Ann got up.

"I'm going to dress. Remember we're dining with my people at Queen Anne's Gate. If you feel too injured or upset to share the car with me let me know and I'll order a taxi for myself, but we must keep up appearances before relations. That's mostly what relations are for."

ADELA COSWAY perceived that her family dinner party struck a note that was subtly false. She mistrusted the sparkling gaiety of Ann and the rather dreadful politeness of Greville.

When she and Ann were alone in the drawing-room Mrs. Cosway asked:

"Are you and Greville happy together?"

Ann, standing before the fireplace, replied:

"Are you and father?"

Mrs. Cosway's sallow cheeks flushed and instantly, she despised herself for losing her temper. The she answered, "Reasonably so I imagine."

"Well, so are we," explained Ann. "After all none of us expects to be unreasonably happy. By the way, what made you ask?"

"I rather thought Greville—"

"Ah!" Ann interrupted, "you rather thought Greville—you didn't rather think me. That was how people looked at things in your time. You were going to say you rather thought Greville looked a bit disillusioned. I daresay, he may, but then with you and father, it was you who were disillusioned for his benefit, and now it's the man who's disillusioned for the girl's benefit. The importance of the sexes has altered."

"No, it hasn't," Mrs. Cosway said. "You may feel important, but you're not. The important figure in your marriage is your husband, and your business is to increase his importance if you can, because it's reflected on you. You can deceive yourself as much as you like, but you'll always be Mrs. Greville and he'll never be Mr. Ann. Really, I know something about men even if you don't give me credit for it, and I can see



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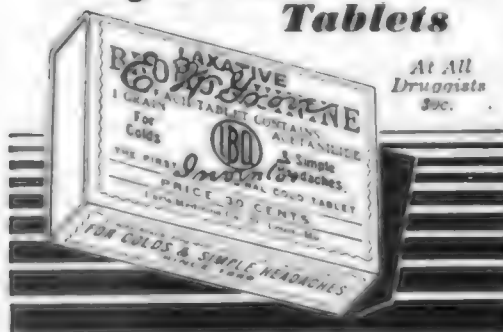
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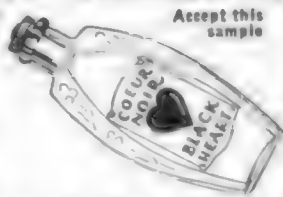


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Greville's miserable. Therefore I hint at it to you just as I should hint at it to him if you were miserable. The hint to you is stronger than the hint would be to him because you've more time to devote to him than he has to devote to you."

"These," Ann protested smiling, "are strange words for a modern girl to hear."

"A pity," answered her mother, "because they happen to be merely common sense."

In the dining room Arthur Cosway, not altogether unobservant, also felt moved to do what he could for his disappointed-looking son-in-law, and yet being a man his method differed from his wife's. He instructed the butler to open a bottle of the 1887 port, and when it came persuaded Greville to drink three glasses.

AT half-past three of a sunlit afternoon Sir Julius Bruce, who was working on a very complicated case in the library of his flat, interrupted the process of absorbing the evidence collected by his client's solicitors to light a pipe. Realizing that he had, at four P. M., a quite irrelevant appointment, he delayed his task to address himself.

"Julius, you're an utter fool and at your age with your experience you ought to know better. You're rushing headlong into an affair with a singularly attractive girl who's married to some one else, and you know quite well where that kind of thing leads. The fact that in the past you've engaged in similar affairs and come out of them unharmed proves nothing. Much of your income has been derived from the results of this sort of conduct by other people. What are you going to do about it?"

The other Sir Julius, who was not legal but merely human, then made a face at the legal Sir Julius and the legal Sir Julius, greatly piqued, continued to work on the case of Bartram v. Bartram. At four o'clock the hall door bell rang. The human Sir Julius thrilled but the legal Sir Julius continued calmly to make notes, until a servant announced, "Mrs. Chard, sir."

The combined Sir Julius rose to meet Ann. An ironical little smile curved her lips as she held out a hand and said, "Good afternoon, Julius. It's very sweet of you to ask me to tea."

"The pleasure is all mine, Ann. Do sit in the arm chair. Tea will be here in a minute."

"Irreproachable manners; the ideal host, now very rare," said Ann. "I hope I haven't disturbed you at your work."

"You've disturbed one-half of me; the other is never disturbed. It will drag the first half reluctantly to work all night if necessary, thus making up lost time."

The manservant rolled in a tea wagon and set out minute sandwiches, miraculous cake, and the tea equipment.

Sir Julius poured tea and served her himself.

"Darling old Georgian silver you have, Julius. My place is all so beastly modern. I loved it once and I hate it now. Life's funny, isn't it? Talk to me, there's a dear."

"As a matter of fact I talk for a living," he answered. "Still, what do we find in your case? A very beautiful young person with everything in the world she wants. Why stoop to covet my few poor bits of tea things?"

"I haven't everything in the world I want. I haven't a congenial mind to sharpen my wits on. That's why I try to sharpen them on yours, but yours are so far ahead of mine you despise me."

"I don't at all," lied Sir Julius. "Our wits, as you call them, don't coincide, but yours are brilliant in their own way. The trouble is you can't be serene and adapt yourself to your environment. Like most

women, directly you've got what you want you don't want it. You consider that whatever you want next you ought to have."

"Well, would you grudge it to me?"

"Heaven forbid I should grudge you anything you want and are capable of getting."

"How amazingly at home you make one feel! At the moment I think I'd like to dance. Can't we kick these rugs aside and turn on the phonograph?"

"Certainly, if you've had enough tea. A cigarette while I deal with the furniture?"

SHE watched him roll up rugs and clear a space. He chose a record and a fox-trot began to steal on the air. Ann put down her cigarette and slipped into his arms.

"This is going to be divine, I know," she murmured and looked up into his face half mocking, half in earnest. In perfect accord they began to dance. She was weightless and effortless in her movements, and the touch of her fingers against his, united in suggesting to him that here was a girl willing to be loved.

Sir Julius mused with faint melancholy.

"She means me to kiss her, and of course I shall, and it will be extremely pleasant, but I wish I could have put it off a little longer. To the really intelligent man, the period between first being attracted and the first kiss is the most delicious of all. Those innuendoes and blandishments, those advances and retreats, and the rest of the charming humbug that deceives no one and isn't meant to, appeal to the experienced mind, whereas hugging can be done by any young fool. Moreover love's first kiss is the first nail in love's coffin."

Nevertheless when they had danced as long as they cared to and came to rest by tacit consent, he took her face between his hands.

She stood quite still, eyes looking into his, and with a half wistful smile he kissed her, not in the manner of a famished wolf, but tenderly, wisely and appreciatively, as Arthur Cosway might have savoured his 1887 port. Having kissed her he let her go and said:

"No doubt I'm a criminal, but when any one is so perfectly marvelous as you are, Ann, it would be a worse crime not to."

"When a man kisses as appreciatively as you, Julius, and one remembers how carefully you must have trained that appreciation, and the number and distinction of one's predecessors in the long history of your affections, one dismisses any idea of crime. I feel as if the King had bestowed the Order of Merit on me."

She picked up her handbag, and began to work earnestly with her lipstick. Sir Julius followed and when she had completed the repairs he tilted her head backwards and kissed the lids of her closed eyes. At last she opened them and smiled at him.

"You do it all so beautifully. You'll be such an education to me, Julius, a sort of post-graduate course. Every girl ought to be loved by a man who's come to years of discretion; they're such a contrast to these casual and greedy youths."

"But youth is full of fire, Ann," murmured Sir Julius rather wistfully.

"There's very little of Joan of Arc about me. I'd rather sit beside crackling logs and see pictures in their blue flames than be burnt at the stake. Fire is a good servant and a bad master. I must fly. Let's go somewhere amusing together one day soon. Good-by, darling."

She held up her mouth for one second. Sir Julius touched his lips to hers, careful of their artificial scarlet.

"Shall I," he inquired, "have your car called from the rank?"

"I arrived in a taxi and I depart in a taxi. I never let my right hand know what my left hand does."

TO BE CONTINUED

A Good Ga'g

[Continued from page 75]

at customers with her large, brown, appealing eyes and giving them one of her fetching smiles, she very likely would have eked out a living by selling her wares in that way. But she wasn't a bold, audacious child. So instead of peddling, she made place-cards and various cards for holidays, and earned a few dollars a week for the family, that way.

ONE day when Wanda was in her late teens, Mama Ga'g died. She never really recovered from the shock of her husband's death. When this second great sorrow came over the Ga'g family, Wanda dried the tears of her sisters and brothers and then started out, all over again, with a vim to give the little Ga'gs a good bringing up.

The Methodist community saw another opportunity to reclaim their souls. Financially, the Ga'gs were very badly off. A thousand dollars on their father's insurance policy, the little ramshackle house, but next to no income. Wanda was out of high school and teaching, but her salary was very poor.

So the neighbors put their heads together and argued in this way: Here are seven children who have been raised in a free-thinking home, who have profaned the Sabbath by running about in the open in bare feet, who have been care free and happy in spite of adversity, and who never have had much inclination to become part of the New Ulm atmosphere. So to imbue them with awe, the church would give them charity and cleanse their souls.

In slightly better days, the Ga'gs were self-sufficient. They were so different from the people among whom they lived, that they found it much nicer to play among themselves. There were several of them—seven, in total, ranging in ages about two years apart.

One little Ga'g child would write to another little Ga'g child, and collect her answer in a paper letter-box they tacked up on the wall. They had their own weekly funny sheet the older children drew. Poor, but they created little thrills for themselves.

Though Wanda was teaching, she wasn't earning enough to feed and clothe seven people. So the Ga'gs decided to humor their neighbors and accept the stale buns with a sugar crust the baker was commissioned to leave at their door every day. The community also gave its cast-off clothing, the kind it wouldn't wear any more. But Wanda was so skillful with the needle, that when she and her sisters went out in remade clothes, the neighbors nudged one another and whispered, "For charity children, the Ga'gs dress entirely too well."

Where they lacked in actual money they were rich in optimism. They didn't permit poverty to discourage and break them down. Only once were they on the verge of giving up. That was when the township wanted them to contribute a proportionate share for a new sidewalk laid in front of their home.

Their funny little tumbled down house made them landowners too. It was free and clear. By eating up the insurance money over a period of five years, they were able to keep from mortgaging it. But the irony of the situation, that children who didn't have enough food to go around, should be compelled to pay for a sidewalk they could do without was the last straw.

They got together, the six Ga'g girls and their brother, and concluded in conclave, that this was going a little too far and they would put an end to their troubles. But they wanted to be romantic about it. Everything the Ga'gs did was a little different. This time, they would die dressed in

white and stretched out in a single file along the new sidewalk.

They would commit homicide. The second in line would take the gun in hand and shoot the first, and then pass the weapon on gracefully to the next, to be shot herself. And so on. The last one would perform the double rôle of committing suicide too. But by the time they were all set, they had had such a good time making plans, that they concluded it was much pleasanter to sing, and to let the township sing for the Ga'g assessment too.

During all those years, Wanda worked very hard on water colors. For the most part, she was untutored, except for a year's training on a scholarship at the Minneapolis Art School, before her mother died. But she drew chiefly because she had inherited a feeling for the artistic.

From childhood up, Wanda Ga'g had a strong sense of appreciation for the homely beauty about her which most people take for granted and pass up.

At seven, she already felt a sensation of everything throbbing in rhythm; at nine, she had her first thrill on discovering that life was pulsating within her. It was so wonderful to know that something inside was keeping time, like a clock.

From that day on, Wanda Ga'g never went away for inspiration. She never left home for atmosphere. Her characters were the homely carrot out in the garden, a dishrag hanging limply on the rack, a steaming pot on the stove.

CRITICS recognized her talent and urged her to come to New York on a scholarship. But how could she accept and leave the six other Ga'gs behind? But they were wise children with enough young blood and vision to be willing to shift for themselves for a while until Wanda would make her way. So they urged her to go immediately and leave all her worries behind.

It occurred to Wanda at that time that if she would take her family away where people didn't know them, it would be easier for them to get on. Neighbors who once fed and clothed you make it so difficult for the charity case to make a fresh start. It would be much better, she thought, to take them where no one knew anything about their past. So before she pulled out for the metropolis, she sold the house and settled her family in Minneapolis.

By that time, some of the Ga'gs already were old enough to paint lamp-shades and do typing; the fourth, just out of school, kept house. Every day they wrote to Wanda and informed her of all the little changes around the place.

From Wanda, came cheerful letters concealing her unhappiness in New York. Her disapproval of the ways of art teachers, homesickness, a love affair. The first one, in fact. But how could she marry and have babies, when she still had her mother's on her hands?

Wanda Ga'g soon learned the trick of commercial art, and sums of money came to the Ga'gs through the mail. Little sums at first, and then larger sums, as time went on. She found that fashion-drawing paid, and though she hated anything that wasn't creative art, she shut her eyes until the youngest had finished high school and she had enough money to bring them East.

Artistically, Wanda has arrived. She already has reached a stage of perfection where the Metropolitan Museum of Art exhibits her prints. She is about thirty, though she looks many years younger than that. And because of her youth, she is



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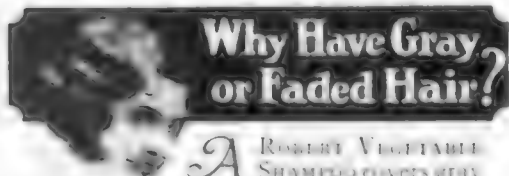
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being watched with special interest by men like Rockwell Kent, that rather severe critic, who said about her work, "I call these pictures beautiful"—as if that word still meant all that could be said of what most stirred the spirit.

But doing shacks and flowers and pots and machinery in water colors, so that people turn to each other and say, "Do shacks really look so pretty?" isn't all that she does. She has written two books for children so far.

The idea for "Millions of Cats" came to her after she had made up a story to amuse a friend's child.

"Why don't you write it out and try to have it published?" her friend advised her, so one day she put her water colors aside

and wrote the charming little story with illustrations, which came out last year.

It sold phenomenally well. Teachers brought it into the classroom, and it was one of the most popular holiday gifts.

Then her publishers got after her and advised her to write another, for mutual benefit. The result is "The Funny Thing," just released from the press. Wanda conceived an idea of a little mountain man and "a funny thing" that preferred to eat dolls.

Has she any other ambition?

Yes, Wanda Ga'g is learning to paint in oils. She doesn't expect to be ready to show anything for several years, if she comes through at all, she says. But why should she even doubt it? She never failed before.

I am Over 30—and Unmarried

[Continued from page 57]

a thousand times more than my career. If I hadn't had them in the days when love and affection and encouragement were far more important to me in my struggles than some of the more apparent necessities of life, I question if I could have reached the position in opera I hold today.

Then there is my older sister Carmela. We have been very close from the days in Meriden when we did chores around the house. We have learned to sense each other's moods, and to know when to leave each other alone.

Then there is Anthony, who was our man in school days when he proved to the other children that it was to their interest to leave us alone. And now his little Anthony puts up a chubby fist if any one pretends to hurt us.

But though I paint the family in glowing colors, all is not as perfect as I pretend to believe. My parents and Anthony prefer to stay in Meriden where they have business connections, and where they know every child on the street. True, they would forego a few sentimental reasons and come to live in New York if I urged it; but I am away from it so much myself on concert tours, that it would hardly be fair of me to ask it.

Of course, some day I may find myself alone. Carmela may marry and leave me.

Our parents may leave us too, some day. No matter how much you turn from the truth and laugh life in the face, you find out that life laughs last. Because families come and go and leave us whether we like it or not, and that's the end.

BUT in spite of all I've said, I wonder if I would have been pleased with myself if I had married at the romantic age of eighteen or twenty, like the other girls.

Frankly, I think not. Very young people cannot really fathom their minds. They are impulsive and full of illusions; and one must be old enough to have a practical sense if she means to make a success of her marriage.

That isn't all. If it is true that talent will "out" when one is endowed with it, even after it has been crushed for many years, what happens to marital bliss in that case? It goes on the rocks, to be sure.

Consequently, I might have been happy only during those years when I raised children and brought them to an independent age. They would have absorbed me, say—until they were old enough to go to school.

Then I would have become restless and remembered that at one time I had ambitions. So that I might have begun to feel that all wasn't as it should be, and that life with my husband was flat and uninteresting. And assuming that I would have been strong enough to carry out a new

program, it might have been at the expense of my home.

Because you see, marital relations depend upon the fusion of two lives. A husband and his wife get along because they are on a level and they can go to the same places and meet the same people. But let one of them take the cross road and develop entirely independent ideas, and you'll find that they'll become less and less intimate.

In view of these circumstances, it is much safer to get your career over with first. If you get a chance to marry after that, you can choose the kind of husband who will fit into your life. The husband of a prima donna, for instance, must respect her work and realize that her emotional expressions on the stage are impersonal and forgotten immediately after the scene. He should remember that she must travel a good deal. If his work permit that he travel with her, so much the better. But if business keeps him at home, he mustn't object by word or attitude because it can't be helped if she must go on tour from time to time. Above everything else, a prima donna's husband should know when to leave her alone to study or to practice.

So his compromise will be to have due regard for her freedom. Doesn't every relationship ask for compromises? Doesn't every person have to give up something if he hopes to get on with another?

I am prepared to give up a good deal myself, when Mr. Right comes along. I still don't know who he is, but he may be just around the corner debating with himself if he should be so bold as to propose. Some haven't the courage to aspire to a professional woman unless they are top-notchers themselves. If they are not earning as much as she, they may be afraid to ask a woman to share an income that is smaller than her own.

You'll often find a man running away from a fashionably dressed stenographer because she looks so prosperous that he fears he cannot support her in that style. Whereas the truth of the matter is that she spends her last dollar for pretty things to look her best before that very man. But the imagination has a way of playing havoc, you know. And two people who really would get along together, thwart their own destiny because they do not understand that there is something more important in marriage than the surface of things.

But no woman should despair. Every woman's husband comes along some day. Sometimes he lingers a bit on the way, but he comes nevertheless. And she who waits a little longer may be happier for it when she meets him, because then she is mature enough to recognize the person who will be her companion for life.

How I Got My First Raise

[Continued from page 35]

department of a bank in my home town," Miss Davis said. "I was so interested in what banks were beginning to do in their efforts to attract women's trade that I worked out some feature articles on banking for women. A St. Louis paper ran them. My boss saw them. I received a fifteen-dollar a week raise and was promoted to the advertising department."

ETHEL TRAPHAGEN, owner and principal of the Traphagen School of Fashions, got her first raise because another woman believed in her.

"I was so proud of the layout work I was doing and so afraid I would lose my job that I never questioned the five dollars I got in my weekly pay envelope," Miss Traphagen smiled to think of the earnest little girl she then was.

"An important woman became interested in the fascination my work had for me. She asked me what salary I received. I told her. She was indignant.

"You should be getting at least twelve dollars a week," she astounded me by saying: 'Go ask for it and say I told you to.' I did and was given the raise. I have always remembered her unsolicited kindness. I wish more women would help each other towards success."

"TOSS off your troubles, be cheerful all the time and your organization will recognize the fine effect you have on the office morale," is the advice of Florence Keller, record-breaking insurance saleswoman of Gary, Indiana.

Mrs. Keller started her career as telephone girl. She had been away for a week because of sickness and came back, with a terrific heavy voice, on a day that proved "blue Monday" for her employer.

"The first one to plug in for a line was the Chief," she tells the story. "I said 'Good morning' with all the warmth I really felt towards the whole organization. But my efforts at cheeriness sounded so unlike myself on account of my cold that he hung up and came out to see who it was.

"How can you smile with a voice like that," he thundered. 'I laughed aloud at that and said I felt happy and wouldn't let any voice of mine hold me back. That tickled him and that week he gave me eleven dollars instead of the nine I had received previously, saying that I had made him laugh when he thought he couldn't."

PECULIARLY fitting for this symposium of eminent women's technique of the first raise is the experience of Marion C. Taylor, noted merchandising counsel, whose annual income from advising firms how to increase profits and prestige totals fifty thousand dollars. For Miss Taylor's very first work was writing the first fashion articles the old SMART SET ran in 1910.

"I was just a school girl, dancing with a man at a fraternity house, when he startled me by asking what kind of work I did," Miss Taylor recalled.

"I told him I was teaching kindergarten but anxious for work I liked. I also confided to him that I was crazy about clothes.

"Some time later a letter came from him asking me to come in on business, telling me he was on the editorial staff of the magazine, then a fiction periodical. He introduced me to the owner-editor. I have thought since that no one except an enthusiastic and experienced young girl could discuss the possibilities with him the way I did!

"If you write as well as you talk, you'll be good!" this pungent character said. I had never written. But I started that very

day working like the proverbial slave.

"I laugh now every time I remember that first fashion article I wrote. Believe it if you will, it was a 7700-word article, WITHOUT A SINGLE ILLUSTRATION. I got fifty dollars a month for my work—wonderful pay! The articles developed unlooked for results. Readers began to write in asking where they could buy this or that. So I inaugurated a shopping service, the first one that any magazine ventured, I think.

"But, hard as this made my work and good as the feature was in developing readers and baiting advertisers, I could not get a cent more pay out of my boss. Soon, however, the magazine was sold and I was raised to seventy-five dollars a month."

UNUSUAL and original is the "raise" technique developed by Bertha Brainard, dean of women radio executives, known by millions of fans for the innovations in radio programs she has contributed as Eastern Program Director of National Broadcasting Company.

"Preempt some new field of endeavor," she suggests. "Get in on the ground floor of a beginning enterprise and as the building goes up, so will you."

In 1921, Miss Brainard saw the possibilities of radio. So went over to Newark, New Jersey, and offered to start broadcasting a dramatic review, without pay, on what was termed a "sustaining basis."

She was so good that she was quickly asked to join the organization as assistant to the manager. Her first raise was, therefore, her entire salary, fifty dollars a week.

Raises are the inevitable result of individual advancement in knowledge of your job, whether you get them from your present boss or some one else offers you another job, in Miss Brainard's opinion. "Take a job that really interests you and then turn your imagination on it," she advises.

SINCE this matter of first raises is no one-sided thing but a mutual agreement between employer and employee, it is appropriate to consider the matter from the other side, in closing.

Alice Foote MacDougall, coffee millionaire who got in on the ground floor in atmospheric eating houses, and now is getting in on the air floor on refreshment concessions for airplane lines, insists there are many different routes to the first raise.

The tactful way a hostess handles a spilt-soup situation, the work-with-others ability of a girl selling imported pottery articles, the originality of an employee in suggesting new and tantalizing salads or soups—these all deserve a raise and get it, in Mrs. MacDougall's establishments.

"Adaptability and comprehension of the problems of the business coupled with the attempt to put one's whole personality into solving those problems will win a raise from any fair-minded employer," she says.

"Turnover harms any business. Therefore every employer is anxious to keep the people he has chosen as employees and to make them succeed where they are.

"If a professional hostess keeps her head and handles such matters as accidents at table in a manner to soothe all concerned, she merits a raise and gets it. Raises are based on merit. Using one's intelligence is the greatest merit. An employee who desires promotion must have flexibility. I am not discounting special training in any way. But it alone will not get a girl far. She must add to it what is called in everyday language 'gumption.' Knowing the rules is not enough. She must know when to break them!"



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To Go or Not to Go to College

SMART SET takes great pleasure—and pride—in publishing the three prize-winning letters in answer to the articles by Allison Bryan and Elizabeth Chisholm. We only wish that we might publish all of the letters—for they make a distinguished and thoughtful group.

The first prize of \$50.00 was won by Grace T. Russell of Phoenix, Ariz., who takes the stand that college is necessary.

HAVE I ever regretted spending four years in study instead of getting an earlier start in my business career? After I married, did I find my college education a waste of time or did it help me as a wife and homemaker? I am sure that in every situation in which I have ever been placed, my college training has been an asset. A college course should not be confused with technical or professional training. It is just because college training is general, rather than specific, that it is of value.

When you enter college, you are entirely on your own mettle. The college world is not interested in your family nor in what you did in your home town. What will count is what you, yourself, are. In the classroom and on the campus you will be asked to do difficult tasks, many of them seemingly impossible, but from the passing of your first examination to the writing of your final thesis, from your first impromptu speech to your rôle in the senior play, you will do what is expected of you, and from accomplishment will come power.

From your laboratory investigations you will learn to weigh facts, and to judge a case on its merits. From your studies you may acquire few facts, but you will learn what is much more important, how to find needed information.

You will meet people of many types and you will learn to adjust yourself to work and play harmoniously with them. From these varied social contacts you will gain tolerance and sympathy. Through your teachers you will come into touch with great minds and souls.

An introduction to the best in literature, art and music, some understanding of the historical movements of man, and a glimpse, at least, of the laws underlying nature—all these will broaden your interests and enrich your life.

Whether you marry or follow a profession, you will find that the qualities requisite for success are the same. If you have learned to understand people whose ideas are different from yours; if you know how to merge your own personality with others in working for a cause bigger than yourself; if you have confidence in your own ability and determination to finish what you begin; and finally, if you have a wide enough range of interests to see life in its proper proportions—if you have these qualities, all of which a college training will help to develop, your life will be successful.

The two next best letters were from Mildred Anderson, of Hickory, No. Car., and Eva Lovel Dunbar, Oakland, Calif., and these were awarded \$25.00 each.

Mildred Anderson, though a college girl, tells us that college is not helpful.

I AM a senior in one of our typical small colleges. My graduating class consists of sixty young optimists—and some of them aren't going to be that way long!

My own case is not so tragic. I went to college for vocational training—and got it. Those of us who are headed for teaching or law have received preparation. But as for the credulous youths who expect the letters A.B. after their names to work miracles in the business world, they are up for the greatest shock of their lives since the Santa Claus myth was exploded.

The ability to scan poetry is a doubtful qualification for a wholesale grocer, in spite of Allison Bryan's argument in June SMART SET. She says, "You can learn filing better if you have learned French—or Algebra—or Chemistry." That's nonsense and all modern psychologists will back me up too! "You can learn filing better if you have learned anything before it." O migosh! Presupposing that our young embryo stenog has reached the age of constant gum-chewing without learning anything, why select French verbs for her to practice on?

Skill through practice in one thing brings skill in another, only when there is a similarity between the two. An expert dressmaker is not expected to have even a rudimentary knowledge of a Ford engine. Yet we look for specific ability in a specialized business world from a young person who majored in History!

Not that I underestimate the cultural value of a college education. I am just thinking of the youngsters I know who would never have sacrificed the time and money if they had not expected economic returns.

Eva Lovel Dunbar tells us that you can take it or leave it.

A COLLEGE education is like quinine. Some folks take it and benefit thereby; others get along just as well without it.

If a college education were considered necessary to executive office, it would be demanded that our presidents be college graduates.

The fact that many college-bred, academic minds put the stigma of inferiority on those without like advantages is proof that college has failed to broaden them. Too often the vigor of naturalness is polished out of one by college.

I believe the average person can adjust his business career to his liking by concentrating on specialized training in the trade, profession, art, commercial course, etc., dictated by his abilities, without doses of formal education.

As for marriage: If you're a woman, you don't have to have been a prom-trotter to make this job a success. Domestic happiness is home-spun. Your theories about the fourth dimension won't help Hubby's grouch if the dumplings are heavy, but if you use consideration in your human relationships, make Hubby believe his golf is improving, and keep your schoolgirl complexion, you'll get by.



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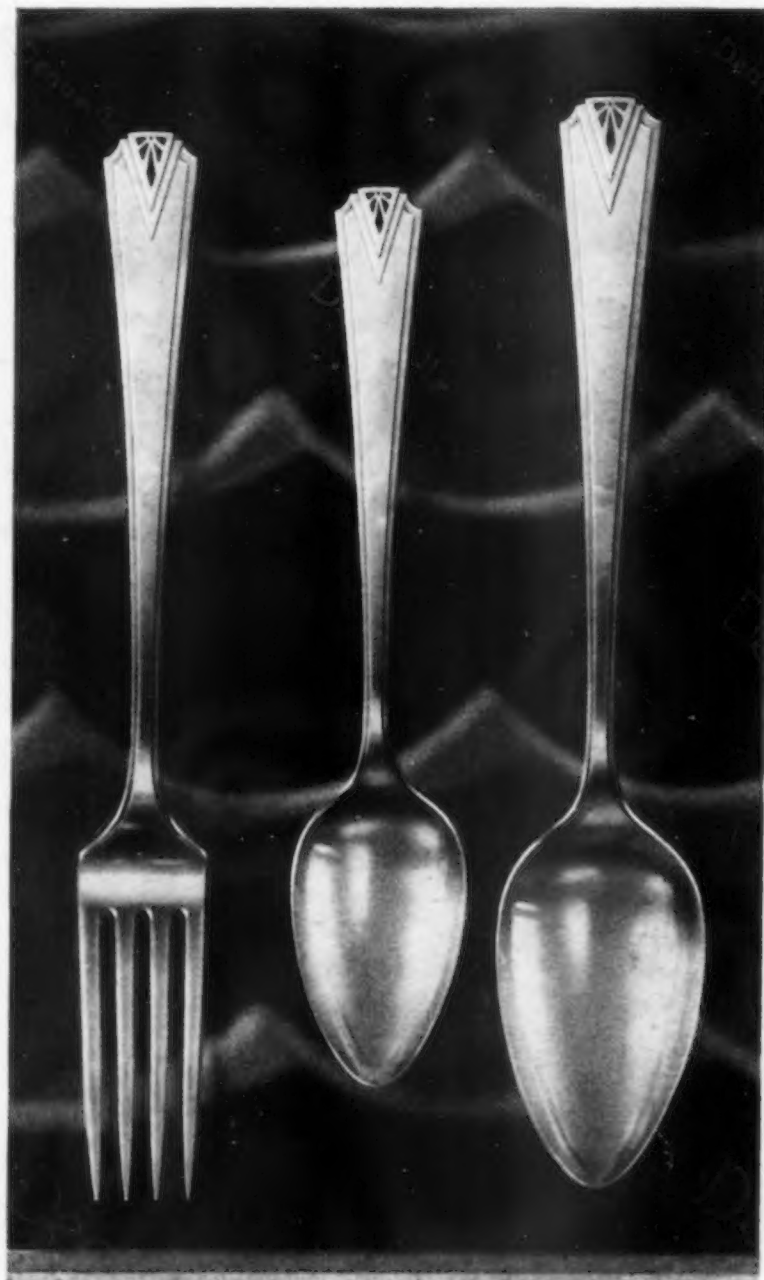
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